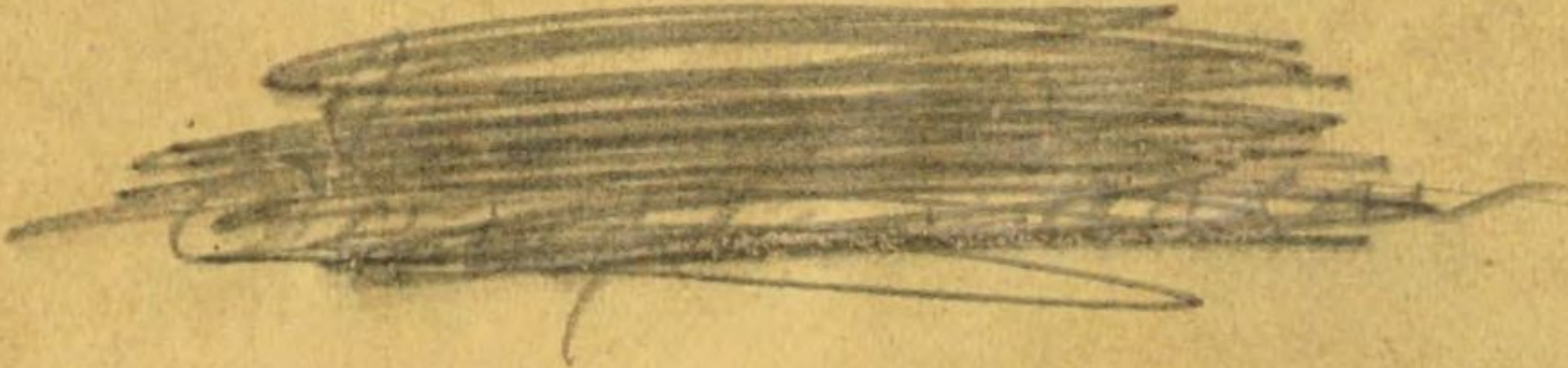


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THE DEVIL IN TEHRAN

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THE
DEVIL IN TURKEY;

OR,

SCENES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY

STEFANOS XENOS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S UNPUBLISHED GREEK MANUSCRIPT,

BY HENRY CORPE,
MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

Ξένη ξένιζε, καὶ σὺ γὰρ ξένος ἔσῃ.

First Series.

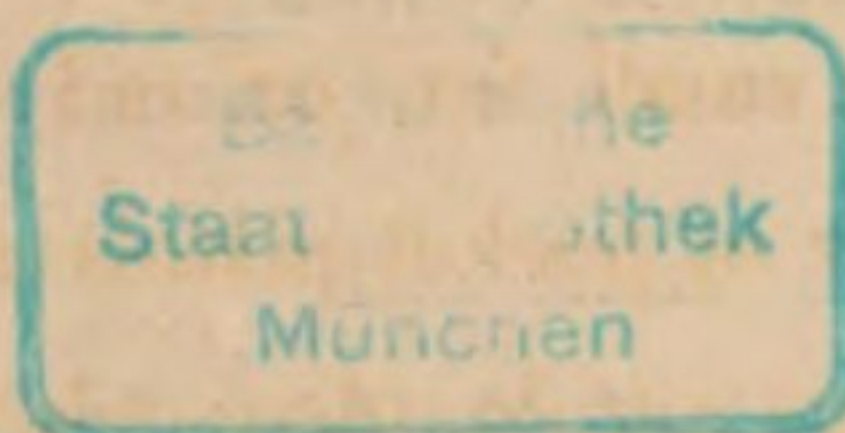
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THE DEVIL IN TURKEY;

OR,

SCENES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PURSUIT.

THE Sultan having put on an European dress, and covered his head with a small fez, or red Greek cap, armed himself with a pair of pocket-pistols and a dirk, and enveloped himself in an ample, olive-coloured cloak: he then took a small riding-whip, and descended into the court below, where the horses were waiting for him. He sprang upon one of them, and his example was followed by the rest. On reaching the circuitous road leading to the barracks of Ok-Meidani, the Sultan reined in his horse, and addressing his companions, directed their attention to the glare of the fire.

“What a splendid sky,” cried he. “Did you ever

witness such a glare of light? I never in my life saw such a phenomenon."

The report of fire-arms again fell upon their ears.

"It is a fearful fire," continued he,—“hark! I can distinguish voices, I think; the whole of Stavrodromion is in danger, ay, and almost all Constantinople too, if proper and prompt precautions are not taken. Forwards, gentlemen; let us hurry with all speed to Baletah or Fanaar: we shall there have an excellent view, and afterwards we can enter Byzantium through the gate of Baletah."

They then proceeded at a rapid rate; and the deep silence was broken only by the galloping of the horses, who ascended, panting and steaming, up the hill that led from the valley.

On arriving at a spot that commanded a good view of the fire, and enabled them to observe the exact direction in which it was raging, they pulled up to give their horses breath. All at once they were startled by the swift galloping of five other horsemen from behind.

The Padishah and his companions looked round to see who they were, but the horsemen swept by them with the rapidity of lightning, so that their features could not be recognized.

"Who is that Capoudjee-bashee, Selidhar Pasha?" demanded the Sultan, who by the glare could distinctly

perceive that the strangers who had passed them consisted of a Capoudjee-bashee and four blacks, all dressed in the uniform of Capoudjees. "It is evident they belong to the Seraglio, and having recognized us, have endeavoured to avoid us; did you observe him, Selidhar?"

"Yes, your Majesty, but I could not get a sight of his features, for he turned his head aside as he passed. What business can he have to be absent from the garrison at such an hour?"

"Ay, indeed! what business can he have?" repeated the Padishah, "why should he try to avoid us? there is something wrong, depend upon it; God knows what fresh plot is in the wind. Observe carefully the road they take; it is the one straight before us, I think."

"I think they have taken the road leading to the gate of Baletah," replied Selidhar.

"Forwards, gentlemen, quick, and let us try to overtake them if we can: never mind the fire; forward,—we'll enter by the gate of Fanaar." With these words the Sultan put spurs to his horse, and set off again at a rapid pace, followed by his attendants.

This Capoudjee-bashee who had thus unexpectedly come across their path was the Sultana Amina, who in returning from the Vizir's palace to the Seraglio was

obliged to pass through the valley of Sweet Waters. Her alarm was excessive on seeing the Emperor, and she passed him with the greatest rapidity, in the hope of reaching the city first, and being lost in the crooked byways of that district.

The Sultan continued galloping at the same rate through the streets, till he came into the purlieus of Baletah, in full expectation of ultimately overtaking the horsemen whom he was in pursuit of. But in this most filthy district of the Jews, and the most entangled in all Constantinople, no one, however long he may reside in the vicinity, can ever find his way through its crooked lanes and alleys, for suddenly he will find himself in a *chakmak-sokaki* (no thoroughfare), and he may then wander for hours without being able to extricate himself from this difficult locality unless he has a guide.

“We have lost our way,” cried the Padishah, pulling up his horse, “we have come to a dead stop; here is no thoroughfare; that Capoudjee-bashee has given us the slip, and entered by the gate of Adrianople. Remember, Selidhar Pasha, that to-morrow you make inquiries of all the sentinels at the various gates, and learn whence he came, and the name he gave.

“We shall never succeed in finding our way out of this inextricable labyrinth. Let us dismount, and proceed on foot to Fanaar, where we can take a caïque, and

thence proceed by water to the Seraï. It shall be so." With these words the Sultan dismounted, and his example was followed by the others. The Capoudjees and their attendants then returned with the horses to the palace of Sweet Waters.

"Do you know the streets in this neighbourhood, Osman Pasha?" demanded the Sultan.

"No, your Majesty, I do not; it is seldom or ever that I have occasion to come into this locality."

"Do you, Daniel?"

"No, your Majesty, I am quite a stranger to this neighbourhood. How very quiet the place is."

"Yes, it is silent as a desert; there is not a soul stirring of whom we can inquire our way; I think no place in the world is so inextricable and narrow as this Baletah. It is a blessing that these Jews are such a fearful and quiet race. If these dark and narrow streets were inhabited by the Greeks, every species of enormity and villany would take place every evening."

"A person might conceal himself here in perfect security," observed Selidhar; "he would never be discovered."

"Very true," said the Padishah, oppressed with a feeling of melancholy he could not resist.

At length they stopped.

"We shall be wandering all night long," said the

Padishah, "if we go on in this manner; Daniel, knock at some door, and inquire of the inmates which is our way to Fanaar."

"Hark!" said Daniel, "I think I hear a footstep; yes, some one is coming."

"You are right," said the Padishah, "there is; if he is a Jew, he must be a bold one to venture out at such a time of night;" and wishing to divert the depression under which he laboured, the Sultan continued, "Stop; let us give him a bit of a fright. Hide yourselves here under the projection of this house, and when he comes close by, pounce upon him, Daniel, and with your tall stature and weapon, put him in fear of his life, and demand his purse; but accost him in Italian or Greek, that he may think you are a native of the Ionian Isles."

Thereupon they hid themselves as the Sultan had commanded, and waited till the stranger, who was walking very slowly, and who by his cautious manner appeared desirous of not alarming the neighbourhood, should come up. Daniel then rushed upon him, and seizing him by the throat, ordered him, in a gruff voice, to stop and deliver up his purse.

The unknown at first appeared alarmed at this sudden attack, but quickly recovering himself, replied in Italian, in a soft musical voice —

"I will thank you, my good fellow, not to squeeze me quite so hard, otherwise you will choke me. Search me if you think fit, and take whatever you find, but unfortunately, you are too late ; for it is only an hour or two ago, when a very noble gentleman eased me of my purse and watch."

"And who was the man that took your purse?" demanded his assailant, finding from his language and dress that the stranger was not a Jew: "how long ago is it since you were robbed? you are not telling me the truth; I shall search you."

"You are welcome to search me from head to foot," replied calmly the unknown. "And you have my free leave to take whatever you can find; but to my sorrow I tell you, you will find nothing, for it is now the fashion for Pashas and Vizirs to overhaul our pockets, and leave others to search them afterwards."

The Padishah, through the means of the French language, with which he was acquainted, understood a few of the stranger's words, and now leaving the place in which he was hid, made his appearance.

"Humph! two of them," muttered the stranger; "they mean me no good. I do assure you, gentlemen," continued he, seriously afraid, "I have not a farthing in my possession; if you wish to have my clothes, take them, but spare my life."

“What was that he said just now, Daniel?” demanded the Padishah. “I overheard him say something about Pashas and Vizirs.”

Daniel explained.

“Ask him if he knows who it was that examined his pockets ; but inquire first, whether he speaks the Turkish language.”

Hearing the Padishah speak, and observing the deference with which Daniel listened, the stranger was still more alarmed ; and on being asked whether he was acquainted with Turkish, replied, that he had been only about a fortnight in Constantinople, and was quite ignorant of the language.

“Where do you come from ? and what business have you in this district, which is occupied only by Jews?” demanded Daniel.

“I am come from Holland ; and I lodge with a Hebrew friend, with whom I used to correspond.”

“Who was the Pasha that searched your pockets ? You said that the Pashas and Vizirs were in the habit of searching first, and then leaving the further examination to others.”

“No Pasha has searched me, nor any Vizir ; but before I came to this country, I heard it was the custom for the great to rob you first, and then leave you to other thieves.”

The Padishah heaved a profound sigh. "How hard it is," said he, "for a monarch to hear with his own ears, his ministers called thieves : let us leave him, he is a foreigner. I thought he was a Jew, and wished to frighten him a little. However, ask him if he knows this neighbourhood, and whether he can show us the way to the water-side at Phanaar."

The thick darkness that prevailed in these streets assisted the foreigner from betraying the impression which this conversation had made upon him, and which had revealed to him that these night marauders were no other than the monarch in disguise, and his confidants.

On being asked this question, the stranger said "he was not sure he could, but he would try. We must take this direction," said he.

"And you do not speak Turkish at all?"

"That language, sir, is not studied in any part of Europe, and in order to learn it, I ——"

"Parlez-vous Français?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Nous pouvons donc avoir ensemble une petite conversation. Moi, je parle très peu:" so saying, the Padishah put his arm familiarly within that of the stranger.

"Vous parlez très bien, Monsieur; vous devez avoir

resté long-temps en Europe, parceque vos manières sont bien polies. Vous n'avez pas cette jactance, cette crudité des Ottomans. Si je ne me trompe, votre habillement me fait croire, que vous êtes Ottoman."

"Je le suis, mais je ne me suis jamais éloigné de Constantinople," replied the Sultan, laughing. "Maintenant nous avons chez nous toute les manières, Européenes. Notre puissant Padishah les a lui-même introduites et nous espérons qu'avec le temps nous les mettrons en pratique ;—à propos, que dit-on de lui en Europe ?"

"On l'admire beaucoup, Monsieur ; il s'est attiré la faveur des tous les souverains, et on le considère comme le plus grand des tous les Sultans qui ont été sur le trône de Constantinople. Mais il a commis une grande faute, dont probablement il ne s'est pas encore aperçu."

"Laquelle ?" demanded the Sultan, in so flurried a manner, and so eagerly, that the stranger had no doubt it was the monarch himself with whom he was conversing.

"Il a donné à son Vizir une grande confiance qu'il n'a pas mérité ; de plus, toute le monde le reconnaît comme un faux monnayeur et comme un homme de plus infâme caractère. Autant, on admire et respecte le Mufti, autant on déteste et on maudit cet homme ; parcequ'il est très sanguinaire et opprime les sujets de la Sublime Porte."

“Vous dites la vérité, Monsieur,” said the Sultan, deeply moved at what he heard. Then, turning to Daniel, he said to him in Turkish, “Is it not extraordinary that everybody is acquainted with this man’s character, and knows that he is undeserving of the office he fills, and that I am the last to learn it? I assure you I am most anxious to get back the Prophet’s beads, and after that I shall institute a thorough investigation into his conduct. I will, however, contrive another mode of punishing him, without depriving him of his head. Comtez-vous séjourner long-temps dans cette ville?” continued the Sultan, addressing the unknown, who at the mention of the beads had given an involuntary start, which attracted the notice of the Sultan, who still had hold of his arm. “Qu’avez-vous? vous tremblez?”

“Rien, Monsieur, mais il fait si froid ici pour quelqu’un qui vient d’un climat chaud.”

“Quelle est donc votre patrie?”

“Naples,” hesitatingly replied the stranger.

“Comptez-vous séjourner à Constantinople?”

“Quelque mois et peut-être pour toujours, si je parviens à me rendre maître de votre langue.”

“Quel est votre profession?”

“Médecin.”

“Bonne profession en vérité. En Turquie vous-y-ferez du bien, et je vous conseille de vous y établir.”

“ J’agirai selon les circonstances.”

“ Où demeurez-vous ? ”

“ Près du lieu où je vous ai rencontré.”

“ Commene s’appelle le juif de la maison où vous demeurez ? ”

“ Mais, Monsieur, tout a l’heure vous vouliez me voler, et maintenant vous me demandez où je demeure. Vos manières n’indiquent pas un voleur. Vous comprendrez donc mon embarras, dites-moi, d’abord qui vous êtes, et ensuite je vous dirai où je demeure.”

“ Nous sommes officiers en gouvernement et nous faisons patrouille pour la tranquillité de la ville.”

“ Vous faites la ronde et cependant si vous trouviez ma bourse vous ne l’auriez sans doute pas laissée en arrière.”

“ Vous n’avez pas compris que nous l’aurions fait pour badiner ? Nous vous croyons juif et nous voulions vous effrayer. Dites nous maintenant où vous demeurez.”

“ Mais pourquoi êtes vous si désireux de connaître mon habitation ? ”

“ Pour faire meillure connaissance demain ; maintenant, il est temps de nous séparer.”

“ Que gagnerez-vous de ma connaissance.”

“ Vous êtes Européen, vous êtes plus instruit que nous, c’est pourquoi nous désirons votre amitié.”

“ Je demeure chez M. Bambanista banquier du Sultan.”

“Je, vois que vous êtes bien recommandé ici, il y a des noces chez lui, pourquoi n’y assistez-vous pas?”

“On est venu me chercher pour une femme qui était en couches; c’est ce qui m’a fait manquer cette invitation.”

“Il faut donc que j’aille vous chercher chez M. Bambanista, quel est votre nom?”

“Mon nom,” repeated the unknown; and making a pause, “mon nom?—Constantino.”

“Votre surnom?”

“Paravazini,—Constantino Paravazini.”

“Write it down, Daniel,” said the Sultan, speaking in Turkish.

“But hush!” he continued, “I hear footsteps, and the sound of voices. Some one is approaching. Get into this dark alley. Let us see who they are.”

Before these other strangers arrived at the spot where the Sultan and his companions were concealed, they stopped a few paces off.

“I tell you what, Michael,” said one, “I can’t help thinking of the confounded noise those Jews kicked up, without any one touching them. Any one hearing them bellow would have supposed they were being murdered. Did you notice what a pretty and melancholy-looking girl they took from us. Well, I am sorry I behaved to

her so rudely, You may depend upon it she belongs to some respectable family."

"I'll tell you what," said another, "I'll be hanged if I don't think these infernal Jews have kidnapped that poor creature in order to sacrifice her in their barrel. Only now let us make haste to the synagogue hard by, and take a survey, and we will then go back to the house where the wedding is going on."

"Let us be off to the synagogue, for if we loiter about we shall lose the chance of saving those two boys. All five of us must force our way in; with our weapons we shall be a match for fifty such curs as these Jews are."

"Yes, let us make all the haste we can," said another, "we shall be doing an act of great charity. Come on."

With these words the party moved forwards, and passed the alley without seeing the Sultan and his companions.

"We must now let this Italian go," said the Sultan, "and watch where those Greeks are going to. I have a great curiosity," continued he, "to witness with my own eyes the horrid custom of the Jews of which there has been so much talk." Then, addressing the physician, he told him their road lay in the same direction that the Greeks had taken, and bade him good night. "Au revoir," said he at parting. "Je crois que nous

nous reverrons dans très peu de jours.” And he shook him by the hand.

“Bonne nuit, Messieurs,” returned the Italian stranger, who had not lost a syllable of the conversation he had heard.

As soon as the Italian was left alone in this foul and dirty locality, he said to himself, “These beads, then, which the Vizir has are those which formerly belonged to the Prophet. What a bright and unexpected prospect is unfolding itself before me. If my plan succeeds,—if that young female slave keeps her promise,—I shall avenge the death of my father, and the dishonour I have suffered from this sanguinary Turk. Thrice this evening has death presented itself, and thrice have I escaped unharmed; but for the future no one shall know that I am in Constantinople.” So saying, Caraboudharas (for it was he) proceeded in a direction contrary to that taken by the Sultan, and betook himself to a retired lodging which he had secured a few days previously.

CHAPTER II.

THE JEWS' COMMUNION.

THE Padishah and his two companions, excited with curiosity by the conversation of the Greeks which they had secretly overheard, and eager to witness the result of the enterprize to which it had reference, followed silently in their track, keeping at a distance sufficiently remote to be the unseen observers of whatever might transpire. They proceeded some distance through a multiplicity of streets, when those in advance suddenly stopped: the Sultan also stopped, watching their movements attentively. Presently the light from a dark lantern poured its glare over all the street, but as quickly vanished. The bearer had caught a glimpse of the Greeks, who evidently were lying in wait for some

one, and he turned back and began to retrace his steps ; but the Greeks, rushing from their hiding-place, quickly overtook him, and having seized him, gagged his mouth, to prevent his crying out and giving alarm.

"Hold him fast, Michael," cried a gruff voice, in a subdued tone, "take care, and don't let him cry out. We must punish him for the way in which those infernal Jews just now treated us."

Meanwhile the stranger with the lantern eagerly looked about, to see if any assistance was near. The poor Jew was in great terror, and in the hands of these five merciless assailants was like a mouse among as many cats.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" cried one.

"Home," said the Jew.

"And where do you come from?"

"A friend's house."

"Now that's a lie, for the synagogue is in this street, and you've just come from it. Now tell the truth, or I'll put my knife into you: haven't you just left that synagogue?"

The Jew appeared much embarrassed at this question, but hearing the threat and seeing the knife, was afraid to speak.

"If you don't make haste and answer me, I'll make a hole in your carcass."

"Yes," was the almost inarticulate reply.

"Then you have just come from that synagogue?"

"Yes, I told you so just now."

"Are you a Rabbi?"

"Yes, he's a Rabbi," said another; "why ask him?—don't you see he is by his dress?"

"Who is there in the synagogue?"

"No one now; I remained to sweep up the place, and that is why I am out so late."

"And we know that you have at this very moment in that synagogue two boys, whom you are going to put into the barrel, and yet you have the impudence to tell us such a lie. Now, just wait one moment, you circumcised scoundrel, and you shall see."

A struggle then ensued, and while some were holding the Jew and stopping his mouth, others were pom-melling and otherwise ill-treating him.

"Take your choice; either tell us where those children are, or be murdered; you hear that,—we'll murder you in cold blood,—we'll chop your body up into a thousand pieces, and place a bit at every door in the district; so out with the truth, and tell us where they are."

"I don't know anything about it, by the Holy of Holies, I don't;—pray let me go."

"Tell us where those children are, or I'll cut your

throat," cried another, applying his knife to the neck of the unhappy wretch.

"Unhand me, and I'll tell you all I know."

"Be quick, then; out with the truth, and tell us where they are," cried the last speaker, thrusting the point of his knife a little way into the calf of the Jew's leg, who, perceiving it was impossible to escape, muttered, "In the synagogue."

"What synagogue?"

"In the synagogue," repeated he, while his whole frame shook with tremor.

"What synagogue, you idiot? This place is crowded with churches and synagogues."

"The one close by."

"Have they sacrificed either of them?"

"There is only one."

"You lie, you perjured hound, there are two; we know it for a certainty, and it is no use your denying it."

"I declare to you, on the word of truth, there is only one," cried the Jew, elevating his voice.

"What do you mean by bawling out, you infernal *Jahoud*," * said Michael; "do you hope to rouse the

* The Jews, *Jahouds*, at Constantinople, have the name Gifout given them by way of contempt. They are not so numerous as the Armenians; they have fewer privileges, and are held in less estimation.

neighbourhood?—take that for your pains,” added he, giving him a heavy blow upon the head with his doubled fist.

“Will you now show us into the synagogue?”

“I can’t walk,—you have wounded me in the leg,—and I am in great pain, Oh dear!—Oh dear!”

“Then we’ll make you;—leave off shamming,—and move on.”

With these words the Greeks placed the Jew in the middle, and the latter, finding further resistance useless, consented to conduct them to the synagogue.

The Sultan followed, leaning on Daniel’s arm, merely observing that he had always been desirous of becoming acquainted with the monstrous enormities committed in this city in the times of his predecessors, when despotism reigned without any check.

They had not proceeded far when the party in advance made another halt, and one of them, addressing the Jew, said——

“Heark ye, you Jahoud, don’t attempt to take us to any place but where the children are; if you do, I give you fair warning, I will run you through and through with my knife, and afterwards I’ll serve in the same way every Jew that I find.”

The only answer to this threat was a deep sigh.

Presently they stopped before a low-arched door, at

which the Jew gave a knock. A voice inquired who was there? The Jew said something in Hebrew, which the Greeks could not understand, but to which no reply was made.

“What was that you said?—was it a notice to the people inside to hide the children? If they don't come and open the door, I'll force it open,” said one.

“And I will kill you at the same time,” said another.

“And I will break the door down,” cried another, giving it a violent kick.

“Don't knock, Signor; the door will be opened directly,” said the Jew. The person has only gone to acquaint the Rabbis inside who it is.” He had hardly finished, when the door opened.

“How is it you have returned so soon, Hadjee Moses?” said the door-keeper. “What do these people want?” added he, on seeing the Greeks; but before he had done speaking, they forced themselves in, and rushed down the stairs that led to the synagogue.

The Padishah then drew near the door, which was by this time closed, observing to his followers, “Something serious will occur,—we must endeavour to get in also; there will be a fearful struggle, for these Rabbis, if they are numerous enough, will never let these Christians in alive. Let us go to the other side of the synagogue, and ascertain whether there is another door; we will

then knock at this, and if they will not quietly let us enter, we will force our way in." As he was speaking, the door of the house adjoining opened, and four men were seen coming out, carrying a kind of litter; they proceeded in great haste to the back of the house, crying, "Quick!—quick!"

The Padishah ordered Daniel to follow them, and watch where they went to.

Meanwhile the Sultan walked up and down, surveying the synagogue with much uneasiness of manner, particularly as he heard a great noise and clamour going on within.

"Did you discover where those men went?" demanded the Padishah, seeing Daniel had returned.

"Yes, your Majesty; they entered a door close by, and I made a mark upon it with my lead pencil."

"Did they notice you were watching them?"

"No; I was too far off for them to see me."

"Very good; we'll now knock."

"I think it would be better for me and Selidhar Pasha to enter first; it is not fit your Majesty should run any risk."

"I shall go in with you," said the Sultan, "and I will pass myself off as an officer of the patrol. I must see this abominable enormity myself."

"A lantern is approaching, your Majesty, and a con-

siderable number of men. We had better retire to a short distance."

"Ah! who are they," exclaimed the Sultan; "how unfortunate. We must secrete ourselves till they are passed by."

They accordingly concealed themselves in a dark passage, and presently the lantern, and the men who accompanied it, stopped at the door of the synagogue.

"I think that is the Chief Rabbi, my banker's brother," said the Sultan; "hush! it is he, and a number of other Rabbis."

All was silent for a time, and the Chief Rabbi and his retinue entered the synagogue.

The street was again in darkness, and the Sultan again advanced to the door of the synagogue.

"Do you hear a noise?" said Daniel, "there is a desperate fight going on."

"We must knock, but the Chief Rabbi knows me, and I shall certainly be recognized," said the Sultan: "here, Daniel, take my cloak and red cap, and you will be taken for an officer of the garrison; and give me your hat and cloak, and I shall not be known." The exchange was quickly made, and the Sultan then knocked with great violence.

Presently a voice from the inside inquired, "Is that

you, Absalom?—Yes,” answered Daniel; and the door being opened, the Emperor and his followers forced themselves in, and descended into a small chamber, at the further end of which was a door communicating with the synagogue.

The door-keeper who let them in was much confused, and wanted to go and give information, but the captain of the imperial guard held him back, and then fastened the door to prevent any one from going out.

The synagogue was a room of large dimensions, lighted up only by a few lamps. The four Greeks were standing in a threatening attitude with their knives in their hands, very pale and terrified. The fifth was laying wounded on the floor, his head was broken, and he was much disfigured by the blows he had received from the Jews.

The Rabbis in number were about twenty-five, and had taken their stations on the platform of the synagogue, and on the seats and benches. They were armed with staves, and whatever else they could use as weapons. At the further corner sat a lad about eleven or twelve years of age, very pale, and so fat that he could hardly waddle. Not far from him was the Chief Rabbi, surrounded by a number of inferior Rabbis, who seemed ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their superior. On the floor were strewn various costly ecclesiastical

garments of the Greek Church, and among them glittered the mitre of an archbishop.

"What is the meaning of this uproar?" demanded Daniel, in a tone of authority.

"Signor Cavas-bashee," cried the Jews, "we throw ourselves under your protection, and give these murderers into your custody. They entered our synagogue by force, while we were engaged in the celebration of the rites of our religion, and tried to rob us. They drew out their knives, and if we had not succeeded in defending our lives, they would have massacred us all without mercy."

"Enough," exclaimed Daniel; "I understand you. Be quiet while I question these Greeks." And turning towards them, he demanded to know what business they had in the Jews' synagogue.

"Sir," replied one of them, "about five months ago two boys were unaccountably missing, one from Galetah, the other from Fanaar. The one is the son of a wealthy widow lady, who lost him soon after her arrival in Constantinople; and the current opinion was, that they had been kidnapped by the Jews for the purpose of enclosing them in their abominable barrel. Two Rabbis came this morning to our oven (for we are journeymen-bakers, your Honour,) to buy some bread, and it happened that at the same time this widow lady

and her little girl stopped to purchase some buns. On seeing her, the Rabbis said something in Hebrew which I could not understand.

“Presently my master sent me out on an errand, and just as I turned the corner of the street in which our shop stands, I saw these two Rabbis again in earnest conversation; somehow or other, I thought it had something to do with the widow's child, and so I went back, and opening a window, tried to overhear what they were talking about; but all I could gather was, that when the wedding at Bambanista's house was over, the Chief Rabbi would be there in person, but if he should be late, they were to begin without him. The barrel was brought last night from his cellar, and is now in the synagogue. They then withdrew, and being certain in my own mind that the poor children were going to suffer, but not knowing in what synagogue, I ran in search of my friend Michael, who, poor fellow, is lying wounded on the floor, and we and a few more agreed to watch outside Bambanista's house until the Chief Rabbi should come out, and follow him, in the hope that we should be able to save the children, and be entitled to the reward offered by the widow lady.

“But a circumstance occurred which destroyed our plans. A young girl came, and was listening to the music, when a Rabbi who was there, tried to entice her

into the house, and as we refused to leave her, he began crying out, and made such a disturbance, that down came the company and drove us away. We then watched at a distance, and after having waited a long time, we proceeded to the great synagogue with the intention, if all was quiet, of returning again to Bambanista's; but happening to meet this Rabbi in the street, we terrified him into a confession, and he brought us here.

“On our entering, these other Rabbis asked us what we wanted, and when we told them our suspicions, and the reason of our coming, they all lifted up their voices, declaring they were innocent, and that nothing of the kind existed; at the same time the Rabbi who brought us here, and who is the Chief Rabbi's secretary, on seeing these ecclesiastical vestments, which he had stowed away in a bag, strewn upon the floor, began to make a great noise, and to scold his fellow Rabbis. And when our friend Michael saw the scandalous way in which the sacred robes of our church were thrown upon the ground, he became indignant, and attempted to pick them up; but the Jews interfered, and began threatening us, telling us that we were creating a confusion, and disturbing them in their prayers. And on that great table which you see covered with a black cloth, sat a Rabbi with a copy of the Sacred Scriptures

before him, and regardless of our expostulations, he commenced chaunting at the top of his lungs, making the whole synagogue re-echo with his noise. And when Michael went up to him, desiring him to cease his bellowing, and we were commencing our search, they rushed upon us with their staves, and in the encounter our poor friend was wounded. And while the fight was going on, one of our companions perceived a movement of the table on which the Rabbi was seated, and the Rabbi kicking with all his might at somebody underneath, but still continuing to bawl out his psalms; we then ran up to ——”

“It is false! It is false!” vociferated the Rabbis.

“Silence,” exclaimed Daniel; but they continued, nevertheless, to cry out, “It is false! it is false!” while Hadjee Moses, slipping out of the crowd, unperceived as he thought, stole quietly towards the door.

“Silence, I say,” again exclaimed Daniel, stamping with vehemence against the floor.

“That fellow who had the sacred garments of our church is trying to make his escape,” cried the Greeks.

“You stop here,” said the Captain of the Imperial Guard, catching hold of Hadjee Moses just as he was making his exit.

“We then ran up,” resumed the speaker, and on

looking under the table, discovered that poor child, the widow's son : he was crying bitterly, but his cries were drowned by the noise purposely made to prevent their being heard. We then began to ask him various questions, and ——”

“It is false ! it is false !” cried the Jews, “these fellows brought the boy here themselves, and now, to serve their infamous purpose, fasten this base accusation on us.”

“Silence, again I say,” exclaimed Daniel in wrath ; “if you continue making this uproar, I’ll order in the patrol, who are close by.”

When the Rabbis heard that the patrol were outside the synagogue, they became quiet ; but their looks expressed the uneasiness they felt at such an announcement.

“We then inquired where was the other child,” continued the speaker, “but as we could get no answer from them, we asked this poor thing whether he had a companion, when, to our horror, we found that these monsters had had the barbarity to cut out his tongue, and that the poor innocent can’t articulate a single word.”

“It is a horrible calumny ; a false and base accusation.”

Hitherto the Sultan, muffled up in his cloak, with his hat over his eyes, had remained a passive spectator ; but

no longer able to restrain himself, although Daniel made him an expressive sign not to betray himself, he vociferated, "Silence! I command silence!"

Daniel then took the child, for the purpose of examining him himself, at the same time experiencing an unaccountable feeling.

The child was about eleven years old, very pale and fair; his hair was as fine and as glossy as silk; but his eyes were small, and almost buried in the unnatural fatness of his cheeks, produced by the diet on which he had been fed, consisting of pulse corn and Indian nuts, and such other food as had a tendency to produce blood.

This poor victim, when sufficiently fat for their purpose, it was the intention of these Jews to place alive in a great barrel, which on the inside was stuck full of nails and iron spikes. These, on its being turned round, would penetrate into the flesh and draw out every drop of blood. The body afterwards would be privately buried, and the blood distributed among the various synagogues, and employed by way of communion.

They give two reasons for this frightful and abominable rite. "If Jesus Christ," say they, "is in truth the expected Messiah, we are faithfully carrying out the injunction implied in these words:—'Take this, and divide it among yourselves, for it is my blood, which is

shed for you.' If he is not, then we are turning you and your faith into derision, and you only are to blame for it."

The Sultan perceiving Daniel dejected and melancholy, asked him in a whisper, what was the matter.

"Nothing more," replied Daniel, "than I am struck with the singular and incredible likeness that this child bears to my wife."

Daniel then began to interrogate the child; but the poor unfortunate could answer him only by a movement of the head: he ran up to him, fell upon him, and implored him, as plainly as he could by signs, not to leave him any longer in that place.

"Have you a mother?" inquired Daniel.

The child moved his head in the affirmative, murmuring a few inarticulate sounds, which were unintelligible.

"How long ago is it since you saw her?"

The child held up five fingers.

"Five months?"

The reply was in the affirmative.

"Where have you been in the meantime?"

The child pointed to a Rabbi, who immediately cried out, "It is false!" in which assertion he was supported by the rest of the Jews.

"In this house?"

The child nodded, signifying yes.

“Were you alone?”

The child shook his head in the negative.

“Was there another boy besides yourself?”

The reply was in the affirmative.

“Where is he now?”

At this question the child fell upon the Sultan's neck, evidently in an agony of terror, and by the movement of his hands signified they had put him into the barrel.

“Did they put him in the barrel?”

The child nodded in the affirmative.

“And where is the barrel?”

The child pointed to the further end of the synagogue.

“Come and show me.”

“Stop, Signor, cried the Chief Rabbi, addressing himself to Daniel. “Who are you that take upon yourself the office of a judge; are you a Cadi, or a simple officer of the patrol? Be assured, sir, that what you have heard from these Greeks, and from this child, is all false; they themselves brought this child for the furtherance of their infamous object.”

“You have no authority to question me as to who or what I am,” replied Daniel, in a firm and sonorous voice. “Come, my child,” continued he, taking him by the hand, “come, show me where this barrel is.”

"Stop, Signor, stop, I beseech you," said the Chief Rabbi. "Allow me to say a word or two first, and then you can act as you think fit."

"Well, what have you to say?"

"I would say it in private."

Daniel and the Chief Rabbi retired out of hearing. The latter offered him 100,000 groshen if he would turn the Greeks out of the synagogue, and then leave himself.

"That's a very small sum," said Daniel, smiling, and making a movement as though to prosecute his search.

"Then I will give you two hundred thousand," continued the Rabbi, holding him back by the arm.

"A mere bagatelle."

"Five hundred thousand groshen, Signor."

"*I am not to be bribed,*" said Daniel, elevating his voice.

"A million, Signor,—two, three, ten millions," whispered the Chief Rabbi, continuing to grasp him by the arm; but seeing his offers disregarded, he cried out in his despair, "Who are you that are proof against the temptation of gold?"

"I am the voice of Jesus Christ, whose blood hath been so cruelly shed."

"O, Elias!" exclaimed the Jews, raising their hands to heaven, horror-stricken at such language. "Death,

or revenge! Death to the believers of the Cross! Death to the Mussulmans!" And with these words the Rabbis threw themselves into an attitude of defence.

"On to them," shouted the Greeks, brandishing their knives. "We are now seven, and we will finish them off-hand."

"Hearken to me," cried Daniel, addressing the Greeks; "and ye also, ye miserable wretches," turning to the Jews. "Your resistance is vain. Outside the synagogue, close at hand, are the Padishah and his guards. Behold his officer, Selidhar Pasha. I am Daniel Cocalos. Do you not recollect me?" continued he, speaking to the Chief Rabbi.

At these words the latter looked alternately at Daniel, Selidhar, and the Padishah, who, though muffled in his cloak, was now known. Paralysed with fear, the Chief Rabbi started back, ejaculating, "My God! my God!" He fell upon his knees, crossing his hands over his bosom, while the rest of the Rabbis instinctively followed the example of their superior; and the Greeks returned their knives to their cases.

The child then, without further resistance on the part of the Jews, led Daniel to the bottom of the synagogue, where was a small door communicating with the adjoining house, into which, he gave them to understand, the barrel had been removed.

"No doubt," whispered Daniel to the Sultan, "no doubt the barrel is the load I saw the four Rabbis carry into the house, the door of which I marked."

"Tell the Greeks to retire," said the Padishah. "Selidhar," added he, "give them what money you have, and if you have not sufficient to make up the sum they expected as a reward, bid them repair to the Seraï in the morning for the difference. Ask the child, Daniel, whether he knows where his mother resides. It is my intention to restore him myself into her hands."

"Off to your homes," said Daniel, speaking to the Greeks. "Take this as a reward for the part you have taken in this affair, as well as this cloak, which you will carry in the morning to the Palace of Sweet Waters; there ask to see his Excellency the Captain of the Imperial Guard; show it to him, and he will make it up to the sum of 50,000 groshen, the amount promised by the widow for the recovery of her son. Carry your companion with you, and take heed that in ten minutes from this time you are not found in the streets,—for if you are, I will not answer for your heads."

The Greeks prostrated themselves, took up their companion, and left the synagogue.

When the Greeks were gone, the Sultan threw off his cloak and hat, and, addressing the Chief Rabbi, demanded if he knew him.

The Chief Rabbi, who was still on his knees, at this question exclaimed, in an agony of fear, "Mercy! mighty Padishah, mercy!"

On hearing this dreaded name, the other Rabbis could not refrain from eyeing the Sultan with consternation.

"Where is the barrel?"

"My God! there is nothing of the kind," was the unanimous exclamation of the Jewish Rabbis.

"Where is the barrel?" demanded the Padishah, in a sterner voice.

"We are innocent, and know nothing about it."

"Very well," said the Sultan; who, after a pause, asked the Chief Rabbi whether he knew the names of all the Rabbis present. The reply was in the affirmative.

"Then I command that none of you leave this synagogue before noon to-morrow. I shall place no guards over you, because it is my wish there should be no witnesses to this abominable crime; for the credit of my monarchy, it must be kept from the knowledge of the world. I will trace it to its source myself, and eradicate it, root and branch; but should any individual dare to leave without permission, I would have him to know he shall be put to death the moment he is caught."

"We will obey your commands, mighty Padishah."

Meanwhile, Daniel gathered up the ecclesiastical garments that were strewn about the floor, and showed them to the monarch.

"Where did you get these?" demanded the Sultan, on taking the mitre into his hands, the name on which he endeavoured to decipher.

The Jews were silent.

"What name is this, Daniel?"

"Gabriel Nicomedes, your Majesty."

"It belongs, then, to the Patriarch. Where did you find these things?" asked he, turning to Hadjee Moses, who in his terror and confusion was unable to give any reply.

"Answer me, I command you!" cried the Sultan in a tone of thunder.

"I bought them of a Greek priest," answered he.

"Bought these articles of a Greek priest!—a Greek priest, however corrupt and base, would never deliver up his sacred vestments to a Jew. No!" exclaimed Daniel indignantly, "it is more likely for you to become a Christian than for him to commit such an act."

The bare supposition that it was possible for a Jew to become a Christian filled the Rabbis with horror; and they one and all cried out, "Impossible!" and that it was a calumnious assertion.

"It is a greater calumny to say that a Greek priest

would for a few pieces of silver deliver this holy cross," exclaimed Daniel, pointing to the mitre, "into the hands of you who so cruelly shed the blood of our Lord. These sacred robes were stolen, and not purchased."

"You and the Chief Rabbi follow me," said the Sultan, turning to Hadjee Moses. "Daniel, gather up these vestments, and let this man carry them."

Before they quitted the synagogue, Daniel asked the child whether he could show them the way to his mother's house. The child signified that he could.

The Sultan, and Daniel, and Selidhar, followed by the two Jews, then proceeded to the door which Daniel had marked, and into which the four Rabbis had been seen to enter with their load.

"Alas! alas! all is discovered," muttered the Chief Rabbi.

"Whose house is this?" demanded the Padishah.

"It is mine, most mighty Padishah."

"Order the door to be opened."

The Chief Rabbi knocked; and at the noise a window was thrown open, and a voice inquired who was there. The Chief Rabbi replied, and the door was immediately opened.

On entering the house, the Sultan peremptorily ordered the Chief Rabbi to show them the place where the barrel was kept.

“I pray your Majesty not to believe ——”

“Show me the way to your cellar, wretch!” vociferated the Sultan in his wrath; and, taking the Rabbi by the shoulders, he shook him with great violence.

“Mercy! — mercy! — Padishah. Here, close by. Mercy!”

“Then lead the way,” said the Sultan, “and make haste, you thrice miserable wretch!”

The Chief Rabbi conducted them by a secret staircase to a room underground. It was destitute of furniture, and contained only the barrel, which stood supported horizontally on two legs, and, being without a handle, was made to revolve on its axis by means of lips, or projecting pieces of wood, placed at regular distances round the outside. In the place of a bung-hole was a large opening, closed with a cover.

The Padishah, on lifting this up, perceived, to his inexpressible horror, the body of a child, floating in its blood. It was black as ink, and its head was one confused mass, in which neither eyes nor nose, nor any other feature, could be distinguished; it presented an indescribable appearance.

This shocking spectacle filled the beholders with speechless horror. The Sultan cast his eyes upon the miserable remains, and surveyed them a considerable time without being able to give vent to his feelings.

"I assure you," cried he, at length, addressing his companions, that last year, when the whole bay of the Golden Horn, as well as the whole of the Bosphorus, was covered with the carcasses of the janissaries, I did not feel a thousandth part of the disgust and horror I now experience at the sight of these miserable remains."

"May it please your Majesty," said the Chief Rabbi, in a supplicating tone, "to hear me. No doubt a great number of Jews will have to atone, by the sacrifice of their heads to-morrow, the commission of this act. But your Majesty knows that a criminal in his last moments is entitled to the privilege of demanding a favour. I crave this privilege at your hands before I am consigned to the executioner."

"Speak,—what is it?"

"That your Majesty will be pleased not to divulge this custom, which for ages we have kept concealed from the knowledge of the world, and the existence of which I am at a loss to conceive in what way your Majesty has succeeded in discovering."

"Then you Jews have practised this abominable custom for ages," observed the Padishah, with a bitter smile.

"For ages, your Majesty; but not the Jews in general: there is only one sect that follow it, and that sect is the one to which we belong."

"And do you think you are pure in the sight of Allah, in perpetrating a thing of this kind?"

"Alas! our religion imposes it upon us."

"I reverence the precepts of religion," replied the monarch, "but I detest your priests who contrive a thousand impositions for the sake of self-interest, and the shameful lust of lucre, and who consequently corrupt the people. For the credit of my empire, your guilt shall remain undivulged; but I trust I shall succeed in eradicating this inhuman custom effectually."

So saying, the Sultan turned the barrel, and emptied its contents upon the ground. He then demanded some water, and, having washed his hands, left the house, and proceeded to the Gate of Fanaar, accompanied by his attendants and the two Jews. On their arrival at this place, he gave the latter into the custody of Selidhar Pasha, directing him to take a caïque, and lead the two Jews to his seraglio at Bournou, and there await his coming, while he and Daniel went and restored the child to its parent.

We now conduct the reader outside the walls to the district of Fanaar, and introduce him into the widow's house.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONFESSOR.

THE sun had just sunk in the west, and the sports of the Hippodrome concluded, when on a terrace that abutted on the waters of the Golden Horn, and that apparently belonged to one of the opulent mansions that abound in the district of Fanaar, a young female of sixteen years of age was to be seen seated on an easy arm chair, dressed in deep mourning. Her countenance was sad and sorrowful, and she was plunged in a silence like the silence of death.

Her features were very agreeable, but sickly, as though she had just risen from her bed. Her eyes were large, blue, and somewhat sunken; and the fair complexion of her skin was rendered still fairer to the eye from the contrast of a large loose black *robe-de-*

chambre, in which her form was enveloped. Her glossy hair, which shone like silk, was tastefully braided, and fell upon a shawl of the same colour as her robe ; but it was slightly disarranged by the evening breeze that swept from the bay.

Near her was seated another female, of about thirty-eight years of age, the similarity of whose features to those we have already portrayed above, relieves us from the task of description. This lady, who was the mother of the young female, was also dressed in deep black, and with her feet resting upon a small foot-stool, and her head supported upon her right arm, was occupied in the perusal of some small religious work.

Close to these females, amusing herself with a child's cart, in which a doll was seated, was a little girl about thirteen ; she was the youngest daughter of the above-mentioned lady.

"Mamma," said the little girl, breaking the silence, "mamma, do you remember last year, when they killed the janissaries, and when the guns kept firing all day long, from morning to night?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the widow, raising her eyes from the book she was reading, and casting them affectionately on her daughter.

"It was one evening that Pericles and I——"

On hearing that name mentioned, the lady became

much agitated; she discontinued her reading, and checking the child, said—

“Have I not desired you, Sophia, never to mention that name? You shall go to bed this evening supperless;—and I hope another time you will pay more attention to what I tell you.”

“I forgot, it mamma; but why am I not allowed to talk about my brother? You used to love him better than you did me; and now that he has run away from home, you will not suffer his name to be spoken in your hearing.”

“Ah! my poor dear boy,” sighed she, raising her handkerchief to her eyes.

“I won’t repeat it again, mamma,—forgive me this time!” imploringly cried the child, bursting into tears, and burying her face in her mother’s lap.

“You are injuring your health, my dear mother,” observed the eldest daughter, who now rose from her seat, and advanced towards her. I do assure you, you are so altered by grief that no one hardly knows you. Make your mind easy; Pericles is still living, and not drowned, as you imagine; some day or other you will see him again.”

“Fetch me a glass of water, Polyxena,” said the mother, drying her tears.

In obedience to her mother’s wish, the eldest daughter

went into the house, but her step was slow, and gave the spectator an opportunity of gazing on that majestic figure which was concealed under her robe while she was seated.

The mother threw an inquiring glance upon her daughter as she was entering the house; and as soon as the latter was out of hearing, she desired Sophia to go in also, and play there, because she had, as she said, something to say to her sister.

“Yes, mamma, I’ll go directly,” replied the child, in cheerful submission; and taking her cart, she went into the house. Meanwhile Polyxena brought the water, and having handed it to her mother, resumed her seat, and relapsed into her former melancholy.

“Polyxena, my dear,” said the mother, “you just now observed that I was injuring my health by weeping as I do. Let me tell you, that this melancholy, which I have noticed has taken such deep root in you within the last two months, has quite undermined your own. Where is that rosy colour that used to bloom on your cheeks, and the animation that sparkled in your eyes? You have now no life,—no spirits;—you are like one half dead! A fearful contest is struggling in your breast. You have dreadful thoughts which disturb your mind, and which you keep secret from your mother.”

At these words the daughter’s cheek became as red

as scarlet. She lowered her eyes to the ground, and was about making some reply, when her mother resumed, and addressed her in a milder tone.

“Polyxena, my dear, I wish you to tell me the truth: are you not *enceinte*?”

“Oh! mother! mother!” cried the young female, concealing her head between her hands.

“Alas! nothing but misfortunes do I experience,” exclaimed the mother. “Another heavy stroke has fallen upon my head. Speak, my child, and tell me if my suspicions are true.”

“Oh! mother! mother!” repeated the daughter, who then got up, and running to her mother, fell at her knees.

“Rise, my child, rise. The *caïques* are returning in crowds from Keat-Hana, and the people in them will notice you. Get up, my child, and draw your chair beside me. Don’t be alarmed. Confess everything to me, who am your mother; and I will use all my endeavours to hide your shame from the knowledge of the world. Speak,—speak, my child.”

The daughter instinctively drew her chair close to her mother, and sat down.

“Oh, that it was anything but that!” resumed the mother. “I always had a dread that the man to whom you were betrothed would deceive you,—and my worst

fears are verified ; for the base man went to Smyrna, and you have nothing to hope for from him. It is now too late ;—you are dishonoured for ever, and I——”

“Mother, Neocles is not to blame : you wrong his character. He is innocent, and does not merit your suspicions.”

“Then you are culpable,” remarked the mother ;—and there was something solemn in the manner in which she spoke.

“Yes ; I acknowledge it to my sorrow. Alas ! I am lost !”

“What do I hear ? Speak !—quick !—explain yourself. I think I shall go distracted !—my head is so bewildered !” And with these words the poor mother put her hand to her forehead.

“For the love of God, mother, do not cry out thus ! I am guilty,—and death is the only atonement I can make. That will soon arrive.”

Alarmed at the seriousness with which these words were uttered, the unhappy mother took her daughter by the hand.

“Polyxena,” said she, “my grave has been some time waiting to receive me ; but if you persist in secrecy, and are determined to withhold it from the knowledge of your mother, I would have you to consider you will hurry me into it, and become the cause of your mother’s

death ;—and never can your guilty soul hope for pardon hereafter.”

“Alas! alas! what am I to do!” exclaimed the daughter; “miserable wretch that I am!” cried she, and she buried her face in her lap.

“Tears are unavailing now. Come in-doors: let us leave this place, for the eyes of the neighbourhood are upon us.”

And the two females, mother and daughter, went into the house, and proceeded to a room. Here the mother began again to implore her daughter to divulge everything connected with this sad and distressing affair, while the eyes of the latter were intently fixed on a large picture which hung on the wall opposite.

“I swear to you, mother, by the likeness of my revered father, that it is impossible to comply with your request. My hours are few; then do not force me, for, I repeat, it is impossible.”

“Polyxena,” said the mother, with a calmness that was ominous and impressive, “rather would I be a witness of your death than of your infamy;—rather would I see you lying a lifeless corpse at my feet, than know you are to become an object for the finger of scorn. I therefore require of you a full confession; and I swear to you, by that same likeness of your father, whom I have ever loved and worshipped, that if you refuse,

before to-morrow's sun shall rise I shall cease to live."

The daughter, who had appeared to have listened hitherto to her mother with apathetic indifference, started on hearing these last words. She rose from her seat, and said to herself,—“My intention has been defeated;—there is no alternative now but to tell her all. Say no more, mother,” said she aloud; “I will confess.”

“Go on, my child;—I am ready to listen to you.”

“One day, when you were absent from home, Neocles, my affianced husband, paid me a visit. On his entrance into the room, I observed that he was more dejected than usual. Our interview lasted a considerable time; but his replies to my questions were short, cold, and abrupt. I soon perceived that he had something on his mind, and wished to communicate it to me, but was at a loss how to begin. At length, he addressed me in the following manner:

“ ‘Polyxena, if a young lady has been very rich, and once enjoyed a great name,—and if she is beautiful and endowed with all the qualities which a man can require in a wife,—and if suddenly, in consequence of a heavy calamity falling upon her family, she is reduced to poverty, and becomes an object of pity,—and if the world, who is always prejudiced against the weak and unfortunate, should spread calumnious reports against her

family,—tell me, is this lady, however amiable, to be respected as before,—and ought any individual to stoop so low as to take notice of her, and marry her?”

“‘I don’t understand your question,’ I replied; nor did I, for I was taken by surprise; ‘but,’ continued I, ‘whatever may result from the candid expression of my opinion, I have no hesitation in saying, that no one ought to trouble himself about the wealth of a female whom he thinks calculated in other respects to form the happiness of his life, or to care whether she has a great name or not.’”

“‘I thank you,’ said he; ‘your opinion coincides with my own. Do you know why I asked you this question?’”

“‘Certainly not: how should I?’”

“‘Do you know the family of Logothetes P——?’ said he.

“‘Not personally; but I have heard of them.’”

“‘Well, then, Logothetes P——, at the time of his death, left several children; among them, the youngest daughter, named Malamatenia,—her accomplishments and her beauty it is impossible to describe. I do assure you, that were it not for the engagement that exists between you and me, I would marry her instantly.’ And he uttered these words with so much earnestness, that I was convinced of their sincerity.

“ ‘I congratulate you on your generosity,’ said I, coldly. ‘And pray have you known this young lady long?’

“ ‘I never saw her but once, and that was two months ago. Her brother Leonidas said a great deal to me about her when I was at Smyrna, and, on my return to Constantinople, gave me a letter of introduction to her : that was the first and only time I ever saw her.’

“ ‘And you fell immediately in love with her,’ said I, jeeringly.

“ ‘Yes, unfortunately, I fell in love with her immediately,’ was his frank and unabashed answer.

“ ‘Then what hinders you from making her an offer?’

“ ‘Alas ! I have done that already, Polyxena.’

“ ‘Tell me, Neocles, on the honour of a man, are you serious, or are you merely joking?’

“ ‘I am serious : I mean what I say, Polyxena ; and, what is more, I have mentioned the subject to her brother ;’ and as he said this, he faltered, and crimsoned to the temples.

“ ‘What !’ cried I, scarcely able to speak for joy ; ‘do you mean to tell me you have spoken to her brother about marrying her?’

“ ‘Hearken, Polyxena,’ replied he ; ‘I must keep nothing secret from you. You are aware that our projected union is an affair got up by our parents. My

father never condescended to consult my inclinations, but handed me over to your mother with all the authority of a master. You have many great attractions, and are, moreover, a princess by birth; but, I must frankly confess the truth, — you never made any impression on my heart. What we have to consider is this: shall I take you as my wife, and thus both be doomed to pass a miserable life? — or shall I prevent it, by breaking off this intended match? While my father was living, I was constrained to succumb; but now that he is dead ——

“ ‘Neocles,’ cried I, interrupting him, ‘I am quite agreeable. You know I never loved you; and it was only in compliance with my mother’s wish that I consented to receive you as my betrothed. But now I am gratified to find you are the first in offering to dissolve this engagement.’

“ ‘I knew you never loved me,’ replied he; ‘and, unfortunately, I never could ascertain who was the happy man who had gained your affections.’

“ ‘That is now a care off your mind,’ said I. ‘Your newly affianced bride is a more interesting subject to exercise your thoughts upon.’

“ ‘When I return from Smyrna, I will send your mother a paper, releasing us both from this engagement.’ He then rose and took his departure.”

“And is it true, Polyxena,” inquired the mother

finding her daughter had finished, "that your affections were placed upon another? You astonish me!"

"Unhappily, they were, mother," faltered the daughter.

"And without my knowing who he was."

"Yes, mother. Oh! it is horrible to think of!" articulated the daughter; and rising, as though she was labouring under a spasmodic attack, she continued: "No, no,—I must not speak another word. By the name of my father, I must say no more!—do not try to force me."

"Oh! my child! I know not what to suspect. Your manner fills me with dreadful forebodings. Oh! what a miserable mother am I! Polyxena, you do not love me,—you do not love your mother, who has so affectionately brought you up."

"I do love you, mother;—but leave, I implore you, the knowledge of my crime and its punishment to God. I am ready to meet it;—but I can say no more."

The mother was silent, and a long pause ensued. At length a thought crossed her mind: she rose up, and left the room. Calling one of the servants, she ordered him to go, without saying a word to any one, to the Archbishop Neophytos, and tell him that she had an important secret to communicate, requiring his attendance as quickly as possible.

On returning to the room in which she had left her daughter, the mother resumed the subject.

“Then Neocles really was at Smyrna?” said she, interrogatively.

“I heard, five days ago, that he was there on some business; but he has since returned, and he and his bride will soon take their departure in order to be married.”

“Yes,” replied the mother, “he is in Constantinople. He has written me a letter, in which he requests I would grant him an interview. I suppose it is then his intention to give up this release from the marriage contract. Patience — patience,” murmured she; “my situation is truly deplorable!” The daughter also continued to sigh deeply; and from that time until the servant announced the arrival of his holy reverence the Archbishop Neophytos, both maintained a profound silence.

At this announcement, Polyxena was much agitated, and her features assumed an expression of the deepest gloom and anxiety. She had already risen for the purpose of leaving the apartment, when the Archbishop was seen entering the door.

Let us give a brief description of this holy father.

On his entrance into the room, the whole atmosphere became impregnated with the exhalations of lavender

and other perfumes of which he was redolent. His face was round as the full moon, pleasing, plump, and ruddy, and his glossy skin shone like glass, as though it was daily polished with soap, or some cosmetic that gave it this shining appearance. His beard and mustache, which were now turning grey (his age being about forty), were dyed, and trimmed and dressed with such care and nicety, as to raise a suspicion that they and the curling-irons were no strangers to each other. The black flowing robe of the Greek Church probably was never set off to greater advantage than on the comely figure of this ecclesiastic. His neck, which was very fair and very full, was encircled by a snow-white neck-cloth, and fastened by a black silk handkerchief, which was left purposely open in front, so as to expose a portion of his neck. Never could the axe of the headsman have been more gratified in its work of decapitation than on finding itself buried in such a soft, full-fleshed neck as belonged to this exquisite, who, in the humorous language of Aristophanes, might be aptly termed *σφραγιδοσυχαργοκομήτης*.* His fingers were adorned with two beautiful antiques, and his nails were

* The Translator acknowledges his inability to find any corresponding word in the English language, to express this ludicrous but significant epithet: it signifies—an indolent fellow who passes his time in playing with his rings, paring his nails, and combing his hair.

very long and tapering to a point. His port was manly and majestic, and his manners agreeable and insinuating.

The mother and daughter rose on seeing him; the former advanced to meet him, and with great veneration took his hand and kissed it. But the daughter was prevented from following her mother's example; for the holy father went up to her, and put out his hand, casting on her a pair of very soft and melting eyes.

"*Kale espéra*, (good evening), Polyxena. How is it, my child, I find you always absorbed in affliction?"

The young female raised the proffered hand to her lips, gave a shudder, and appeared to be suffering much.

"What is the matter, Domina?" asked he, turning to the mother. "What is the pressing cause of my having been sent for? had the summons come from any one else but from you, I should have disregarded it at such an unseasonable time, for you must know I had just sat down to my evening meal, and that you have caused me to forego a beautiful *lavraki** which was put before me."

He then sat himself down upon the sofa, close to the daughter, and taking from his pocket a small comb,

* A large fish.

began combing his beard: the mother, standing all the time in an attitude of respect, thus addressed him:

“It is well known to you, most holy father, that in our afflictions we have no refuge, no consolation, but in religion. And the Supreme Being in his goodness hath furnished us with you, his holy ministers, to administer it to his lost children. I leave to your fatherly care my wretched daughter; she is pregnant, and refuses to disclose the name of the author of her shame. Polyxena,” continued she, addressing the young female, “just now you expressed a wish that the Almighty only should know your guilt. Be it so, I do not wish to force you; but consider that you cannot hope for pardon from the Almighty but through the medium of this our holy father confessor. Make, then, your peace with God through him; by unburdening yourself of your sins, and making an ample confession. The consolations of religion are inexhaustible, and I do believe that you will yet be saved, both body and soul.”

“No! no! mother, do not go,” cried the daughter, attempting to rise from the sofa and leave.

“Be not alarmed, my child,” said the holy man, gently detaining her. “Religion does not threaten, it merely admonishes; it does not plunge the sinner in

despair, but it invites to repentance,—it does not drive away the afflicted, but it calls upon them, and gives, them comfort. Open your heart to me, and be assured I will do every thing that my duty and the respect I have for your worthy mother impose on me. Domina,” continued he, speaking to the worthy mother, “have the kindness to leave the room for a few minutes.”

“Certainly, most holy father,” replied she; and on leaving the room she carefully closed the door after her.

Thereupon the daughter threw her arms over her eyes as though she dreaded to meet those of the Archbishop, who, after a pause of some minutes, at length bent over that part of the sofa where she was sitting, and taking her hand, uncovered her face.

“My dear Polyxena,” said he, “I see you are in deep distress, but have I not told you, my dear soul, to have a little patience, and every thing shall be hidden, and every thing rectified. Look up, my dear Polyxena, and answer me, my darling: do you love me no longer?”

“Thoughtless mother!” murmured she, “had you not been so fond of these frequent confessions, I should not have been as I am.”

“You are unkind, and wish to upbraid me, Polyxena,”

replied the Archbishop in a low voice ; “ do you not think I am in the deepest distress, when I see you afflicted : if you are criminal, I am still more so ; my guilt is greater than yours.”

“ I am guilty, and merit universal contempt. Alas ! alas ! how can I live and face the world ! ”

“ Do not weep thus, my dear soul, you make my heart bleed : you have committed no sin. The love that one has for another is natural and inevitable, particularly when it is sincere and reciprocal. All that we have to do is to hide it from the world, for the sake of our reputation. Besides, you have not the prejudices of the illiterate multitude, who believe that for a fault, however trifling, one is doomed to punishment hereafter. There are very few austerities enjoined in our religion. As to fastings, and archbishops not being allowed to marry, these are not of divine origin. We have made them, and introduced them ourselves, for the prevention of abuses. How very frequently have I tried to explain this to you.”

The young female made no reply, and her looks were intently fixed upon the portrait of her father.

“ My dear Polyxena,” continued the Archbishop, noticing her abstraction, and placing one hand upon her shoulder, and with the other stroking his beard, and beckoning her with a movement of the head to come

closer to him, "why do you gaze so earnestly on that picture? Say, do you hate me?"

"Yes," said the young girl; but a low sigh betrayed that her lips belied the sentiments of her heart.

"I do not believe you, my dear soul; you love me because I love you;" and so saying he pressed her hand.

The lifeless features of Polyxena sparkled into life for a moment, and she endeavoured to withdraw her hand, but the Archbishop grasped it more firmly, and prevented her.

"Take," cried he, "those beautiful eyes from that picture, and cast them upon me. Drive away these melancholy thoughts, my dear soul! will you suffer this precious opportunity to be consumed in tears? I promised you that I would set this matter to rights. Allow me, then, to take this responsibility on myself, and to-morrow you shall be rid of all unpleasant consequences."

"That portrait is the likeness of my father; and Oh! were it endowed with sense, and had a tongue to speak, what would it say, on beholding you and me together as we are?"

At these words the Archbishop threw a glance on the picture, and his brow became contracted, as though it reminded him of some past circumstances connected

with the individual whom it represented ; but his emotion was only for a moment.

“ You have a lively imagination, my dear Polyxena, which magnifies and multiplies everything that presents itself to your notice ; hence every little difficulty becomes, in appearance, insurmountable ; you are overwhelmed with despair, and make yourself an object of pity.”

“ And am I not an object of pity ? ”

“ Your situation is certainly somewhat painful and awkward, but you are not an object of pity. I am your protector ; in me you will find a refuge.”

“ There is no refuge left me in this world, but one, by which I can prevent my family from being dishonoured.”

“ Banish such a thought from your mind, and don't be silly. I know what you mean ; you think your only refuge is in death. Beware,” continued he, with a solemnity of voice and manner, “ beware : hitherto you are innocent, but your sin will then be unpardonable ; for in committing suicide you destroy the life of your infant. Away with the horrid thought : for some days past I see it has been preying upon your mind, and your looks betray your intentions. But, dearest Polyxena, reflect, I implore you, on the awful consequences of such an act. Your precious soul will be condemned to suffer

everlasting punishment, and by your death you will hurry to a premature grave your precious mother, who, after the loss of her son, will never be able to survive that of her beloved daughter."

"Would you have me name to her the author of my misfortunes? for that I must do if I live."

"Doubly ought I to love you, my angel; death is, in my opinion, preferable to loss of character and the contempt of the world. But no, you must not—must not die; nor shall any of us be a mark for the finger of scorn. Everything shall terminate according to our wishes,—if you will only consent to a small sacrifice?"

"What is that?"

"You must promise not to offer any obstacles to your marriage with Neocles, your affianced husband."

"But has he any inclination for me now?"

"Leave that to me,—only promise what I ask you."

"How can I do otherwise, situated as I am, with the loss of character before my eyes? Necessity compels me to act contrary to my inclination; I therefore promise to offer no obstacle."

"That is right; make me another promise, and that is all I require."

"And pray what is that?"

"Merely to say that your paleness and present pitiful

condition originate in the love you have for him, and that your self-respect has been lowered at the thoughts of his having abandoned you."

"How can my lips utter such a falsehood? I never loved him."

"But you must say so; you must for once act the part of a hypocrite. Consider, your reputation is at stake. Come, my dear girl, make up your mind, and say you will."

"Alas!—if I must, I must; but I shall do so with pain and reluctance."

"Don't go from your word, Polyxena, and this night you shall be the wife of Neocles, and nothing will transpire; your character will be saved, and you will continue to be loved and respected as much as ever. He will be at my house this evening, and I know how to persuade him: I have an admirable plan."

"Do not be too sure; Neocles is very firm, and not to be persuaded against convictions: I know his character."

"If gentle means fail in persuading him, I must adopt some other mode. And now, my dear Polyxena," continued the holy father, "drive these melancholy thoughts from your mind. Come, my angel, and sit close to me." With these words he threw his brawny arm round her waist, and pressed her to his bosom.

“Let me go,” exclaimed the young female, in a whisper, “my mother is coming!” And no sooner had she spoken than the door opened, and the mother became an eye-witness of this impassioned scene.

The Archbishop, on seeing the widow, rose from the sofa. “Madam,” said he, advancing to meet her, “I was so moved by your daughter’s explanation, and so convinced of her innocence, that, as a father, I could not withhold clasping the dear child in my embrace, and shedding tears of joy,” (and here he applied his handkerchief). “Come, my dear Domina, let us leave this poor lamb for a few moments to her own thoughts; let us adjourn to another room, and I will tell you the only remedy that can cure her.”

“Sincerely do I thank you, holy father,” replied the widow, pressing his hand with fervour and delight; “you are the saviour of our souls, and I felt assured you would be our comforter in the hour of affliction. Pass on, I pray you;” and she made way for the Archbishop to precede her into another apartment.

“My dear Domina,” resumed the Archbishop, as soon as they had withdrawn from the room in which the daughter was left to herself, “it is my particular wish that you ask no questions respecting your daughter in this matter: my religious duties forbid me to divulge the secrets of the confessional; but be assured by me

that she is blameless, for it was not her fault. And I have only to say that it would be an unpardonable sin in you to attempt to force her to reveal to you what has happened. You will therefore abstain from speaking to her on the subject. You will, however, have to make a sacrifice, if you desire to preserve her life and honour."

"I will make any sacrifice ;—I will give my life, if it is possible to rescue her from shame and infamy."

"Your life, my dear Domina, is not required. You have merely to present to the Church fifty or a hundred thousand groshen. Do this, and our object will be accomplished."

"Cheerfully will I give that sum," said the mother, "or double, if there be occasion."

"Then I will endeavour, this evening, to unite your daughter in the bonds of wedlock with Neocles."

"But Neocles has withdrawn from her altogether ; the engagement is broken off, and yet you say you will marry them."

"Leave that to me ; Neocles is coming to see me this evening, and I shall overcome every difficulty. All you have to do is to be prepared, and to bring Polyxena the moment I send for you. I repeat again, that you must abstain from speaking to her on this subject ; on the contrary, behave yourself, as far as you can, as

though nothing had occurred. I must now return to the Patriarch's palace, because Neocles may come in my absence, and, not finding me at home, may go away; and thus we shall lose the opportunity."

With these words the Archbishop again offered his hand to the widow to kiss, and then left her house.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DETENTION.

BEFORE the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the ecclesiastical authorities of the orthodox religion occupied the church of the Holy Apostles, which, on the fall of the city into the hands of the Mahometans, was named the Sultan Mehmet's Mosque.

The present building, called the Patriarchate, was then assigned to the clergy: it was formerly a monastery, and a priest used to be sent to it to perform divine service every week.

The present Patriarchate is occupied by upwards of forty priests of various grades, including all ranks, from the lowest functionary to the Patriarch himself.

Close by, and in the heart of Baletah, stands the *Metohi* (convent) of the Holy Sepulchre. Here dwells

the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and here also are the residences of the High Priests, under his jurisdiction. Hence it is more frequently denominated the Patriarchates (the palaces of the Patriarch) than the Patriarchate.

Within a small chapel of this building is the throne on which the Patriarchs of former times used to sit. It is of very ancient workmanship, consisting of small pieces of elephants' bones very curiously put together. Upon this throne sat the most eminent preachers and founders of the Eastern Church, and from this pulpit did they thunder forth their impassioned harangues. Within this chapel are also carefully preserved the bones of St. Euphemia and St. Solomonia.

The whole building of the Patriarchate, being erected in the midst of an ancient fortification called the *Diplophanarion*, presents to the stranger approaching it the appearance of a fortress, rather than that of a temple dedicated to God.

The Archbishop was sitting cross-legged on a sofa, with a pair of spectacles on his nose, and was occupied in reading, when Neocles arrived.

The young man was about twenty-five years of age, short and thin, his complexion was sallow, and he was neatly clad in the European style. The contour of his features was passable, and, had it not been for his large

lips and projecting teeth, might be called rather good-looking.

He went up to the Archbishop, and reverentially saluted the hand that was proffered to him for that purpose.

“Καλῶς τὸν υἱόν μου, ἔχε τὴν εὐχὴν μου, (welcome, my son, my blessing be on you). It is an age since I saw you. How is it you have so soon forgotten your father confessor?—Diako (deacon), bring a *chibouk* (pipe), some sweetmeats, and a cup of coffee, for my excellent young friend Neocles. Do you take snuff?” continued the priest, politely offering his snuff-box.

“Thank you,” said the young man, taking a pinch; “I had not forgotten you, holy father, I have been to Smyrna on a matter of business.”

“To Smyrna again!” exclaimed the Archbishop, feigning surprise, “there must be something very attractive in Smyrna for you young men to be always going there; but listen to me, I have something to tell you, something that will surprise you,” added he with a smile, “about your betrothed Polyxena. The poor thing is in tears from morning till night on your account; and while she is at home, inconsolable for your loss, there are you gadding about and taking your pleasure at Smyrna.”

“She is not my betrothed; holy father, that contract

has been cancelled some time : something else causes her to weep ; for depend upon what I say, she wouldn't shed a single tear on my account."

"What do I hear ! Polyxena not your betrothed ! and she, this very day when I was at her mother's house, was continually uttering your name, and sighed and sobbed as though her heart was breaking ; how can you tell me, then, she has no feeling for you ?"

"Then she uttered my name in mistake, that is all I have to say," said the young man, laughing.

"I see it, my son ;—it is evident you are trying to tease the poor girl, and that is the reason you speak of her with such levity ; but putting all joking aside, what a fortunate man you will be : you will have the handsomest wife in all Constantinople, and she is a young lady possessed of so many excellent qualifications. She belongs to your church ; is pious and sensible ; an excellent economist ; understands domestic duties."

"I know that she possesses all these advantages, holy father," interrupted Neocles, "but I am not joking ; I am speaking soberly and *seriatim*. I tell you that the contract between us is cancelled, and that the release will shortly be forwarded to her mother."

"I perceive by your manner, my son, that you are speaking *seriatim*, but not soberly," said the Archbishop, staring at him with open eyes. "I perceive that your

youth hath led you astray from the path of rectitude, and that you are in danger of falling into an unfathomable gulf of sin. Unbosom yourself, my son, to your father confessor, and frankly tell me what has occasioned this lamentable change of feeling."

"Nothing else, holy father, but as this union was decided upon without our consent, the young lady and myself have thought fit to enter into explanation; and the result is that this contract has been cancelled with her consent and approbation; for to tell you the truth, I neither loved her, nor did she ever love me."

"With her consent and approbation," repeated the Archbishop, with some asperity in his tone. "Never,—it is incredible."

"I assure your reverence it was done with her full consent."

"Neocles, my son, are you thoroughly acquainted with this young lady's character and disposition?"

"Yes, your reverence, I am. I have known her almost from childhood. I knew her when the family lived at Bucharest, before her father abandoned her mother."

"You do not speak the truth, my son. You are a young man, and young men never study human nature with the eye of a philosopher. If you had known better, you would not have attempted this separation."

The sentiments of this young girl are far beyond what you imagine. She possesses the pride and dignity of her sex, and when you proceeded so far as to tell her you did not love her, what answer could you expect. She has a spirit, and could not brook such an insult. If you told her your affections were placed upon another object, she would not condescend to betray any feeling of jealousy ; and if you intimated it was your intention to abandon her, she would show an indifference, and try to appear as though she had lost nothing. She is unaffected, and incapable of deceit ; she is remarkable for the simplicity of her character ;—in a word, she is the personification of every grace.”

“I know it, holy father, I know it. Nevertheless, the contract has been cancelled I do assure you, with the full and entire concurrence of both parties.”

“It has not been cancelled, my son, with the full concurrence of both parties. The commendable character of Polyxena would not permit her to betray the grief she felt at the time you so inconsiderately proposed this separation but that grief has preyed upon her mind, and it is now attended by consequences that are likely to prove serious. She is a prey to secret sorrow ; and the wound you inflicted was so deep, that when you see her, you’ll see with your own eyes that she is so altered as to be hardly recognized. She is the

shadow of her former self. She is no longer the blooming Polyxena, the charm and delight of all who knew her. Reflect, my son, that should any thing happen, —should some dreadful calamity fall upon her head, the sin will be yours, and you will be doomed to everlasting punishment in the world to come.”

“But I tell you, holy father, Polyxena’s grief is not on my account. She is pining for somebody else. My conscience exonerates me from all blame, and I feel convinced I am not the cause of her sorrow.”

“But were you to hear from her own lips a confession of her love, and that you are the cause of all her sufferings, I ask you, would you then be satisfied?”

“Polyxena has too proud a spirit to make any confession of the kind, even were it true.”

“Alas! my son, you are not aware that oftentimes the most stubborn spirits are compelled to succumb when urged by necessity or the fear of losing their reputation.”

“But in her case, holy father, I cannot see that she is either urged by necessity, or has any reason to fear the loss of reputation.”

“You don’t see it, my son; but I, your confessor, see it. I see that she loves you to distraction, and I see that her fair fame in the eyes of a censorious world suffers in consequence of your having abandoned her.”

The young man was now to all appearance affected, and plunged in thought.

“Listen to me, Neocles, my son. You are a worthy and well-conducted young man; and I think you would not intentionally become the cause of the troubles of a whole family. You have a susceptible heart,—now tell me, if you were to hear from the mouth of this amiable girl a confirmation of what I have told you, could you be so unfeeling as to leave her unprotected?”

“It is too late, holy father, for I have pledged my word to another.”

“You have pledged your word to another!” hastily exclaimed the Archbishop, making the sofa to shake again with the vehemence of his emotion, “and without the permission of the Church! broken that holy tie,—the bond of betrothment,—and made a mockery of the words in Holy Writ, ‘and they shall become one flesh.’ What an act of impiety! *anosourgema*, (impiety of impieties,) the thought is horrible.” Thereupon the Archbishop clapped his two hands upon his hat, and raising his eyes to the ceiling of the apartment, ejaculated, “Pardon, O God, the sin of thy servant!”

“But I pray your reverence to bear in mind I did not pledge my word to another till after the engagement between me and Polyxena had ceased.”

“That is another act of impiety; a sin of a more

enormous character," exclaimed the horror-struck Father of the Church. "You, who are a layman, have presumed to sever the greatest and strongest tie of our holy church, and release yourself from one to whom you had been betrothed, and to form this tie afterwards with another,—monstrous!—and you a secular. By what theological canon do you suppose you can extricate your soul from the hands of the devil, to whom you have so unthinkingly surrendered it? And who is this new betrothed?"

"The daughter of Logothetes P——."

"The daughter of Logothetes P——! the coiner and suicide, whom the Church disowned, and whose dead body it refused Christian burial! And is it possible that you have taken the daughter of such a man in the room of that sweet angel, that heavenly flower, Polyxena? Surely, surely some evil demon hath entered into your mind, and is striving to destroy your happiness." So saying, the holy father spread his hands over the young man's head, and after this act of benediction raised his voice, and in a sanctified tone cried out, "Lord, thou that didst pardon them that crucified thee,—that didst pardon the thief on the cross,—that didst pardon Peter, who denied thee thrice,—that didst pardon the woman taken in sin,—look down in mercy on this poor sheep, who has been led astray from thy flock by the hand of

Satan,—pardon his sins, and lead him into the right path!” Having finished this prayer, the holy man turned to Neocles, and in a low voice continued, “My son, my son, I would that I were not an Archbishop. I would that I were in some solitary desert, far from the society of mankind, where I could worship the Lord in peace, instead of being in this vast city, where I am an eye-witness of so much sacrilege and impiety. Our holy religion is no longer venerated,—it is neglected,—it is destroyed. Fasting is no longer observed, and its sacred obligations are trampled under foot. Vain are our efforts by reason and instruction to reclaim and bring you back to your duties. Sodom and Gomorrah have revived; and I foresee a mighty conflagration is about to envelop you in its blazing fire, and consume you from the face of the earth.”

The unhappy young man started from his seat on hearing this tremendous denunciation; he was paralyzed for a moment, and stood like a statue, unable to utter a single word in extenuation.

At length, “Father,” said he, on finding the Archbishop had done speaking, “we will not enter into the private history of this or that family; but putting parents and riches aside, I do not say that the young lady on whom I have placed my affections is superior to Polyxena, but I do say she is equal, and that her

virtues are the theme and admiration of all who know her."

"You persist, then, my son,—you persist in your intention of marrying the daughter of one who has been excommunicated by our Church, who is in the hands of the devil, and whose family is about to follow him."

"Your reverence is not acquainted with the secret history of the family of Polyxena; for if you were, I believe you would not urge me, as you do, to marry her."

"I know nothing," said the Archbishop, with some hesitation. "But tell me, what do you know?"

"Do you know who is the mother?"

"I do not, my son," replied the Archbishop, somewhat confused at the question.

"She is the widow of the Hospodar Callimachi."

The Archbishop shuddered. "Of the Hospodar Callimachi!" repeated he, pretending astonishment.

"Do you know the cause of his leaving her and her children?"

"No," replied he, reddening at the question.

"He left her because she had clandestine correspondence with the Prince of Wallachia; and because she and her paramour instructed their servant to poison him: but he, being a conscientious man, shuddered at the perpetration of such a crime, and divulged their

villanous intentions to her husband. The Hospodar, like a prudent man, abandoned her, and, to avoid the Prince's anger, went, accompanied by his sister, to Paris, where he sojourned some time. Afterwards he returned to Constantinople, and changing his name into Daniel Cocalos, attracted the notice of the Emperor, who, in private, declared his sister Sultana; but through the intrigues of the palace, both Daniel Cocalos and his sister were made away with.

"The mother of Polyxena for a long period was ignorant of the whereabouts of her husband; but at length, learning he was in Constantinople, she came here under a feigned name, in the hope of being taken back: but it was too late, for when she arrived he was no more."

"Daniel Cocalos, it seems, was the Hospodar Callimachi," said the Archbishop, whose spirits were depressed at the turn the conversation had taken. "I do assure you, my son, by the holy name of God, that the mother of Polyxena is a virtuous woman, and that she was blameless in that affair. I know the particulars better than you, because at that time I was at Bucharest, and living with the Prince of Wallachia. The history of that affair I am going to develop."

"It was the Prince's son, and not the Prince, who fell desperately in love with that lady; but as she

would give him no encouragement, he determined on putting her husband out of the way, thinking he should be more successful. He accordingly employed a servant to poison the Hospodar, telling him that his death was with the concurrence of his wife. But the servant, instead of executing his master's order, revealed the design to the Hospodar.

“On that very day it happened that the Prince's son, dressed as a hunter, went down to the country-house, where that lady and her children were staying a few days; and pretending that he did not know who lived there, requested accommodation for the night. The poor Domina could not drive him out of doors, and accordingly consented; and he, availing himself of the occasion, began again to express his feelings towards her, and, falling upon his knees, besought her to take pity on his passion. At this juncture the door opened, and the Hospodar entered. He had come for the purpose of investigating the truth of the report, and now, having no doubt as to the guilt of his wife, he that night left Bucharest for ever, without saying a word to any individual of the family.

“This is the history of the mother of your betrothed, and, until this moment, I did not know who this lady was; but now that I find she was Callimachi's wife, I shall respect her more than ever. The affair was much

talked about, and at the time gave rise to great scandal; but I was the Prince's confessor, and had the confession of his son; and as the happiness of the daughter is at stake, I do not think I am committing any sin in divulging what I know, so that your mind may be at rest."

This explanation apparently made a deep impression on the young man, for he seemed buried in cogitation, and made no reply.

"Do you not believe my statement?"

"I am satisfied you have stated nothing but the truth; but it is now too late; it is impossible for me to retract, for I have spoken to Malamatenia's brother, and given him my promise."

"This promise, my son, is not binding, for it is not ratified by the Church; whereas the other is inviolable, because it has been sanctioned and sanctified by its commands."

"But it has been given on the word of honour; and in the eyes of a Christian, his word of honour is equally sacred."

"When the salvation of your soul is at stake, as well as the preservation of the life of a guiltless creature, the violation of a promise given on the word of honour ceases to be a sin."

"I don't see, father, that her life is in any danger."

“I tell you, my son, it is in very great danger; she is hardly to be recognized, so altered is she in appearance, owing to the intensity of her love.”

“I can’t believe it; perhaps she is suffering for another.”

“If it were so, what is to prevent her from being married?—You know she is possessed of great wealth, and that she is courted by every one: but you only are the object of her affections; she has frequently confessed to me that it is her love for you that preys upon her health and spirits, though she has never hinted it to her mother;—if she were to tell you this herself, would you then believe her?”

The features of the young man betrayed his perplexity, and he evidently began to waver. “I fear,” said he, “it is too late; however, give me a day or two to consider, and perhaps I may come to some decision.”

“By all means, my son, I would have you to consider, for I have no doubt you will ultimately decide on giving your hand to such an amiable young creature, and be proud of possessing such a wife. But why are you in such haste to leave? Come, sit down a little longer,—why are you going, my son, it is very early?”

“I have an appointment, at ten o’clock, at Stavro-

dromion, and I must not fail to keep it. I will return to-morrow, and will then give you a positive answer; meanwhile, I entreat your reverence not to mention anything that has passed between us on this subject to Polyxena."

The Archbishop understood his meaning.

"Very well, my son," said he, "I will not detain you any longer; I know that the society of priests is at all times irksome to you who belong to the laity. Πήγαυε εἰς τὴν εὐχὴν τοῦ Χριστοῦ καὶ τῆς Παναγίας!" *

With this parting benediction, he offered the young man his hand, and while the latter was stooping to kiss it in the usual manner, he made a certain sign to one of the deacons who were standing at the door.

Neocles now took his leave of the Archbishop; but no sooner was he out of the room, than he was seized upon by four papás (inferior priests), who clapped their hands over his mouth to prevent him from crying out, and conveyed him to the remotest and most secluded part of the building.

* "Go, and the blessing of Christ and the Holy Virgin go with you!"

CHAPTER V.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

It was now nearly nine o'clock at night ; and as soon as the capture of Neocles had been effected, and he was securely lodged, the Archbishop proceeded to the Patriarch's apartment, and after a long interview with that powerful ecclesiastic on the subject of Polyxena's marriage, and in consideration of the payment of one hundred thousand groshen, permission was granted for the celebration of the ceremony, despite of any opposition on the part of the young man. A message was accordingly despatched to the widow, directing her to bring the money and her daughter to the Patriarchate. The widow hired a caïque, and hurried as fast as possible to Orta-kieu, to see her banker, and having drawn the required sum, hastened back to Constantinople. It was

now on the verge of midnight, just about the time the Jewish marriage was over, and the scenes we have described in a preceding chapter were taking place when she was ready to conduct her daughter to the hymeneal altar. On their arrival at the Patriarchate, they were ushered into the chapel of that building, and presently the holy father made his appearance, holding the affianced bridegroom by the hand. No sooner did the latter recognize the features of his intended bride and her mother, than he made a rapid movement towards the door, and would have made good his retreat, had he not been intercepted by the papás, who offered an effectual barrier to his further progress. Forced to return, he exclaimed in a tone of vehement indignation—

“What next! Do you intend to marry me, whether I will or not? Do you thus desecrate the church, and use it as a prison?”

“We employ no force, my son,” said the holy father. “We are only desirous to afford you an interview, and afterwards you are at liberty to act as you please. Cast your eye upon the unhappy Polyxena;—see how altered she is. Is it not enough to make your heart bleed?”

“My dear Neocles,” commenced the mother, directing his attention to Polyxena, who had not once removed her face from her handkerchief in which it was hidden, “will you not take pity on my poor distressed daughter

—my beautiful Polyxena? Look at her, and see how the poor flower has withered away.”

“Madam, I assure you I am much astonished at what has happened this night. Your daughter never expressed any tenderness towards me: the reception she gave me was always cold and repulsive; — and now, all at once, here is an extraordinary change!”

“A chaste soul never acknowledges its love,” said the Archbishop, interposing. “You ought therefore to appreciate her still more because she loves you and has concealed her love. Speak, Polyxena, my child, and say, have you not always loved Neocles?”

Polyxena was silent.

“Speak, my child: the time is gone by for silence.”

“Yes,” stammered she, with a half-suppressed sigh.

“That ‘yes’ sufficiently indicates the feelings of Polyxena towards me,” said the young man; “it was so forced and reluctantly given.”

“Good God! my son,” cried the Archbishop, with some asperity. “Do you want her to hang about your neck, and shriek, and swear she is dying for you? Women in low society, and destitute of breeding, may act in that indelicate way; but the true lady never does. However, we will lose no time. We ourselves are witnesses that she is suffering on your account; — and you must, my son, if you are a Christian, and be-

lieve in the Holy Gospel,—you must consent to be her protector through life.”

“Very well, your reverence; but I told you I was willing to consider about it, and would give you an answer. But no sooner had I left your presence, than I was seized upon, and forcibly and unjustly imprisoned till now. Why was that done? Does our religion teach or command that sinners are to be treated and coerced in this manner?”

“Neocles, my son, ‘evil communications corrupt good manners,’” replied the Archbishop. “Had I suffered you to leave this sacred edifice, and you had met any of your associates, you would have changed your mind. You would have started for Smyrna. You would have been the author of many calamities, and would have doomed your soul to perdition. Persuasion and admonition, and not violence, are the means our religion commands us to employ. But when, by a gentle force, we can succeed in preventing evil consequences, and save a soul from the grasp of Satan, it is permitted. My son, I have always loved you; and your happiness has always been my fervent wish; but I have also the same good feelings for this unfortunate mother, who, five months ago, lost her son, and who is now in danger of losing her daughter, Polyxena. My sacred duties as a confessor will not permit me to lose this

opportunity of laying the foundation of a happiness which is pleasing to God, and which will be an example of virtue to the world. You must give her your hand; and I myself will lift up my voice to heaven, and pronounce the nuptial benediction. Diako, fetch the garlands." *

"Not this evening, holy father;—it is impossible. I must consider first; for my word is pledged to another."

"I will take that responsibility upon myself. Polyxena, my child, draw near."

"Force shall never obtain my consent: I will not be coerced into marriage."

"Not by force, my son, but with your own consent."

"Give me three days, and I will endeavour then to marry Polyxena."

"Fortune is never to be trusted, either for good or bad; then do not, my son, throw away your happiness."

"No,—no, your reverence;—I cannot—I will not consent to be married to-night!" exclaimed the young man, endeavouring to make a movement towards the door. "You are trampling the laws of the Church under foot."

* In a marriage performed according to the rites of the Greek Church, the bride and bridegroom are crowned with garlands; hence, *to crown*, in modern Greek, signifies *to marry*.

“Be not angry;—be quiet, and do not rave,—blind sinner that you are!” cried the Archbishop, whose patience and forbearance were nearly exhausted. “I would encounter any difficulty rather than suffer this happiness to escape you. Polyxena, draw near.”

The Archbishop then commanded the attendants who were waiting outside the door to bring in what was fitting for the solemnization of marriage; and as soon as the priests and witnesses were in the chapel, commenced the ceremony, in defiance of the protestations of the young man, who, finding he was unable to extricate himself from the grasp of the papás who held him, stamped on the ground in his rage,—roaring out, as though he was mad, “I’ll not have her!—I’ll not have her!” and making the place re-echo with his cries.

Just as the ceremony was concluded, and the witnesses and others present were offering their congratulations to the newly married couple, the chapel door was thrown open, and the Sultan, with Daniel and the child, made his appearance. The cause was as follows:

The child had led his deliverers to the house where his mother dwelt; and on seeing him, the servants, in their joy and surprise, proposed running to the Patriarchate in order to take her the joyful news. But Daniel prevented them, saying he would give the child up to her himself, and at the same time inform her of the

particulars connected with the manner in which he had been lost. On being shown into the drawing-room, he was astonished at seeing his portrait hanging against the wall; and, on putting some further questions to the child, he was satisfied that he and Sophia, who had been roused out of bed to see her brother, were his own children. His curiosity was therefore awakened, and he was anxious to learn the cause that had induced his wife, at such an hour of the night, to visit the Patriarchate. The monarch, who was struck with this extraordinary coincidence of circumstances, was equally curious; and they accordingly proceeded to the church of the Patriarch, which they reached at the very moment the neighbouring streets resounded with the cry of Neocles — “I’ll not have her!”

CHAPTER VI.

THE RECOGNITION.

“WHAT cries are these?” demanded the Sultan, on entering, addressing himself to one of the deacons who was standing at the chapel door.

“Nothing else, sir,” replied he, “but the company congratulating Signor Neocles on his marriage with the daughter of the Domina.

“Your arrival is very opportune, gentlemen,” exclaimed the bridegroom. “I protest, in your presence, against this marriage ; for it has been celebrated by force, and against my consent.”

“*Panaghia !* O Holy Virgin ! it is my Pericles ! my child ! my child !” cried the mother ; and running up to him, clasped him to her breast. “And have I found you at last, my son, my dear son ? What is the matter

with you? Why are you unable so speak? Who has reduced you to such a state? Where have you been? Who is my benefactor? point him out, that I may thank him." Then falling on her knees, she prayed aloud—"I thank thee, O God! that thou hast vouchsafed to listen to my prayers."

The child muttered some inarticulate sounds, which were unintelligible, pointed to Daniel, who, unable to restrain his tears, had hid his features with his handkerchief, and stood motionless and silent.

"Is that gentleman your preserver?" said she, advancing towards Daniel; "is it to him I am indebted for this inexpressible happiness. But why do you weep, sir?"

"Pardon me, madam; the sight of a mother meeting her son is so affecting that it drew tears from my eyes," answered Daniel, uncovering his face.

"Blessed Virgin! Mother of God! What well-known voice is that?" cried she, fixing her impassioned gaze on the speaker. "I am not deceived! Yes, it is himself: it is the Hospodar. Support me, Callimachi;" and she fell fainting on one of the seats.

At this name the Archbishop turned ghastly pale.

The daughter exclaimed, "It is my father! Oh! what will become of me, wretch that I am!" And the unhappy girl, in her despair, threw herself into the arms

of her husband, and besought him, in the most piteous accents, not to reject her in the presence of her father: "for God's sake," cried she, "take compassion on me: spare me, Neocles, and wait until my mother and father are reconciled; afterwards drive me from you if you will; I will love you for ever: your happiness shall be the study of my life, indeed! indeed! it shall: then in pity spare me, Neocles."

The young man was evidently affected; and, on hearing the name of his father-in-law, became much calmer.

As soon as the attentions of the bystanders had succeeded in restoring the Domina to consciousness, the Archbishop gave orders for all to leave the chapel excepting the family.

Meanwhile, Daniel was still more astonished; for on attentively viewing the features of the Archbishop, he had a perfect recollection of having seen them before, but where he could not call to his mind.

The wife having recovered, rose up, and advancing to the Hospodar, addressed him by his name, and asked him whether he had forgotten her.

"Madam, my name is not Callimachi."

"Yes, you are Callimachi; you are my husband; do not disown me, for I am innocent; you were wrong to abandon me,—you were wrong to leave your children.

I swear to you by this sacred edifice, on the floor of which I tread, that I have ever been innocent : I swear by this holy altar, I am innocent."

"What awful hypocrisy," muttered Daniel, "what a perjured woman."

"This lady is neither a hypocrite nor is she perjured," exclaimed the Archbishop, interposing. "Your wife is spotless, pure as unsunned snow. And I am prepared to prove her innocence : I know it."

"Does your reverence know that she is innocent? Your features are not unknown to me, but I cannot recollect who you are."

"I am Demetrios, formerly servant to the Prince of Wallachia's son," said the Archbishop, struggling with inward emotion.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Daniel, "you are the same man that was employed to poison me."

"The very same," replied the Archbishop, to the astonishment of all. Polyxena concealed her face in the bosom of her husband ; and the Sultan and Daniel appeared overwhelmed with horror.

"Yes, the same man," continued he, "and the same conscientious feeling that deterred me from obeying my master's orders, now prompts me to sacrifice myself ; and, by discovering who I am, prove the innocence of this injured lady. When I divulged to you the busi-

ness on which I was employed, I thought your wife was implicated, because I had been told so by the young Prince: but it was false; he deceived me. Nothing criminal ever transpired between them; and the proofs I have will confirm it.

“At the time you left Bucharest, your lady withdrew herself to her country-house, where she abandoned herself to seclusion and the duties of religion. The Prince’s son in despair sent me with several letters to her, but she would receive none; and moreover gave strict orders for me never to be admitted into the house. I was in a situation of no little difficulty, and not knowing what answer to give the young Prince, I opened the letters, and found that no improper intimacy had ever existed between them. These letters I preserved; and I told him I had delivered them, but that I had never received any answer.

“At length the Prince pretended he was going on a journey, dressed himself accordingly, and ordered me to accompany him. He proceeded to the country-house of your lady, and there, like one bereft of his senses, fell at her feet, and attempted to take her hand.

“Your wife repulsed him, and reproached him bitterly, telling him that even if she were assured of your death, she would never unite herself to a man who had so basely robbed her of her domestic happiness, and

who had acted so improperly ; adding, that it was her intention next day to repair to Bucharest, and complain of his conduct to the Prince his father.

“At this repulse the young Prince was plunged into the very depths of despair. He wept, and cursed, and committed the most frantic acts ; and on our return at night to the city, I was startled in the dark by the report of a pistol. I looked, and saw that the unhappy man had committed suicide in his frenzy. What was I to do? To save myself from suspicions, and the tortures I had to expect from the father, I thought it prudent not to return to Bucharest, and to leave Wallachia altogether. Accordingly I took another road, and was in a day safe out of the jurisdiction of that principality. The Prince’s letters themselves will verify this statement. I have them, and will produce them.” The Archbishop thereupon summoned one of his deacons, and ordered him to fetch a small box, which contained them.

“And is it possible that the Archbishop, my confessor, is the same servant who has occasioned me twelve years of anguish and misery?” cried the widowed wife ; “and how was it you never mentioned this to me?”

“My situation and the rank I held did not permit me,” replied he ; “nor would I have discovered myself

now, but that I hope to atone by this sacrifice for a portion of my crimes."

"And how did you manage to become an Archbishop?" demanded the Sultan, who, under his mantle, had remained an unknown witness of what had occurred, while Daniel was occupied in reading the letters that had been handed to him.

"After leaving Wallachia," replied the Archbishop, "I travelled into Thessaly, and there became acquainted with a monk of the Holy Mountain,* whom I accompanied to his monastery. The quiet and virtuous life of these good fathers made a deep impression on me; and although I was very young, I was disgusted with the world, and resolved to embrace a religious life. I accordingly became a monk. Circumstances, sir, brought me afterwards to Constantinople, where, step by step, in consequence of my fitness for the office, I was promoted to the rank I hold in the Church."

"And what is your fitness for the office?" inquired the Sultan, with a smile.

"I hardly know, sir," frankly replied he; "but I am acquainted with theology and philosophy, at least so far as they are known in Turkey,—and that is more than

* Mount Athos is called the Holy Mountain, on account of the number of large monasteries that have been founded on it. This number amounts to no less than twenty-two.

many, very many of our priests can boast of. But independently of that, I was always tractable, studious to please, and submissive to my superiors."

"Come to my arms, my dear, dear wife," cried the Hospodar, the tears streaming in torrents down his cheeks. "I am satisfied with your innocence, and ask your pardon. I was deceived by circumstances. And you, my children, come to my arms, and let me embrace you all." At these words the whole family ran up and hung upon their father's neck, mingling their tears together.

After a few moments had passed in these transports, the Archbishop, advancing towards Neocles, took him by the hand, and led him to the Hospodar. "Permit me, Callimachi, to present to you your son-in-law Neocles Soutzo; he is the son of Philaretos Soutzo, the fast friend of your youth. His father had chosen your daughter for his bride previous to his death; but a slight coolness sprung up afterwards between the young people, and the match had been nearly broken off: happily, notwithstanding the difficulties I had to encounter, I have brought them again together. Their nuptials have been just concluded, and the young man is now your son; and nothing now remains but for you to give him the paternal blessing." Neocles at first hung back a little; but having been somewhat mollified by the en-

treaties of Polyxena, kissed the hand of his father-in-law, and offered no further obstacle to this hymeneal contract.

“One request only have I to make,” said the Archbishop, addressing Daniel: “I know that you stand high in the confidence of the Padishah; I pray you, then, to use your influence with his Majesty, and get me appointed *Ἡγούμενος* (Abbot) of the monasteries of the Holy Mountain. I will withdraw myself into seclusion, and pass the remainder of my days in repentance.”

“I will endeavour to procure you that appointment,” said Daniel, “for my opinion is, that it is better for you to retire to the solitude of the mountain, than to continue desecrating that seat on which have sat so many eminent men in former times. Alas! alas! by what a corrupted and ignorant set of beings is it now filled.”

The appointment was obtained, and the Archbishop departed the very next day for the mountain.

The Hospodar then accompanied the Sultan to the Seraï-Bournou (the Seraglio or Imperial Palace), and was then permitted to return to his family, with the promise that he would early in the morning present himself to the Sultan.

Let us proceed to the palace, to which the Emperor was hastening.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SERAÏ-BOURNOU.

WE propose giving our readers a brief description of this ancient palace, so that they may form some general idea of the vastness and the singular construction of this celebrated residence of the Sultans of Turkey.

This extensive building, which dates its foundation from the times of the ancient Byzantium, stands upon a triangular plain, the apex and two sides of which front the sea, being defended by walls thick as those of a fortress, and flanked with towers. One side of this triangle is washed by the descending stream of the Bosphorus, and the other by the waters of the Golden Bay; the remaining side faces the city, and is separated from it by a strong massive wall. Here is the first porte, or gate, called the Sublime Porte.

There is no palace in Europe, perhaps, that presents so picturesque and enchanting a sight as the Seraï, especially when viewed from the summit of the tower of Belisarius in Galetah. Buildings, minarets, towers, and domes rise in endless succession, interspersed with lofty trees, lawns, gardens, and a multiplicity of other objects which give it the appearance of a terrestrial paradise. The architecture deserves little notice, because from the first Sultan, Mohammed the Second, who took possession of the city, to the time of the present monarch, there is not one who has not made additions or alterations according to his caprice.

The first gate, or Sublime Porte, called by the Ottomans *Babi-Hamaïoun*,—the Gate of Veneration,—is an ancient stone archway leading to the first court-yard of the Seraglio. Formerly, it was no uncommon sight to see affixed to this gate the heads of Vizirs and other Pashas, whom a nod from the Grand Signor had in a moment tumbled from their elevation. This court is thronged with the domestics and slaves of the different Pashas whose presence on business is required at the palace, waiting for the return of their masters, and leading their horses up and down in profound silence.

Here also are the infirmary for the sick, and the quarters assigned to the Capou-aghacy, or Chief of the White Eunuchs; and here are the stables into which

only the horses belonging to the Grand Signor are admitted.

Crossing the court, you come to the second gate, which leads into a much handsomer court. This is adorned with fountains, reservoirs, and trees, and is called *Orta-Capou*,—the middle gate, or Gate of Justice,—because here is carried into execution the sentence of death passed upon distinguished individuals, or upon Ottomans of the highest rank. To the right and left of this gate are two towers, the one guarded by about thirty Capoudjees, and the other by about twenty. To the left of this court is the Sultan's treasury (*hasnah*), and also the small stables, the lodges of the officers, and the kitchens, which, covered with domes, present a splendid and singular effect, difficult to describe. No one but the Emperor can enter into this court on horseback. To the right, at the further end, is the *divan*, or Hall of Justice. In this hall are debated all important questions affecting the empire, the Grand Vizir taking his seat as president. In this hall also the Ambassadors of foreign powers are received when admitted to an audience.

Opposite to these two gates is another gate, named *Babi-Scadet*, the Gate of Happiness, because within this court, during the feast of the Beiram,* a throne is placed

* Beiram is the Easter of the Turks, and follows the fast Ramazan.

for the Sultan. Around this court are the apartments of the palace, the walls of which are so high that only the tops of the domes are visible; but from a distance they are to be seen covered with gold in spheres, crescents, and various other emblems. No one dares to venture within its precincts, or pass beyond what is called *Yegni-Kiosk*, the New Pavilion. This is a building of an elliptical form, and excels every other in magnificence.

Before we enter into the Grand Signor's harem, let us throw a glance upon the internal economy that prevails in this spacious building.

The household is divided into three classes, consisting of the black eunuchs, the white eunuchs, and those that are not eunuchs. The black eunuchs, at the head of which is the *Kislar-agma*, the duties of whose office we have elsewhere described, are the only ones that have the privilege of entering the apartments and gardens appropriated to the women, whom it is their special province to guard and watch. Their character is ferocious and repulsive: a mere suspicion that a passenger below is attempting to obtain a glimpse of his ladies is sufficient provocation, in the estimation of one of these brutal creatures, to justify him in hacking the poor wretch into a thousand pieces. Their number is indefinite: the *Validé* and the *Prima Sultana* have each

fifty; and the reader may hence conclude what a number the aggregate must form, when he takes into consideration that the harem is full of Sultanas and Odalesques, each of whom has a certain number assigned to overlook and protect her. Their emolument is greater than that derived from any other office, many of these black eunuchs enjoying as great a salary as Pashas of the first rank.

The white eunuchs have not so much influence, nor are they so brutal in their disposition as their black brethren. This arises from their having more frequent opportunities of associating with the officers outside. The duties of their office commence from the first door opening into the imperial apartments, and extend to those of the women. Their chief is the Capou-aghacy, whose rank is not so high as that of Pasha, but without whose permission no Pasha, nor Ambassador, nor even the Grand Vizir, can enter into the Sultan's apartment, for his office is equivalent to that of the English Lord High Chamberlain.

Next to the white eunuchs rank the Itch-oghlan,* or pages of the palace. Originally these pages consisted of such children, belonging to Christian parents, as had been taken in war, but latterly of those presented by various Pashas to the Emperor. These children

* Oghlan, a young man or lad.

receive an education calculated for the offices they are destined to hold in the empire. The young men whom we have seen displaying their feats of horsemanship before the Sultan at the Hippodrome belonged to this rank.

These Oghlans are divided into four classes, denominated Odahs, a word signifying chamber. The first are those that belong to the Hass-odah, or private chamber, so called because it adjoins and has a communication with the Emperor's apartments, and is occupied by those very distinguished individuals who form his suite. Their number is forty; their chief is the Selidhar-agma, the Sultan's sword-bearer. Twelve of these have the privilege of wearing a knife in their girdle; the principal one of whom is the Kislal-agma, or keeper of the imperial chamber, so called because to him is intrusted the key. In the Hass-odah is the throne, which consists of nothing more than an elevated seat enriched with gold, and covered with a canopy from which is suspended the Prophet's robe and flag, the arms of Aboubeker the *Omar*, and a few other sacred relics of Islamism.

Then succeeds the Kislal-odah. The pages belonging to this Odah number fifty, and are employed all day in the making of sweetmeats and pastry, and preparing the various refreshing beverages that are intended for the Grand Signor and his ladies.

The next Odah contains a very great number of young men occupied in study. These Oghlans, when qualified, are intended for learned offices, such as Imaums, Cadis, Mollahs, &c.

After these come the Hasnah-odachy, or keepers of the treasury : their number varies from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and they are governed by the Hasnadhah-aga, or head keeper of the treasury. Their duty is to keep an account of whatever is contained in the treasury, and to clean the diamonds, gold, plate, and other valuable articles.

Next in order follow the Mutes, of whom we have already spoken; their number is about forty : then come the Bostandjees or gardeners, and the Baltadjees, of whom there are about three hundred, and who are employed in various occupations about the household.

Such was, twenty-five years ago, and such is now to a great extent, the court of the Sultan of Turkey, except that the costume of the inmates has undergone a great change, and their number has been somewhat curtailed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PADISHAH AND THE HASSEKI-KADYNA.

WHEN the Sultan arrived at the first gate, he was met by Selidhar Pasha, (who, in obedience to his instructions, had given previous orders to the sentinels to make no preparation for their sovereign's reception,) and informed that he could enter the Seraglio unobserved.

On reaching his chamber, the Padishah commanded the Kiskar-aga to open the harem, forbidding him to utter the word *Halvet*,* (secrecy,) and presently found

* Outside the Sultan's apartment, extending to that occupied by the Kiskar-aga, stand, at stated distances, seven eunuchs, who announce to the last that he is to hasten and open the harem door when the Sultan wishes to visit any of his women.

On the Sultan's entering the garden of the harem, he is left by the white eunuchs and accompanied by the black ones, who cry out in a loud voice, *Halvet*, (secret,) and should any one be discovered loitering about after this notice, he is immediately cut to pieces.

himself opposite to the door of the Sultana Amina's apartment.

It should be premised, that this Kadyna, some years ago, had contrived to gain the good-will of four eunuchs on whose fidelity she could rely. When she heard the sudden news, that Daniel Cocalos, whom she believed to be dead, was in Constantinople, and closeted with the Sultan, she was dreadfully alarmed. She concluded that the part she had taken in Anika's death would be discovered, and that her son, on whom she doted with a mother's fondness, would lose his inheritance to the throne. Spurning danger, she left the palace privately by a back door, disguised as a Capoudjee-bashee, and accompanied by her faithful eunuchs, dressed also as so many Capoudjees, and hastened to the Grand Vizir's palace, to consult with him upon this urgent occasion. For the sake of despatch she took a large caïque, manned by eight rowers, and at nightfall descended the Bosphorus, unnoticed by any one. To facilitate her return, one of the eunuchs had been commissioned to hire horses from a neighbouring stable, which were to be kept ready for her at Kourou-Gesmen; because her return to the palace by the back way was more likely to be unobserved than if she reached it from the sea.

On her return, she unexpectedly encountered the

Sultan, whom she knew through his disguise, as well as Daniel Cocalos and the officer of the Imperial Guard, who accompanied him. In her terror lest she should be recognized, she set spurs to her horse, and taking another direction, passed through the gate of Adrianople, and quickly arrived at the *gynaikonition*, or women's apartments.

Her meeting with the Sultan at first terrified her excessively. She suspected everything had been brought to light, and that he was hastening to the harem to have his revenge. But on reaching her chamber, she rejected this idea, and supposed the object of his Majesty was to witness the fire at Tatavla, and that he had changed his dress to avoid recognition.

Her thoughts then dwelt upon the events of that evening, and her own situation, and she instantly perceived the error she had committed in having parted with that talisman of her child's safety, the string of beads, which she had given to the Vizir. The more she reflected, the more she blamed herself. Although impatient and impetuous, yet she was kind and compassionate to those that were in distress. She ran to the bed on which her child was reposing, not knowing what she wanted; and when she saw him sleeping tranquilly, she fell upon her knees, and, stooping over him, began to shed tears upon his couch. Sleep was a stranger to her that night;

and when the Sultan entered, he found her in this state.

The monarch was greatly surprised, fully expecting that she was in bed and asleep; he looked at her and her son,—but it was a look stern, angry, and not unmixed with astonishment.

The Kadyna,* on seeing him, gave a piercing cry; she rose from her kneeling posture, and reddened to the temples: his appearance was so sudden, being unaccompanied with the usual formalities, that she knew not how to stand, or what to say; her heart throbbed violently, and she was ready to sink under her confusion and agitation.

“How is it, Amina, you are up at this time of night?” angrily demanded the Sultan, breaking the silence. “What is the meaning of all this?—and why are your eyes wet with tears?”

* There are seven Sultanas who it may be said possess the rank and privileges of wives; they are named Kadynsa or Khatouns. These ladies have separate establishments in the harem, each being distinct from the other, and having its own garden, eunuchs, and odalesques. The Sultana who is fortunate enough to give a successor to the throne receives in addition the title of Hasseki, and on the Sultan's death becomes, if she survives, Validé. One of these Sultanas is chosen by the Sultan as chief of all the women in the harem, and receives the title of Kiahaya Kadyna. The number of Odalesques is indefinite; it is, however, very great, and never less than 300.

“What other companions, Grand Signor, have the wretched, but tears and sleepless nights?” And with these words the Sultana folded her hands across her bosom.

“You are unhappy, then,” returned the Padishah, with an ironical smile on his lips. “How is that?—are you not the head Kadyna, and the mother of the heir to the throne? Have you not riches, honour, glory,—as much as you will? What, then, is the cause of your unhappiness?”

“Neither riches nor honours constitute happiness; and it is only when the mind suffers that we can be considered truly wretched,” replied the Sultana, casting her eyes to the ground.

These words made a deep impression on the Padishah, and a period of some moments ensued, during which both were silent.

“And what troubles can you have to disturb your mind?” asked he, pretending not to understand her meaning. “Are you the victim of court intrigues?” continued the Sultan, laying an emphasis on the words, and smiling reproachfully.

“We need not be wretched merely because we move in high society, nor fall into the meshes of intrigue,” replied she; “but oftentimes a simple feeling attacks the soul, and robs it of that peace of mind which it

is out of the power of wealth and splendour to restore."

"And what is this feeling under which you suffer?—perhaps your child does not love you," said the Sultan, with a sardonic laugh. "Ay, that must be it: hence the reason why you were kneeling over him while asleep, when I came in, naughty boy that he is!"

"Would to God I had not a son," cried the Sultana, plaintively; "I should then consider myself only as a simple Odalesque, my ambition would be at rest, and then——"

"And then," cried the Padishah, interrupting her, and looking on her with aversion, "and then you would not busy yourself about securing a throne for him: you would not, perhaps, then take the trouble of counting the number of years his father has to live, or anticipate that brilliant period which would make you Validé,—the grand object of your ambition."

At these words Amina was almost paralysed; she now plainly perceived she was suspected by the Padishah, and that her ruin was inevitable, unless she could dissipate his suspicions: she approached the monarch, and, on her knees, said, with tears in her eyes—

"Grand Signor, or rather beloved Padishah,—since your being in my chamber at this hour entitles me to give you this endearing name,—it is true I love my

child dearly, as every mother ought to love her offspring: but I swear by the Holy Prophet that my wretchedness,—my sad, sad wretchedness,—arises from my having lost the affections of his father. I am miserable and unhappy in having been some years left solitary in these wide and cheerless apartments, forsaken by him who occupies my thoughts night and day. Believe me, Padishah, I speak from my inmost soul!”

“Rise,” said the Sultan, with cold apathy, raising her from her kneeling position. “This is not a time for the interchange of tender feelings and expressions of love, which I hear daily from the lips of the other females of the harem. It is a strange and unaccountable thing you cannot forget me. I have told you repeatedly I appreciate and honour you as the mother of my successor, but I cannot always be the lover in your company.”

“I know that,” replied the Circassian, colouring with pride and mortification: “such is the world; we love those who love us not, and for those who do love us we have no sympathy,—the reciprocity of love is of rare occurrence.”

“That is not always the case; there are circumstances, Kadyna, under which one may love, and be loved in return, ardently and faithfully.”

“I don’t deny it, Grand Signor,—it is probable.”

“But when such a reciprocity of feeling does exist, and another person steps in between, and by destroying the one renders the other wretched for life,—what punishment does such a traitor deserve?”

“A painful and lingering death would not atone for the injury he has done,” promptly replied Amina; for the question was applicable to the position in which she had been placed; and her words were uttered in so firm a voice, and apparently with such innocence, that the Padishah was somewhat staggered. He paced the chamber several times in silence. At length, stopping all at once, he took off his cloak, and throwing it upon the sofa, put his hand into his pockets, as though searching for something.

“I have forgotten my chaplet,” said he, “it is left in my other dress. Amina, give me one. By-the-bye, how do you like this dress? Does it become me?” continued he, speaking as though he was quite unconcerned.

“It is very handsome,” said she, her blood running cold at being asked for a chaplet; “and I think,” stammered she, hardly knowing what she was saying, “I think it becomes you beautifully.”

“Do I please you best in this dress, or in the other? But haven’t you a chaplet to give me, Amina? You

are well aware that the beads are never out of my hands, and I cannot conceive how I came to leave mine behind this evening."

"I will get you one immediately, Grand Signor. I will give you mine," said she, and tripping lightly to a drawer, she took out a very beautiful coral one, and as she handed it to him, observed, with a view of diverting his attention, "but I think the other costume becomes you more; it gives you a more princely air."

"You think so," murmured he in reply, examining the string of beads she had given him. "Then you don't like me so well in this dress,—eh?"

"Your image, Grand Signor, is so deeply impressed on my heart, that no change, either in your apparel or feelings, can ever efface it," replied the Kadyna in her most insinuating tones.

"Ineffaceable," said he, "because it reminds you of the Sultan."

"Say rather because it is the image of the father of my child."

"Those were beautiful times, Amina. What a deplorable pity it is they should so soon be lost," said the Sultan, eyeing her with a look of mockery. "By-the-by, Kadyna, tell me, do you think we were happy then?"

"That is a question, your Majesty, which it is very

difficult to answer satisfactorily. If we belonged to the class of common people, and were not Sultans,—if we were of that religion which allows a man to have only one wife, and the latter knows that he is her husband, and not her tyrant,—then I might be in a position to express my ideas freely; but under the circumstances in which we are placed, what answer can I give you that would satisfy you, without deceiving you, and at the same time be a conscientious one?”

“The truth is rarely pleasing to monarchs; but you know, Amina, that I am always willing to hear it. I liken truth to physic, which, however bitter and unpalatable, produces convalescence. Now speak freely your thoughts; you have nothing to fear.”

“You ask me to tell you whether we were then happy. I can only say that I was the happiest of the happy; and the only consolations I have in my present wretchedness are the pleasurable recollections of that happy period. Possibly you may laugh, and think me silly to be talking thus: but pardon me, your Majesty, if I say, we ought not to judge of the hearts of others by our own; for there are some in this world which never own but one master, and to that master they are captive for ever. Should such a heart have the good fortune to be united to its object, its happiness is complete. And if the man on whom it fondly dotes should at first

evinced the same feeling of attachment, and ultimately grow tired, fall into the arms of another, and forget all that has passed, it becomes every day more and more wretched,—the impression of happier times becomes more vivid, and——”

“You are always talking to me about yourself. I ask you to say whether I was happy,” said the Sultan, evidently chagrined.

“Yes, Padishah, you were,” replied she; “but perhaps now you will not believe it. But you thought so then, and you were so, because I repeatedly heard it from your own lips.”

“They were not happy times, nor can any one call them so, or remember them with pleasure,” returned the Sultan, shrugging his shoulders. “Gratifications like those I can experience at any time in the harem, when I am so disposed, either in your company or in that of any other Kadyna. And yet I do not deny that I have passed some pleasant moments in your society; but that was far, very far from happiness.”

“I do not know, then, in what happiness consists, or what it is your Majesty requires. Probably you might find it in the society of one woman, and not in the crowds of the harem; but she must be a different creature from myself,” added she, unable to suppress the jealousy that was rising in her breast.

“Now you are speaking to the purpose, Amina,” exclaimed the Sultan, whose pale cheeks were instantly tinged with a lively glow. “Now I perceive you understand me. But pray tell me what kind of a woman ought she to be? Speak out,—proceed.”

“I don’t know myself, Padishah, for I never could discover the sort of charm that had the power to attract you. I have employed all means, and have since that time placed before your eyes the most beautiful Odalesques, but I have never been able to draw your attention.”

“No, nor would you have succeeded if you had placed thousands. I am sorry to find, Kadyna,” said the Sultan, throwing himself upon the sofa, “that you are still ignorant that the beauties of the harem, and those of your own nation, have no longer any charms to attract me. You just now told me, that there are some hearts in this world which never own but one master, and he only is the cause of their happiness or misery; and I tell you in answer, that there are some hearts which despise the most dazzling beauty when they meet with an ingenuous and intelligent countenance and a mind endowed with the advantages of a good education. Such is mine. Have any of you these qualifications?”

“I am but little acquainted with these qualifications,

and the little I do know of them, I have gathered from the ladies of foreign countries who have occasionally visited the harem. But as your Majesty has given me permission to speak freely, allow me to say, that although these qualities may possibly afford more lasting pleasure, and produce a greater degree of happiness to the husbands of such women, yet in us they would be great defects. The woman of this description has an independent mind,—a will of her own;—she gives her opinion openly and without fear, and advises her husband in the time of need; and when he violates her rights, she can appeal to society and is protected. A woman of this description requires her husband to have as much, if not more knowledge than herself; and when she finds he is careless and indifferent, she considers him as a being unworthy of her. Tell me, then, I pray you, whether such a woman as this could please here, where men are tyrants, and not husbands?—here, where——”

“Bravo! bravo! Amina, you are a downright philosopher,” cried he with a laugh of derision: “this is the first time I ever knew you had such a spirit; I positively do declare, you are qualified to take the reins of Government the moment I die;—who knows but you will become as famous as the renowned Catherine of Russia! Go on with your philosophy, my famous

Catherine, go on," cried the Sultan, clapping his hands in affected admiration.

At this open display of insult and ridicule, the impetuous Kadyna bit her little lips,—she threw a look upon her sleeping boy, and bursting into tears, crossed her hands on her bosom, and remained silent.

The Padishah, regardless of the pain he inflicted, continued in the same strain. "Why are you so silent all at once? what ails you, my pretty philosopher? go on with your warbling? come, sit down by my side," and he pointed to a seat on the sofa.

The Sultana, however, continued standing in the same attitude, as though she had not heard him.

"Did you hear me, Amina?" said the Padishah, raising his voice and speaking with some austerity.

The Kadyna, without making any reply, moved towards the sofa with a stately step, and sat down.

"Why do you weep, Amina?" demanded the Sultan in a milder tone, throwing his arm round her neck; "could you not perceive I was only joking?"

At this seeming return of tenderness the susceptible Sultana experienced an inexpressible sensation of delight. She dried up her tears, her eyes sparkled with their usual animation, and in her present happiness she seemed quite oblivious of all she had suffered.

"What, still silent, Kadyna?" resumed the Sultan;

“come, finish the philosophical lecture you have begun so eloquently. Upon my word, your improvement has been wonderful since I saw you last. Are you not in the habit of going to some *Medresseh*?” (a kind of infant school.)

“Let me ask your Majesty whether you think that any one of these women, with whom it is said you are so delighted, possesses the talent of swallowing such bitter sarcasms?—do you think, if she were in my present position, she would bear it meekly and in silence, as I am forced to do?” added Amina, again bursting into tears.

The Sultan withdrew a little from her side. “I never witnessed in my life,” said he, “a woman who has tears so ready at her command as you have; and that is the reason why I get tired of you, and why I never come to see you; for when I do, I am saluted with nothing but tears and lamentations;—but the object of my visit on this occasion is something more serious than the expression of feelings. Hear me, Amina! give me the Prophet’s string of beads.”

At these words the wretched Sultana shook with fear; she paused a moment for consideration, and then calmly and resignedly replied—“Your Majesty desires to have my head;—very well, take it; my only crime is, that I have loved you too well.”

“I don’t want your head, Kadyna. I ask you for that chaplet for certain cogent reasons which I will tell you. Give it me; and for the future you shall be dearer to me, and I will see you every day.”

“Padishah,” exclaimed she, falling at the monarch’s feet, “every day to me is alike; the sunshine of happiness has long set, and cheerfully shall I welcome death; but I pray and beseech your Majesty, spare, O spare your son, this poor child!”

“You certainly are out of your senses, such strange and monstrous fancies do you take into your head,” replied the Sultan, somewhat angrily. “Listen, and I will tell you the reason I ask you for the chaplet: you very well know that both of the chaplets belong to the *Hass-odah* of the Seraglio. I must return them to-morrow without fail; because to-morrow a great reformation in the Turkish costume will be introduced, and the Ottomans will be required to wear a dress similar to the one I have on. If my scheme succeeds, then have I accomplished the object I have in view, as regards the future welfare of my empire: if not, the people will rise, and will rush to the palace and demand my head. Therefore do I desire to have those beads replaced in the treasury in the *Hass-odah* before I die.”

“God forbid, beloved Padishah, that any such event should happen. Your ministers love and revere you,

and so do your people ; and you can have no cause to harbour any such ideas. But should any thing dreadful occur, do you imagine I could survive your Majesty? No! I would place the beads round my child's neck, for his protection, and then share your fate."

"It would be rather to your interest, Amina, to live," replied the Emperor with an ironical smile, "than to share my fate, for you would then be the successor's guide and counsellor, and be likewise Validé. But be that as it may, you see my reasons are sufficiently cogent for wishing to return those beads."

The Sultana rose from the floor.

"I cannot," said she, "I cannot, under any consideration, consent to give them up ; they are my child's only safeguard."

"I give you my word, Amina," exclaimed the Sultan, whose eyes began to sparkle with wrath, "that you shall lose neither your life, nor my favour as long as I live."

"Grand Signor, if you have any reverence left for those sacred relics, you will not force my will ; from this moment my son shall not leave this chamber ; he shall not stir from my side. We will place ourselves under the protection of the Prophet, and sacrilegious will be the hand that shall attempt to touch us. Such an act would kindle an unquenchable fire." She then ran to the child's bed, awoke him, wrapped a shawl round

him, and taking him in her arms, fell on her knees before the monarch, and making the child do the same, desired him to pray for mercy from his master : “ Pray to him,” says she, “ pray for mercy, for he is going to put us to death, because we love him, and every day in private put up prayers for his welfare.”

At these words the poor child began to cry, imploring his father not to kill him and his mother.

The face of the Sultan betrayed his anger ; and in his vexation he cried out, “ What mean you by enacting such a scene as this ? do you think you can oppose my will ? no other woman would have dared to have behaved in such a manner before a Sultan.”

“ Your Majesty, I am the first that has done so, because you are the first Sultan liberal enough to discriminate between right and wrong. You are endeavouring to introduce freedom and liberty into your empire, and will you commence it by exercising despotism in your own family ? No, Grand Signor, I do not believe it : spare our lives : suffer my son to live, and we care neither for thrones nor honours ; let us become private individuals, obscure and neglected, and we will bless you for ever.”

“ Enough,” exclaimed the Sultan ; who with folded arms had for some time looked at them both in silence, as they knelt at his feet. “ Rise,—I told you that you were a silly mother to entertain such monstrous ideas,

which have no other foundation than in the chimeras of your nonsensical head;—but be it so; keep the chaplet; I will not seek to deprive you of it. But do not suppose you will divert me from my intentions with regard to your child.”

“My God! what are your intentions, Grand Signor?” cried she, full of apprehension.

“Simply, that your son must leave Constantinople: I intend to send him to Paris for his education, under the care and superintendence of a man in whom I have the greatest confidence: for I must see, before I die, what kind of a successor he will prove to be. Such is my determination, and all opposition will be useless.”

“Padishah, I swear by the Prophet, and by every thing I hold sacred, I cannot consent to part with my child;” and the Kadya held her son closer to her side: “to send him so far away at such an age,” continued she, “is the same as to kill him. No, Padishah, fear God! it is a great sin to punish an innocent child because you hate his mother.”

“My patience is tried beyond all bounds,” exclaimed the Padishah in wrath. “Am I no longer Sultan, that I am opposed in this way? How old is your son? When was he born? Can you recollect?”

“He was born on the 20th April, 1-23, and is now four years of age.”

“That is an age which can take any impression: it is hard, I know, for a mother to be separated from her child, but it is necessary; so do not hope that you or any power in the world can divert me from the prosecution of my plans. He will be placed under the tuition of Daniel Coccalos, who will take more care of him than if he were his own son.”

“Of Daniel Coccalos?” repeated she in a voice of terror.

“Yes, of Daniel Coccalos; how his name startled you,—do you know who Daniel Coccalos is?” demanded he, darting upon her a penetrating look.

“And who does not know him?” replied Amina, with bitterness. “I think he is the same individual who formerly stood so high in your favour and confidence; but it is now nearly two years ago since I heard anything about him.”

“Because, Kadyna, he has been at Adrianople.”

“I can never trust my son into the hands of a Giaour,” replied the artful Circassian, pretending she had not heard the name of Adrianople.

“That Giaour is an upright man, Sultana; he has a virtuous soul, and he will love and reverence that son. I will vouch for it that he will not poison him, as his sister and her child were poisoned.”

“I cannot understand your insinuation; I know

nothing of the circumstance to which your Majesty alludes," replied the Kadyna, whose heart began to beat violently.

"Do you not know, Sultana, that this man had a sister, and that she was a mother?—yes, a mother who loved her child as much, if not more, than you love your own. And do you not know that they were one day both of them poisoned?—did you never hear of this?—speak the truth!"

"Secluded in the harem as I am, how is it possible, Grand Signor, that I should know what is passing outside in Constantinople? besides, I do not see what it has to do with the subject we are talking upon," added she, affecting an air of indifference, although she was in a state of extreme terror.

"It has much to do with it,—that woman was a Kadyna as well as yourself, and her son was my son: do you know this?"

"I never heard so before, Grand Signor;" while a cold thrill shot through her frame on hearing from the Sultan's own lips such an acknowledgment.

"Have I not a right, then, to suspect that the death of this Kadyna proceeded from the wiles, the jealousy of some woman in my harem?"

"Grand Signor," said the Sultana, with all the proud indignation of an innocent woman, "if you have a right

to suspect that their deaths were brought about at the instigation of any one in the harem, you are wrong in suspecting me ; and you do me the greatest injustice in selecting me, out of the three hundred inmates, as the only one capable of committing such an atrocious crime. On the contrary, had I known her, I would have treated her with the highest respect. I should have loved her, passionately loved her, knowing she was dear to your Majesty. And if I could have done nothing else, I would at least have tried to have gained her sympathy and her friendship."

"You are a sly, artful fox," exclaimed the Sultan, interrupting her, "and I abhor you as I do my sins. You are my aversion ; I'll say no more. This intrigue, with all its ramifications, will be shortly brought to light, and then the guilty will have just cause to tremble. We will enter no further into this history ; we have gone far enough. Keep the string of beads, and also your son for the present ; but all your eunuchs, your odalesques, and even the Kislár-aghá himself, shall be changed ; henceforth, under no pretence whatever, shall you be allowed to quit the harem. I intend to act in this affair the part of an impartial judge, and not of a tyrant : if you are free from imputation, you shall have the benefit of it ; but, if you are guilty, tremble for the consequences."

Such were the last words uttered by the Sultan on leaving this Kadyna.

The Circassian remained petrified for a long time after the Sultan was gone. Every word he had uttered fell distinctly upon her ears, and filled her with inexpressible alarm.

"The die is cast," soliloquized she, after a considerable pause,— "the moment has arrived,—everything is on the point of being discovered, and there is no time to be lost. They will murder my child as they have murdered others before him. Senseless fool that I have been, to love one who abhors me, and who is daily overturning our religious customs one after the other! My son must live. I must follow out the Vizir's plan."

It is now time to return to Smyrna.

CHAPTER IX.

LEONIDAS AND VASSOS.

BEFORE we introduce the reader to the stage on which the following scenes were performed, it is necessary to give him a concise description of the city of Smyrna and its society.

This ancient settlement of the Dorians, the supposed birthplace of Homer, is situated in the most delightful part of Minor Asia, on an extensive gulf of the same name, and at the bottom of a declivity on the summit of which stood the fortress, which in a previous chapter we have described as having been converted into a manufactory of false coin by Dalbatan Mouhamed, before he was Grand Vizir.

The interior of the city is divided into four separate and distinct districts, having scarcely any intercourse

with each other. These are,—the Turkish district, inhabited solely by the Ottomans,—the Jewish, assigned exclusively to the descendants of Israel; then the Armenian quarter; and lastly, that of the Christians, in which reside the Consuls, and a great number of Europeans and Greeks. The last extensive conflagration produced some little change in this ancient arrangement, because many of the Armenians, after having been deprived of their houses, settled in the Christian quarter; and many Jews, from poverty, left the city altogether, and withdrew into the interior of the country.

The streets of Smyrna, although narrow, are wider than those of the other cities of Turkey, and much cleaner; in this respect the inhabitants resemble the Dutch, who are proverbial for their cleanliness. The houses of the first three districts are irregular in their construction, and built without any pretensions to architecture; but in the Greek and European quarter the buildings bear a great resemblance to those in European towns, and hence its principal street is named *Frangomahalas*, that is to say, Frank Street.

The first thing that strikes the traveller's attention as being very singular is, that although he may reside some years in succession in this part of the city, he will see neither Ottomans nor Jews, excepting those who hawk

about provisions for sale, and who, in the pursuit of their calling, may occasionally visit it; and to such a degree is this exclusiveness observed, that he may well fancy he is in some European town; and this delusion is further encouraged by the customs of the inhabitants, and the dialects they speak; their dress is also altogether European. Besides this, their harbour, on account of its excellence and the salubrity of the place, is crowded with the fleets that the foreign powers send to the Mediterranean; the thoroughfares of the city are therefore thronged with captains and sailors,—and hence the Turks have named this city Giaour Smyrna (Smyrna of the Infidels), as we have mentioned in a former chapter; but the general name given to it by travellers is La Belle Smyrne, because in no other city in any part of the world are shown more attention and kindness to foreigners than are exhibited by the inhabitants of this place.

Their general character is a mixture of gaiety and shrewdness; they are lively, generous, and hospitable. A Smyrnæan tries to imitate everything that pleases his fancy in another; but he is slow to examine whether the example he proposes to follow is laudable or not. On first acquaintance, the stranger is greatly surprised to find that a Smyrnæan can converse with him in three or four dialects, with fluency, on almost any sub-

ject, whether it be science, commerce, politics, or the general topic of the day; and he discourses upon it with so much apparent simplicity and readiness, that you are inclined at first to set him down as a man of deep erudition; but the illusion quickly vanishes as you come to know him better. The reason of this is, that his knowledge is entirely superficial, being acquired from his intercourse with foreigners, and not the result of reading and study. They repeat like parrots whatever they hear from others, without taking the trouble to improve their minds and cultivate the understanding. The principal language of the place is the Romaic, which is the most corrupted Greek dialect in existence, — a jargon interspersed with a vast number of Italian, French, and Turkish words; and in proportion as the most uncommon words of these languages are introduced, so do they imagine they speak with propriety and precision.

The community of this city represents, we venture to say, a singular phenomenon, differing from any other on the surface of the globe. As soon as the Smyrnæans have concluded the business of the day, they resort immediately to all kinds of diversion; and as they have a vast number of holidays throughout the year, the stranger cannot help supposing the inhabitants have actually nothing else to do but spend their time in

idleness or amusement, particularly during the winter months, when it is impossible for him to pass a street without hearing music and dancing in some house or other.

In summer, after sunset, when the heat of the day is over, mothers with their children are seen sitting with their work in their hands, at the doors of the houses fronting the streets, waiting for their husbands and sons. The scene presented by this appearance is indescribable, as well as the impression it makes upon the stranger, who, traversing the city, finds every street in a similar manner adorned with these charming faces, (for the women of Smyrna are considered the most beautiful females of the East,) and hears them chatting aloud with their neighbours opposite, or those at the next door, laughing and eyeing to each other, with significant winks, the unconscious foreigner, concerning whom, without exaggeration, in three days they know everything ;—whence he came,—the tavern in which he has put up,—and the time he intends to remain.

At this hour too, the young men, having finished the labours of the day, return home, and immediately afterwards each one repairs to the residence of his favourite fair one ; and in a short time all the streets of the city present a perfect paradise of love and courtship, which continues till twelve at night. Meanwhile the air re-

sounds with mirth and song, and music playing the national airs, which are heard proceeding from the various caïques with which at this time the harbour is thronged, and in which a number of families, including females and children, amuse themselves by fishing. Such of the family matrons as do not present themselves at the doors must, as a matter of necessity, post themselves at the windows; for a Smyrnæan lady, if the alternative were placed before her, would rather undergo a three days' fast than be debarred a single evening from the gratification of thrusting out her head at the open window, unless she could be at the front door.

We must, however, observe to the reader that nothing is tolerated in this community that oversteps the limits of the strictest decorum. This remark we are bound in common justice to make, for so closely are the movements of every family watched by their neighbours, that the commission of the slightest impropriety by any individual belonging to it is sure to be detected and become the topic of conversation throughout the city. The chief delight of the inhabitants consists in prying into each other's affairs, and amplifying, to the highest degree, whatever they consider amiss or ridiculous. You cannot pass a street twice without having a nickname, and though you are not aware of it, you are known by it to every inhabitant of the place.

Many of the young fellows, having nothing else to do, fasten leech-like upon their friends and acquaintances, running from house to house, and retailing what one lady in their hearing had said of another. This leads to daily disputes, and recriminations pass to and fro. At length the husbands, lovers, or brothers become implicated in the quarrel, and a challenge is the result. These pretended duels, however, are in most instances compromised over a dinner or a bottle of wine, and the combatants become as good friends as ever. No sooner has a challenge been given and accepted than the news is industriously circulated; the people flock in crowds to the appointed spot, and a reconciliation of course takes place.

There is, however, another prolific source of dissension, most disastrous in its consequences, frequently converting the city into a theatre of the most obstinate war. The Christians for the most part belong to the Western and Eastern Churches: between these the most inveterate animosity subsists; they hate each other worse than if either of them were idolators,—particularly the Roman Catholics,—for, encouraged by the Jesuits, they cannot tolerate the Greek Church, and to such an extent do they carry their animosity, that they even avoid, as far as possible, the use of the Romaic language, although it is the prevailing dialect of the place.

This brief but comprehensive sketch is, it is hoped, sufficient to give the reader an idea of the kind of community among which Leonidas was for the present residing. We will therefore pass at once to his abode, a description of which we have already given in the commencement of our history; and knowing, as we now do, who he is, the object that had brought him to the city, and the disposition of its inhabitants, we have no reason to conclude otherwise but that they, according to their custom, made him, as they did other strangers, the butt of their observations and critical remarks.

Leonidas was not slow in entering into the spirit of the citizens; and as his scheme embraced an object far more important than any one it was possible for them to conceive, it required the greatest circumspection, on his part, so to act as not to give rise to any suspicion; and, like Alcibiades, who, to divert the attention of the Athenians from prying into his actions, cut off his dog's tail, Leonidas purposely mixed himself up in various intrigues of this community, and by this means effectually concealed from their prying curiosity the nature of the business that had brought him among them.

Leonidas had two residences, one of which it was publicly known he occupied; the other, however, he kept secret: in the former he passed among the local

authorities as an individual in the service of Government; in the latter, which was a small house in St. Catherine's, he secretly concerted his measures with the heirs of Kiatipoglos.

It was about 10 o'clock A. M. of the day following the nocturnal events we have described in the first chapter of the first volume of this work, as having befallen our friend, and Leonidas was seated on the sofa at a small table in the same bed-chamber, busily occupied in writing a letter. He was dressed in a blue silk morning gown, and on his head was placed a small Greek cap, richly adorned with gold. At his feet lay his dog Castor, with his eyes intently watching the countenance of his master, and ever and anon testifying his delight by wagging his tail whenever the latter vouchsafed him a look, which was enough to induce the faithful creature to jump upon his neck.

Presently a knock was heard at the chamber door, and before Leonidas had time to say "Come in," Dai Vassos made his appearance. The dog immediately rose from his recumbent position, and running up to Vassos without a bark, began to lick his feet, plainly showing he was upon the most friendly terms with this individual; and Vassos, having returned the animal's caresses, proceeded to that part of the room where Leonidas was seated.

Dai Vassos was on this occasion clad very differently from what he was when we were introduced to him the previous night : he was now dressed out in a handsome black coat, a waistcoat of olive-coloured velvet, and a pair of checked pantaloons ; a sky-blue handkerchief was fastened by a huge knot round his neck, and supported the stiff collar of his shirt, on which rested the extremities of his mustaches. In fact, his dress was clean and respectable, but ungraceful, and without taste. Moreover, he was decorated with a massive silver chain, which hung round his neck, and was lost in one of his waistcoat pockets, which was swelled out like a bladder filled with wind, owing to the dimensions of a huge silver watch deposited therein.

As soon as Leonidas had finished writing his letter, he turned towards Vassos.

“Good day, Dai Vassos,” said he ; “how is it you are so late this morning ? it is past ten.”

“Yes, your Honour, it is rather late ; but only consider what a precious night we both had of it. By God ! Governor, I can’t make it out ; but you are as fresh as a lark, and look for all the world as though nothing had happened out of the way. Now as for me, I’ve been thinking over and over again how the devil we contrived to escape safe with a whole skin upon our backs from the clutches of those rascally Turks. I am satisfied in

my mind, sir, that they were dodging our steps. They smelt a rat, and thought we were trying to overreach the Vizir. I do, on my soul, believe that dirty scoundrel Alexander was at the bottom; it was his doings: he has got hold of some clue to our designs, and has betrayed us; for I saw as plain as my two eyes could see that it was nobody else but that fellow who was last night with Ali Effendi in Mannas Alani."

"Did you meet Ali Effendi again?" inquired Leonidas, with visible uneasiness.

"Yes, I met him again, your Honour; and it was a lucky thing for him I didn't send him to keep company with the dead man. By God! he had a narrow escape, I promise you."

"Where did you meet him, then? Did you deliver the card I gave you?"

"Don't be in a hurry, and I'll tell your Honour every thing just as it happened, without any circumlocution," replied Vassos, who, putting down his hat and a small cane he had in his hand, took a chair and seated himself opposite to Leonidas.

"On leaving your Honour, I was proceeding down the street Farthi-Sokaki, on my way to the Great Taverns, when a little in advance before me, close to a coffee-shop, I perceived by the light of my lantern some of Ali Effendi's soldiers, who were waiting for their officer

outside, while he was fuddling himself with the good things he could find inside. Well, your Honour, as I told you, having my lantern lighted, I was going on; but seeing them, I made a stop, and tried to go down another street; but as I saw there was no time to be lost, and that I couldn't go back, because they were so close to me, I quickened my pace, and was going to pass them, when two or three of the vagabonds threw themselves across my path, exactly opposite to the door of the coffee-house, and stopped me from going any further.

“Well, inside this coffee-house, I say, I plainly saw Alexander by the light. He was dressed in the same great cloak which he had on when I saw him in the Place Manna. On hearing the squabble between me and the soldiers, Alexander immediately muffled himself up so that he might not be known; and Ali Effendi, coming out, demanded to know who I was and where I was going to. I told him I was a caïquejee, and was going straight home. He then asked me where I lived. I told him near the bridge which was hard by. He then ordered his men to let me go. But I had no sooner proceeded a few yards, when all at once I heard the Toldjees (patrol) in full cry, and looking behind, I saw they were running after me; because it seems that Alexander had in the meantime recognized me, and told

Ali Effendi, on his return into the coffee-house, who I was; so off they started and surrounded me. Well, said I to myself, here's a pretty go; the Lord preserve us from their clutches! So I grasped my dirk firmly in my hand, determined to do for some of them if they came to blows. When their officer came up, he asked me my name, and to what country I belonged. I told him my name was Philippouzzos, and that I was an Englishman; and to convince him I was telling him the truth, I took a false passport from my pocket, and showed it him. He looked at it, read it two or three times over, and seemed puzzled. At last said he, 'I don't think you are the man you represent yourself to be. I shall detain you in custody till to-morrow morning, and then I shall know for certain from the Consul's officer whether what you say is true or not.' This threw me, your Honour, into a precious mess; and I insisted positively he had no right to detain me. I told him my wife was heavy with child, and that if I did not go home all night, and take my load with me, she would think I was drowned, and something serious would happen, and then all the responsibility would fall upon his shoulders. But all my logic was thrown away; for my arguments made no impression on the brains of this blockhead of a Turk, who ordered his soldiers to fall on me and take me by force. Seeing, then, there was no

use in trying fair means with such a set of fellows, I without further ado cried out, 'Avast there!' and as quick as lightning pounced on Ali Effendi, and, seizing him by the throat with the hand from which my lantern was hung, I brandished my dirk with the other, swearing by all that was terrible I would make a hole through his carcass if any man among them dared to lay a hand upon me. On this he was much frightened, and ordered the soldiers that not one of them was to touch me, but that they were to station themselves at the end of the different streets, so as to prevent me from making my escape. Meanwhile, I kept pushing him back till I nailed him close to the door of a house; and the poor devil, seeing me flourish my dirk full in his eyes, began to promise he would order them not to molest me if I would let go my hold; but I told him I would do no such thing unless I saw the Toldjees withdraw from that street, and go at least fifty paces off;—for you must know, your Honour, that opposite to us were four very narrow lanes or passages, down which it was impossible for them to aim their weapons, and down one of which it was easy for me to effect my escape. When this worthy fellow, Ali Effendi, saw I was in earnest, and that it was no joke, he gave the orders I required; and the moment I perceived that the soldiers were fairly in the street Farthi-Sokaki, I threw my lantern bang on

the ground, and broke it to pieces. We were thus left in darkness ; and dashing down the nearest lane before me, I got safe into the Armenian quarter. Had you been there, Governor, you would almost have died of laughing to have seen these cowardly Turks and their officer, Ali Effendi, who started off immediately after me like a pack of hounds in full cry. To hear their shouts, and observe the bustle they were in, any one would suppose they were about storming a camp. They kicked up such a din, the whole neighbourhood was up in their stirrups. But it was all sound and rodomontade,—it was just the same as pounding air in a mortar.”

“You are a surprising fellow, Daï Vassos,” said Leonidas, unable to restrain a smile.

“Have I not told your Honour scores of times that I was born and bred up among these Turks ? Twenty-five years have I lived among them, and no one knows better than I do how they bully and bluster. They cackle and hiss like so many geese, and any one who didn’t know them would really think they were going to turn the world topsy-turvy. But they are the greatest dastards alive. Only show them your teeth, and away they’ll scamper, helter-skelter, and the devil take the hindmost. By the powers, your Honour,” continued Vassos, triumphantly, “give me twenty such as they,—I don’t say it in the way of boast,—but place

twenty such cowardly rascals in a line before me, and I would thrash them like so many ears of corn."

"Well, but to proceed, Vassos; did you deliver the card?"

"I did, your Honour. I'll tell you everything in its turn; you must have a little patience, if you please, Governor. Well, having got again safe out of the clutches of Ali Effendi, and finding myself safe in the Armenian quarter, I made myself a cigar, and clapping my fez askew on my head, proceeded quietly until I reached Kiatipoglos's house. I told the gentlemen everything that had occurred, and gave them your card. When they heard what had taken place that evening, they were very much frightened. They thought that our scheme had been discovered, and that the Vizir next day would have them taken into custody and sent to Constantinople. But I gave them courage, and convinced them they had nothing to fear; and it was agreed that the business ought not to be put off any longer. They then saddled their horses, and set off at once for Sibdi-kieu, telling me to be sure to inform your Honour they would be waiting for you there this evening, so that some final arrangement may be made as to what should be done under the circumstances."

"I cannot go this evening,—it is impossible," said Leonidas, with evident uneasiness. "There is another

unfortunate piece of business,—the work of that young fellow, Alexander,—and I must endeavour to avert its evil consequences.”

“Tell me, Governor, was I right or not when I begged you so earnestly just to let me put that vagabond quietly out of the way? What greater injury would you have him do us than to lay a trap which will cost us our lives?”

“Hearken, Dai Vassos,” replied Leonidas, in a tone the severity of which showed the displeasure he felt at this question. “We did not come into this city for the purposes of assassination: our views are noble and have a far higher aim. Alexander is an inexperienced young man, he has never lived in any other society than that of Smyrna, and thinks all the world resembles this city. His love has blinded him to such a degree that he is ready to sacrifice the sentiments of friendship and honour upon the altar of his passion. What do I say?—no, not his passion, because he is a stranger to the sentiment of true love,—it is his vanity,—that inexorable vanity that has induced him to publish all over the town that he has made a conquest of the Countess Petrovik. Would you, then, take away his life,—the life of a simpleton like him, whose failings are the effect of his want of discernment, and not of his natural disposition? If the Countess should leave Smyrna to-

morrow, as it is her intention, he alone will suffer for his folly, and it will be a lesson to him for the future : besides, can you suppose that the Countess,—a lady who has travelled all over Europe, and who possesses so much good sense and shrewdness,—can you suppose for a moment, I say, that she has not entered into his character, and formed an accurate estimation of it? I tell you she knows him well; but she also has her private objects, and desires to have a set of young fellows like him to be dangling after her. And it is for my interest that Alexander and myself should at the same time be paying our addresses to the Countess, for many reasons; among others, one is, that the prying inhabitants of this place should be diverted from surmising our grand object. But now that I find this young man has succeeded in tracing out what I wished concealed, it is necessary that I should shake him off: this I shall effectually do in a very short time, although I do not think we shall remain much longer in this city. For these reasons, Daï Vassos, I desire you to attend to my wishes; and I caution you not to lay a hand upon him, or to say anything to provoke him, for if you do, I shall consider it as an offence offered to myself.”

“I only tell your Honour, that if its your Honour’s will and pleasure to have him clean out of the way, I am the man to do it; but if it is not, very well,

there's an end of it, and I shall trouble myself no more about it."

So saying, Daï Vassos shrugged his shoulders with as much unconcern as though the matter were merely the taking the life of a bird.

"And furthermore, I desire you never to mention this subject again," said Leonidas, who, taking up a piece of sealing-wax, sealed the letter he had just finished on Vassos's first entering into the room. "By-the-bye, Daï Vassos, should Ali Effendi happen to meet you in the street to-day, and should know you again, what will you say to him?"

"He know me again!—impossible. Don't you see, sir, I am dressed as an out-and-out gentleman,—far more respectable and genteel-looking than ever that stocking-less blackguard was, or ever will be. Besides, I have my English passport about me, and I am known at the Consul's office as Philippouzzos, not as Vassos; so that should he take me there, I have only to show my passport, which was backed at the English Ambassador's at Constantinople. Don't your Honour recollect the Mufti got it for me at the time we left to come here."

"Nor, indeed, do I think he could do anything to you if he were to catch you; but if, unluckily, they should discover your true character, and find out that you are a runaway from the galleys,—that you were

an associate of that coining gang,—do you suppose these Turks would care a rush for the Consul or his remonstrances? Quite the contrary; they would carry you off in spite of all opposition, and the moment they had you fairly in their power, they would put you to death, and nobody know anything about it. I cannot say that I wholly approve of your conduct last night.”

“Much obliged to your Honour, but don’t trouble yourself about me. I know how to take care of myself. I’ve told you, and I tell you again, I don’t care a fig for these Turks. I’ll slip out of their hands, in spite of their numbers, before they shall lug me off to quod: or, let the worst come to the worst, I’ll make some of them give their last squeak, and let them kill me and be —— to them.”

“Well, don’t go about much to-day; avoid the bazaars, and keep away altogether from the Jewish as well as the Turkish quarters; and should you see Ali Effendi at a distance, turn back and take another road.”

“That’s all right enough, your Honour; trust me, I’m wide awake. Don’t think I’m such a booby as to run my head bang into the lion’s jaws for the sake of the thing. I know a thing or two as well as most men: for God’s sake, master, don’t think me such a nincompoop, or fancy I’ve dropped, like a moon-calf, fresh from the clouds.”

“I know you are shrewd and clever, Vassos; I was speaking to you only in the way of caution, in case of accident. Now make haste with this letter to Madame Hoban’s hotel, which is on the English quay, and deliver it to the Countess Petrovik.”

“Am I to take it at once, your Honour?—is it so urgent as all that?”

“Yes, immediately; don’t lose a minute: the reputation of that lady is at stake; every thing depends upon that letter. Have you anything else to do?”

“I merely wished to let your Honour know that I intend going to Boudja to-day.”

“Very well; only I shall want you in the evening about eight o’clock.”

“I’ll take care, and be back in time.”

“Then deliver this letter, and afterwards you can go where you like.”

CHAPTER X.

DOINGS AT SMYRNA.

JUST as Vassos was taking his departure, and Leonidas was about to dress, a servant entered the room, and informed the latter that Madame Despinou, the saleswoman, was outside, and wished to speak to him. "Who is this Madame Despinou?" said Leonidas, wondering to himself; "tell her to come in."

Presently a very old woman, short and thin, with a bundle under her arm, was ushered into the apartment.

"Good morning, my good lady," said Leonidas, on seeing her; "pray what is your pleasure with me?"

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed the old woman, without paying any attention to the question. "Bless my stars!

—how gay you are, my beautiful young gentleman, with your gold-laced cap, and that elegant robe. Well, to be sure!—no wonder the girls of Smyrna are all running stark mad for such a nice young man. Lackaday! were it only the girls whose heads were turned it wouldn't matter so much; but they do say the married ones are as bad; and that when they hear only the name of Leonidas, their hearts go pit-a-pat, and, poor things, they are so flurried, they cannot contain themselves. It is too true, but I must not tell you every thing I know, or you would become so proud, you wouldn't condescend to speak to us at all. I'm just come from the Imperial Consulate, and I am commissioned to give you the compliments of a great lady,—the Lady Adèle.”

At this name Leonidas gave an involuntary start. “The Lady Adèle, did you say?” said he, in a tone that was scarcely articulate.

“Yes, my dear young gentleman, the Lady Adèle,” added the old woman, whose keen and penetrating eye did not fail to notice the impression the announcement had made upon Leonidas; “and she told me, darling, you would buy one of these small cakes of scented French soap that I have in my bag;” and so saying, the old lady opened her parcel, and exhibited the various articles of which it was composed.

“Well, and what am I to do with it, if I purchase one?” inquired Leonidas, overcome by surprise.

“Choose a cake first, and then I will give you directions what you are to do with it.”

Urged by his curiosity to know what communication the old woman had to make, Leonidas took a piece of soap, and while he was feeling in his pocket for some money, the former cast her eyes carefully in every direction, and having satisfied herself that no one was watching, she produced a small note, and, handing it to him, said, “In this you will learn what the Lady Adèle says you are to do with the soap.”

“Ah, I understand,” said Leonidas, taking the letter, and hardly able to restrain himself for joy. “Ah, I understand,” and at the same time he placed in the old woman’s hand a golden florin.

“Thank you kindly, young gentleman; excuse me, I do not wish to infringe on your goodness. I would rather not; but if you insist upon it, I mustn’t refuse; and if you will answer the Lady Adèle, I will call again to-morrow morning. She is a lady every inch of her; there is not another like her in the world,—beautiful as an angel,—the paragon of ladies. But ah! poor thing, to be married to that stupid worn-out old Consul, who is poring over his books, and reading from morning to night. She told me that on coming home

from a ball last night, the devil put it into his head to Mesmerize her, because it seems that he had heard from the captain of an English corvette, that in Europe they had found out a method of stupifying people by making different movements of the hands, and putting them to sleep, and this they call magnetism. Well, on their return home, this old dry-bones of a philosopher placed the beautiful creature in a chair, and wanted to experimentalize upon her, as though the poor thing, exhausted with dancing and stopping out late, required the aid of such nonsense as moving the hands and fingers to be put to sleep. And because she would not stand it, he got into a passion, and the whole house was at sixes and sevens; and so they quarrelled, and matters came to such a pass, that they slept in separate rooms. But I will now leave you, my darling, to read the letter at your leisure, for I have been young, and I know how teasing it is to receive a love-letter, and not have an opportunity of reading it at one's ease. So good by!"

"Adieu, mother," said Leonidas, who, the moment she was out of hearing, could not help ejaculating before he opened the note, "How surprising that Adèle should write to me!—what a sudden change!—I wonder whether it is an amatory note,—surely it cannot be; and yet if it were not, would she not have sent it by one

of her domestics? However, let us see ;” and breaking open the seal, he read as follows :

“DEAR MR. LEONIDAS,

“My husband intends calling upon you this morning for the purpose of asking you to favour us with your company to dinner at four o’clock this afternoon. My object in writing to you, is to request you will not disappoint us under the pretext of not having had a more formal invitation,—the more especially as I have something to communicate to you that I heard last night respecting the Countess Petrovik.

“Trusting you will not decline,

“I am, your friend

“ADÈLE.”

Having read this note, Leonidas smiled as he repeated the concluding words, “Your friend Adèle.” This phrase, “your friend,” said he, “when it comes from a lady, has a meaning so different from its ordinary acceptance,—it has so much sweetness, and such a charm, that it conveys something more than the sentiment of mere friendship. However, it is not fitting we should be too fastidious, and for the present let us be satisfied with this appellation, such as it is. The handwriting and style evidently betray that this letter has not been

written without an inward struggle ; and the Countess has either hit upon a scheme which has deceived Adèle or confessed our mutual passion. Be that as it may, it is impossible for me to accept this invitation."

The reader will recollect from the narrative of Lady Gordon, that Leonidas became acquainted with the Countess at Rome, and that a sentiment of a tender nature having sprung up between them, he had afterwards accompanied her to Naples. But the duel which had taken place between him and her former admirer, had compelled him to leave her in that city, and return to Constantinople, where his time and attention became totally engrossed on matters connected with his family, and where shortly afterwards he obtained an appointment in Smyrna.

On his arrival in this city, he resolved on diverting the attention of the inhabitants from the object he had in view by engaging them on something else. He was well aware that he had only to visit a house two or three times to make it be believed that some matrimonial speculation was afloat, and this was sufficient for his purpose. The Austrian Consul's sister was the first who attracted his notice. She was a young German lady, possessed of many accomplishments of mind and personal charms. Her education was entirely Italian,—and in her society he used to fancy himself in

her adopted country, and at last was so fascinated with her lady-like manners and intellectual conversation, that he became a frequent visitor at the Consular residence.

At this period, Adèle, the Consul's wife, was staying at the warm baths of Lidzia, not far from Smyrna. Leonidas found in the Consul a very singular character,—he was a man nearly threescore years old, but his features still showed that he had not been ill-looking in his younger days. His forehead was ample and projecting, and his head bald. His complexion was dark olive, and his figure, which was of the average height, spare, and somewhat stooping. His chin was always resting on his chest as though he was deeply buried in cogitation, but his thoughts had nothing to do with the events of his life; they were fixed only on subjects of philosophy and literature. The fact was, he was a man of profound erudition; his language was copious but discursive; there was no connection in his arguments, and he would abruptly jump from one subject to another, so that he never gave any one an opportunity to reply.

During the absence of his lady, with whom Leonidas was not yet acquainted, the Baron D—— used to speak of her in the most glowing terms; he was never tired of praising her and of extolling her qualities; and

in speaking of her, he invariably used the diminutive appellation *Ma petite Adèle*. He was even so inconsiderate as to declare openly his most secret thoughts about her. In this respect he resembled Collatinus, who by his eulogiums stirred up the passion of Tarquin for Lucretia, and in this manner offended every one who heard him.

Hearing the Baron speak so frequently in this manner of his wife, Leonidas began to entertain a strong prepossession in her favour; but at the same time he could not help fancying that it was impossible for that lady to possess similar favourable sentiments towards so extraordinary a character as her aged spouse.

At length Adèle returned home; and on being introduced to Leonidas, the latter found her to be infinitely superior to the glowing description which the uxorious old Consul had given of her. The philosophical eye of this old man had not dived so deeply into human character as that of a young man far more experienced than ever he was in the school of the world. The old gentleman admired Adèle because at his age he had a wife who was only twenty years of age, beautiful, and always disposed to comply with his peculiarities, and whom he used to order and reprimand as a parent if at any time she neglected what he considered to be her duty.

It was at this time that the Countess Petrovik, travelling through the East, came to Smyrna, and unexpectedly met at the residence of the Austrian Consul the very individual she was in search of. This rencontre was anything but agreeable to Leonidas. In the first place, he was so taken up with his passion for Adèle, that it was irksome to pay any marked attentions to another lady; and secondly, knowing the Countess's character, he was apprehensive that if she conceived the slightest idea that a change had taken place in his sentiments towards her, and that his affections were transferred to another object, she would not hesitate with her wealth to set the whole place in commotion, and that in a community so singularly constituted as was this, something would occur that would form a remarkable epoch in the annals of this city. He determined therefore to dissemble his real feelings, and give her no reason for offence, hoping that in the course of time, through her natural fickleness, she would become tired of him, and bestow her favours on another. With this view, he made no scruple of introducing Alexander to her acquaintance, and as he was one of the handsomest young men in the place, and his manners very prepossessing, he entertained no doubt but he should eventually succeed.

Now Alexander was a younger brother of Carabou-

dharas, the physician,—a circumstance totally unknown to Leonidas ; and having the management of a large mercantile establishment in the city, he had so ingratiated himself with the wife of the principal of the house, that she doted upon him to distraction. Nature had endowed this young man with many advantages, but at the same time he had many defects. His disposition, as we have elsewhere remarked, was open and ingenuous. He was soon forgetful of injuries ; but he was irritable ; and it was out of his power to keep a secret. His vanity was excessive. He was of that class of individuals who delight in hearing themselves talked about, and the conquests they have made over the fair sex, reckless of the reputation of any female, which was to him a matter of secondary consideration, provided only his vanity was gratified in the exposure. The first time he visited the Countess at her hotel, he returned home full of speculative ideas that made him almost beside himself. He compared the position of this lady with his own, and he found such an immense disparity, that he despaired of success, should he have the boldness to aspire to her favour. But his vanity got the better of his prudence. How it will raise me, thought he, in the estimation of the ladies of Smyrna, if I show them I not only aspire to a lady far my superior in rank, but that it is in my power to win her. Yes, yes,

not only then Countesses, but even Duchesses, will fall into my net.

Leonidas, knowing the weak side of his character, did all he could to encourage him in the pursuit. He told him that the Countess spoke of him in the most flattering terms, and assured him that she had positively declared she should have left this part of the world without having an accurate conception of the Grecian masculine beauty, had she had the misfortune of not having seen Alexander. And he filled the young fellow's brain with such chimerical ideas, that he abandoned himself freely to the suggestions of his vanity, and shortly afterwards became the laughing-stock of the whole city.

On her arrival at Smyrna, the Countess instantly perceived a change in the sentiments of Leonidas towards herself; but in order to be convinced beyond a doubt that her suspicions were not unfounded, she saw the necessity of forming some acquaintances in the city. In her travels she was accompanied by her nephew, a youth of seventeen, whose name was Andreas. This nephew, in a place like Smyrna, where it was so easy to be introduced into society, soon became acquainted with a number of young fellows, and from time to time introduced them to his aunt. The consequence was that in a very short time Madame Hoban's hotel became

the resort of all the fashionable loungers in the city who were ambitious of being reckoned among the visitors of the Countess; and from their readiness to gratify her curiosity in everything relative to the place and its inhabitants, she very soon became intimately acquainted with their character.

The accounts they gave her of Leonidas were very inconsistent and contradictory. One informed her he was on the eve of marriage with the Austrian Consul's sister,—another, that being a Mahometan in religion, he held an official situation under the Governor,—another, that he was so and so, &c.

Now Leonidas had already, by his representations, given the Countess an insight into the character and disposition of these people, and had earnestly recommended her to place very little confidence in the statements made by the young men who should visit her, cautioning her, that if she did not observe this counsel, her reputation would certainly suffer for her imprudence. But the Countess was one of those ladies that thought reputation ought to be studied only in one's native place; and that whatever errors might be committed, they were of little moment in their consequences, provided they happened in a strange place in which you did not intend to reside any length of time. She therefore disregarded this admonition, and Leonidas, under the

plausible pretext that he could not associate with persons whom he did not wish to make his companions, very seldom visited the hotel in which the Countess resided.

The Countess perceiving the friendship that subsisted between Alexander and Leonidas, took particular notice of the former, hoping through his means to discover what was the true cause of the coolness of the latter; and Alexander, flattering himself that he had succeeded in making an impression on the heart of the Countess, withdrew himself from all his former connexions, and visited no one but her and his friend Leonidas, to whom he did not fail to repeat the conversation he had with that lady, boasting of the daily progress he was making in her affections, and that it would not be long before he made a complete conquest of her heart.

It happened on one occasion that they visited the Countess at her hotel together; and on leaving in the evening, Alexander observed that she slipped a card stealthily into Leonidas's hand, while he was bidding her adieu. On their way home, Alexander proposed to his friend to sleep at his house that night, as he had frequently done on similar occasions; but Leonidas declined, saying that he had an appointment which he was under the necessity of keeping early next morning. This refusal, coupled with the private manner in which the

Countess had handed him the card, stirred up a thousand suspicions, which were further strengthened by the great interest the Countess seemed to take in Leonidas, by the various questions she had asked about him from time to time. The idea flashed immediately across his mind, that his friend, whom he had made his confidant of his designs, had supplanted him, and enjoyed her favours in a greater degree than himself. He therefore watched his movements that evening, and observed that after Leonidas had returned home, he came out again, accompanied by Dai Vassos, and proceeded down the street that led to Madame Hoban's hotel.

This evening, Alexander, according to the custom of the young men of this city in their nocturnal perambulations, was accompanied by a miller, a Spartan bravo, for his better protection. This Spartan made a proposal to his master, similar to that which Dai Vassos had made to Leonidas, and offered to assassinate his rival. Alexander, fired by jealousy, gave a conditional assent; and it was agreed that if Leonidas was seen to enter the hotel at that hour, this murderous scheme was to be put into execution the moment he made his reappearance in the street.

With the view, therefore, of watching Leonidas, unobserved, they withdrew themselves from the main street into a narrow passage. Meanwhile a stranger, fortunately,

happened to pass by with a lantern just as Leonidas and his man had reached it; and as Leonidas did not wish to be recognized, they hurried into this passage to avoid observation. The moment Alexander perceived his rival, he removed some paces distant, but the two bravos coming directly in contact, a few words arose, which were speedily terminated by Daï Vassos, who, drawing his dirk in the dark, and plunging it into the body of his adversary, struck him dead upon the spot.

It was to this affair Daï Vassos alluded, when (in the first chapter of this work, as the reader may recollect) he remarked to his master, he had been sharpening his dirk, that had become blunted by striking against the Spartan's bone.

This untoward affair led the two friends into mutual explanations, in the course of which the sincerity of the one was met with an equal degree of duplicity on the part of the other. As for Vassos, he conceived such an inveterate hatred against Alexander, that not only that evening did he beg his master to allow him to send him after the miller, but was continually importuning him to suffer him to do so the first opportunity.

Leonidas, on witnessing this unexpected murder, hastily withdrew from the passage in company with Alexander, whom he found no difficulty in persuading that there was no *liason* between him and the Countess,

and that he was paying his addresses to her with the same object as himself: he also succeeded in making him believe, that having a communication to make to the Countess, she had consented to give him an interview from her chamber window at that hour, because there was no other opportunity, as her apartments were always thronged with visitors. And in order to lull him into perfect security, he devised a singular expedient by which he completely gulled the unsuspecting Alexander. He represented the Countess as an unprincipled coquette, whose only aim it was to make fools of all the young men in the place, and then to depart laughing in her sleeve at the ridiculous figure they would exhibit at being so easily taken in;—that Alexander and himself were specially marked out as her victims, because they were natives of the East, and not Europeans, like the rest of her male acquaintances. He moreover observed, that neither of them was jealous of the other, and it was simply a friendly contention as to which of them should gain the prize: they ought, therefore, to lay their heads together and baffle her schemes, by making a confidant of each other, and thus mutually further the progress each was making in her favour. From this moment the friendship of these two young men was cemented more strongly than ever.

Now, that the reader may be put in full possession of

the complicated nature of the machination purported against the Countess, we must acquaint him with a circumstance which mainly contributed to the furtherance of their designs. Alexander was, as we have mentioned elsewhere, the manager of a large mercantile establishment, and the particular favourite of the wife of the principal, who was a man of immense wealth, but coarse, vulgar, and illiterate : they had been married about seventeen years, but during this period, Catina, Anagnosta Agha, (which was the wife's name,) had never shown the slightest feeling of love for her unfortunate husband, although he was dotingly fond of her, and lavish in the sums he spent upon her. They had a marriageable daughter, but the mother was one of those who adopt the maxim, that life ought to be enjoyed while the heart is young and buoyant ; and under the pretext that she intended to bestow her daughter on Alexander, she scrupled not to appear with him in public on all occasions. No sooner had the Countess arrived in Smyrna, than she perceived the young man's growing attachment to that lady, and, determined to nip it in the bud, she used every effort to effect a breach between them. But all her attempts were ineffectual. On the other hand, the Countess, perceiving her object, used frequently to taunt Alexander on the subject in the presence of his acquaintances ; and he, puffed up with vanity, and attri-

buting the remarks of the Countess to a sentiment of jealousy, was not at all displeased. In the course of time these remarks, accompanied with many exaggerations, reached Catina's ears, and so provoked her, that she resolved on taking the most ample revenge, and forcing her insolent rival to leave the city, overwhelmed with shame. Catina, be it observed, was a woman who despised every thing that society said regarding her reputation, and cared therefore as little about what might be said respecting her project, and therefore, whether it was honourable or disgraceful, scrupled not to put it into execution.

Her scheme was as follows. At one of the balls which was given at the English Institution, and at which neither Alexander nor Leonidas were present, she became personally acquainted with the Countess, and politely invited her and her nephew to spend the following week at her country residence, a beautiful estate situated at Coucloudja, to which she herself immediately repaired at the conclusion of the ball, and next morning sent Alexander the following letter :

“MY DEAREST ALEXANDER,

“It grieves me to see how wretched you are in consequence of your unsuccessful efforts to make a conquest of one who is making you the laughing-stock of

the whole city. Having, as you well know, frequently exerted myself in your behalf on different occasions, I am still disposed to aid you in this affair, and prove to you that I alone am your true friend. Come, then, and see me for an hour, and I will tell you how I can promote your views. I shall expect you in the course of the evening at my country-house.

“Yours, as you truly know,

“CATINA.”

Alexander, on receiving this letter, immediately communicated its contents to his friend Leonidas, and the latter, at a loss to conceive the nature of the project this unprincipled woman was concocting, urged Alexander to lose no time in learning the particulars. Alexander accordingly hurried off to Coucloudja, and on his return confessed to Leonidas the whole plot: he told him that the Countess had been invited to spend a few days at Catina's country-house, and that the latter had given him the key of a private door which opened into the bed-room that was to be assigned to the Countess, so that he could enter her apartment unobserved in the dead of night. But as the unsuspecting Alexander had no idea of the kind of connection that subsisted between Leonidas and the Countess, and as they had mutually agreed to participate in whatsoever advantage one or the

other might obtain, he proposed they should go together.

Now, that the Countess might have no cause for suspicion by Alexander's appearing to have been invited, it had been agreed he should enter the house through the garden, when every one had retired to rest. But the object of this infamous woman was far different from what Alexander anticipated, which was to force the Countess to leave the city overwhelmed with shame and confusion. She had therefore premeditated to fasten the door on the outside the moment Alexander had entered the room, and then to rouse her servants from their beds, and by their means prove the guilt of the Countess to the numerous visitors that were staying at her house. And as the people of this city were ever prone to listen to scandal, without caring to inquire whether it was correct or not, it was evident that any accusation that could be fastened upon the unhappy Countess would be readily credited, and that she would fall a victim to the wickedness of this artful woman.

The reader will now clearly understand what gave rise to the conversation that took place between these two young men at the theatre the overnight, and the apparently mysterious meaning of these words: "She must think it very singular indeed to have captivated

two Greeks, both equally fascinated with her beauty, and to find that their friendship, notwithstanding, continues unabated. Hark-ye, Alexander, time is precious. In three months her departure from this place is positively decided upon. Attend now, and let us by no means put off our contemplated design at Coucloudja; Catina has promised us her aid, and, with her co-operation, success is certain."

In addition to his other failings, it should be observed that Alexander had the great weakness of not being able to keep a secret. At first, it is true, he was acting for his own ends, but wishing to have an ally who should share with him in the odium of exposure in case he should not succeed, he could not refrain from making Leonidas privy to his intentions. On hearing of this infamous scheme, Leonidas was shocked; he readily perceived to what a pitch of diabolical wickedness this unprincipled woman would proceed. His alarm was further increased by his knowledge of the vanity of Alexander, which would be gratified at the report that he had been found in the bed-room of the Countess at night, accompanied, as it probably would be, with the belief that she had yielded to his importunities.

To frustrate her views and avert the mischief that would otherwise ensue, Leonidas, after this, never suf-

ferred Alexander to be out of his sight until the day appointed had arrived when the Countess was expected at Coucloudja; and thus, under the pretence of conferring with him from day to day on the measures to be adopted in the pursuit of their design on the Countess, he contrived to obtain information of every fresh movement on the part of Catina.

By following out this course Leonidas would unquestionably have over-reached his friend; but an unexpected incident intervened, which dissevered their interests, and induced Alexander to conspire against his friend.

A suspicion existed in the heart of the Grand Vizir that Leonidas was in league with the Mufti, and plotting his downfall; he had also heard that two of the heirs of Kiatipoglos still survived, that they were living somewhere in Smyrna, and that Leonidas held secret communications with them. He therefore despatched to that city one of his emissaries, a man on whose fidelity he could rely, whose name was Ali Effendi, as Commander of the Turkish Patrol, and in this capacity to procure all the information he could respecting this affair, and if in the course of his inquiries he should discover there were the slightest grounds for this report, to make them prisoners and send them to Constantinople.

Ali Effendi, perceiving the intimacy that prevailed between Leonidas and Alexander, and having tried, but ineffectually, all other means to discover their place of abode, had recourse to Alexander, thinking that by tampering with him he might turn this friendship to account, and gain his object. Watching his opportunity, he one day in the previous week met Alexander just as he had parted from his friend, and accosting him in the street, invited him to his house to take a cup of coffee, and then commenced a conversation about Leonidas ; in the course of which he told him that his friend had fallen under the displeasure of the Grand Vizir, who suspected that in visiting the Consular residence so often he was sacrificing the interests of the Sublime Porte, and betraying the secrets of Government ; and he gave him to understand that it would give him very great pleasure to hear that Leonidas was recalled, and Alexander himself appointed to the post he was now filling ; adding, that in all probability in a very short time he would afterwards be promoted to the Governorship of Smyrna.

The idea of being the ruler of the city, and appearing of so much consequence in the eyes of the Countess as Governor of Smyrna, was quite enough to turn the head of this weak and silly young man ; wherefore, to ingratiate himself into the good-will of Ali Effendi, who he

had the vanity to think would recommend him to the special notice of the Grand Vizir, he showed Ali Effendi the letter his mother had sent to Leonidas, and which he had found in his friend's bed-room, in the manner described in the second volume. Ali Effendi read the contents, and finding that Alexander knew neither the relationship of the writer with Leonidas, nor anything about his family, carefully abstained from touching on this subject, but confined his inquiries solely to the transactions in which Leonidas was engaged. Among other questions, he wished particularly to know if Alexander was aware whether Leonidas was on terms of intimacy with any Ottoman. Alexander replied that he had never met with any one at his house. All he knew was, that very often on parting at night, either on coming out of the theatre or on leaving the Countess's hotel, Leonidas would on dark and rainy nights go home under the pretence of going to bed, and afterwards leave home, well armed, and, accompanied by a man for his better security, repair to the Ottoman quarter of the town. How he came to know this was, that being jealous, and suspecting that Leonidas came out of his house afterwards for the purpose of visiting the Countess clandestinely, he had watched him on various occasions, and followed him unobserved.

This was enough for Ali Effendi, whose belief was

that Leonidas had no other object in visiting this quarter than that of meeting and consulting in secret with the heirs of Kiatipoglos. He then inquired of Alexander whether at any time he had had the curiosity to follow his friend to any particular house in that district. Alexander said, that every time he followed him he went into a different house, and therefore he imagined he was carrying on an intrigue with a Turkish lady, who, to avoid observation, met him at different houses.

Had this conversation with Ali Effendi happened a week or two earlier, Alexander would not have been so precipitate as to have communicated to Leonidas the plan devised by Catina, and made him his coadjutor. But as the latter was now as fully acquainted with the details as himself, he considered it would be impolitic to break off abruptly with him. He therefore, under the appearance of sincerity, continued to act in concert with Leonidas, and by this means gave him no cause to suspect that he and Ali Effendi were plotting to deprive him of his post.

Ali Effendi, however, took care during this explanation not to utter a single syllable in allusion to the treasure on account of which Alexander's father had suffered so much from the Vizir's cruelty. He contented himself with recommending him to keep his eye upon Leonidas,

and if any evening he should observe him leaving his house as usual, to come and apprise him of it ; saying, that they would then follow his track, and apprehend him in the first house he should enter ; and immediately he should succeed him in his duties.

Accordingly, that same evening, on leaving the theatre where the two friends had matured their plan for the next day, Alexander, seeing that the night was tempestuous, watched Leonidas home, and observing him come out shortly afterwards, he hurried off to the neighbourhood of Fasula, where Ali Effendi was staying, and told that officer, who, on receiving this intelligence, marched with his men to the Mannas-Alani, for the purpose of intercepting Leonidas. It was at the entrance into this square, the reader will please to recollect, that Leonidas had separated from Vassos. This was his usual custom whenever he had occasion to pass through any place of which he had any suspicion, preferring to encounter any danger alone, and be taken, rather than run the hazard of its being known that he was accompanied by a criminal such as Vassos, whose name and previous character were notorious, particularly as the Vizir had not the slightest conception that he retained such an individual in his service. On their separating, the light which Leonidas carried was extinguished by a gust of wind, and Ali Effendi, concluding from its

sudden disappearance that Leonidas had taken another direction, advanced with Alexander and his men, who dispersed themselves all over the square to cut off his retreat. But perceiving the shadow of a human figure in the dark, and not knowing whether it was Leonidas or his companion, Ali Effendi ordered one of his subordinates, who was acquainted with Leonidas personally, to ascertain who he was and where he was going; adding, that if it was Leonidas, he was to permit him to proceed on his way, but if his companion, to take him into custody and march him off to prison, where, by the infliction of the torture, it was his intention to force a confession from him of the pursuits in which his master was engaged. Ali Effendi had previously given orders to his men, that if they saw Leonidas, they were to watch the house into which he entered, and then to make him their prisoner, but at the same time strictly cautioned them against doing any injury either to him or any of the inmates.

That same evening, prior to his going to the theatre, Leonidas had received from Constantinople the letter which he read on his return home, and which caused him to exclaim, "I must have revenge!" It was from his mother:—it contained a notification of the intended marriage of Neocles with Malamatenia, and the opposition of the Grand Vizir, who, in his desire to secure

Malamatenia for his harem, would not suffer her to leave Constantinople. This letter was dated the day before the death of Lady Gordon.

When Leonidas was convinced that Alexander was in company with Ali Effendi on the previous night, he was harassed by a crowd of suspicions. Alexander had, it is true, made him the depositary of his most secret thoughts, but he had done so because he could not keep a secret: he had also made him his friend, but their common interest was the motive. And though Leonidas was perfectly aware Alexander would sacrifice every thing to gratify his vanity, he could not persuade himself that he could penetrate his secret, and discover the object for which he was staying at Smyrna. This was the cause of Leonidas having been plunged into such a labyrinth of thought after having made his escape from the patrol who had waylaid him; but whether it was so or not, he determined for the future to be on his guard, and gradually loosen the connexion. At the same time he wrote a letter to the Countess, detailing the plot that was in contrivance against her at Coucloudja, and advising her to decline the invitation under the plea of being unwell: he also informed her that in the evening he would send his caïque to convey her to Bournaba, where he would meet her and recount the particulars, and trusted she would

be persuaded to leave Smyrna. This was the purport of the letter he had despatched by Dai Vassos to Madame Hoban's hotel.

The Countess, meantime, had discovered that her rival was the young and beautiful Adèle; but the general euloguims she heard passed upon the character of this lady, convinced her that she was a woman of unimpeachable virtue. The Countess was shrewd and penetrating, and from her own experience, knew that it was impossible for Adèle to remain for any considerable length of time insensible to the graceful figure of Leonidas, because the disparity in years between her and her husband was so obvious, that it would become painful, and indeed intolerable, the moment any incident arose to disturb, ever so little, their present harmony. But it was a question whether this would ever happen, and there were many reasons to prove it would not. In the first place, Adèle belonged to a Catholic family in very humble circumstances, and the Consul, whether inspired by a philosophical crotchet, or whether he was more elevated than ordinary,—for he could not have been prompted by any feeling of love, as he had had no previous acquaintance with her,—one evening, at the door of her house, coolly asked her whether she was willing to accept the hand of an old man; and as she answered in the affirmative, the very next day she became his wife.

Thus was she suddenly raised from a very humble position in life to a rank which put her on a level with the highest ladies of the place. And hence, independently of the duties she owed as a wife, she was also imbued with a deep sense of gratitude towards him, and this feeling could not be superseded by any other so long as it was rooted in her heart.

Although Adèle had neither been brought up in the magnificent halls of the great, nor had received the advantages of a polite education at school, (for what she knew she had gathered from the bosom of her family,) yet, on being elevated to a lofty position as the wife of a representative of the Imperial Court of Austria in this city, which was so much frequented by travellers, and whose harbour was crowded by European ships, she was at no loss how to act, nor was she at all confused, as another so suddenly elevated might have been: possessed of taste and discrimination, and endowed by nature with a ready perception which is not always the gift of experience, she saw at once what her situation required, and conducted herself accordingly.

The Countess very closely examined the elements of her position one by one, and perceived that the intimacy subsisting between the Consul and Leonidas gave the latter frequent opportunities of being in her company, and she also found that his engaging manners and

numerous accomplishments had made a very favourable impression, and produced that feeling which we at first call friendship, but which in the end becomes one of a very dangerous tendency.

The Countess, however, was very far from knowing the important interests which detained Leonidas in the city. She was totally unacquainted with the nature of his present position. She only recollected the splendour in which he lived when he was in Italy, at a time when he was liberally supplied by his father, who was then alive; and being ignorant of the change that had taken place in his circumstances, her sole object was to detach him from Smyrna, and carry him with her to her own country. But Adèle, in her opinion, was the magnet that detained him,—the impediment to her views. She therefore set about a plan by which she hoped to lower the character of Leonidas in the estimation of Adèle.

Leonidas had received an invitation to the ball, but as it was to take place on the evening that had been appointed for him and the heirs of Kiatipoglos to make their researches, he was unable to be of the party. His absence was lamented by the whole of the company, and became the topic of conversation, and many were the inquiries as to what could be the cause, and whether it was probable he would come or not. Adèle, who had

not seen him for several days, did not, it is true, openly exhibit any interest in these inquiries, but her eyes were involuntarily directed towards the door every time it opened.

The Countess, meanwhile, watched every movement, and as she sat close to her side, took an opportunity of addressing her in the course of the evening, and spoke about Leonidas. Having fixed the attention of Adèle, she began telling several anecdotes about him during his residence in Italy. She said she knew him well when she was at Rome, and that he had seduced the affections of an architect's wife, and having prevailed upon her to elope with him to France, left the miserable creature to die of sorrow and regret.

The simple-minded Adèle was thunderstruck at hearing such a relation, and unconsciously got the Countess to go into the history of his early life: thereupon the artful Italian took her clue, and after describing Leonidas in the most glowing terms, accused him of failings, such as would deter any female, who had a due regard for herself, from wishing to cultivate his acquaintance. She told the Baroness, that underneath that pleasing exterior, those prepossessing manners, was concealed an inconstancy which rapidly forgot what was once the fondest object of his love,—that he took an infamous pleasure in sowing the seeds of disunion

between man and wife, and that he thought the greatest triumph he could achieve was to seduce the affections of a woman from her husband, and then to see the miserable creature the victim of his artifices at his feet. This account made a deep impression upon Adèle, and she was seized, in spite of herself, with an inexplicable melancholy that lasted all the evening. That same night, after leaving the ball when their attendant was so mysteriously knocked down, and the lantern extinguished, as she and the Consul were passing through the square Mannas-Alani, Adèle, on reaching home, had a dispute with her husband, for a reason which we shall afterwards learn, and withdrew to another room, but found it impossible to get any sleep. The account which she had so recently heard of the life and character of Leonidas, together with the eulogiums the Countess had so artfully introduced, coincided in every respect with the ideas she herself had formed of this young man, and was calculated to inspire feelings anything but satisfactory or pleasant.

In addition to what she had heard from the Countess's lips, was an anecdote that was told her respecting the Countess, and which made her most anxious to see Leonidas, and mention it to him.

It so happened that the Captain of an English corvette was among the company at the ball: on seeing the

Countess, he was satisfied she was the same individual on whose account a duel at taken place in an hotel at Naples, between a Greek and an Italian; (he was the Captain who commanded the brig that conveyed Lady Gordon and her husband to Italy;) and recognizing the Countess, mentioned the circumstance to his old friend the Consul, who afterwards, as he never kept anything secret from his wife, communicated it to her. Adèle therefore ardently longed for the next day, in order to acquaint Leonidas with what she had heard; but as Leonidas had not visited the Consular residence for three days (a most unaccountable omission), she resolved, as a friend, to write to him. She therefore sat down and wrote several letters, but not one of them was to her mind. At length she composed the one we have seen.

The Consul was about to give a grand entertainment to the Austrian Admiral, and in speaking about the guests, the Baroness inquired whether Leonidas had been invited. The Consul replied that he had not sent him a formal invitation, but that he purposed to call on Leonidas and ask him in person. Adèle observed that the usages of polite society required that the invitation should be given the day previous, and that she feared Leonidas would decline coming, as it was well known he was very punctilious on that subject; but the Consul

assured her that any formality of this kind was superfluous.

Adèle left her husband, and went into another room, just as the saleswoman called to see whether she was inclined to purchase any of the articles she had for disposal. Adèle then gave her the letter for Leonidas, telling her it was merely an invitation. But the suspicious manner in which it was given, and the trembling of her hand, gave the old woman reason to suspect that the letter was of a far different character. On the saleswoman leaving the house, Adèle repented of what she had done, and sent one of her domestics to call her back ; but it was too late, for the old woman was already out of sight.

In Smyrna and in Constantinople there is no regular post by means of which you can forward a communication to your friend, knowing that he will receive it at a stated time. You are therefore obliged to have recourse to some person, if you desire to send a billet-doux. Now this person is selected from among certain elderly females, who have the privilege of entering into people's houses under the pretext of exhibiting the articles they have for sale ; and who, while the mother is busily engaged in examining her stock, and in selecting what she intends to purchase, privately slips the note into the hands of the daughter, who is previously prepared by

some signal, such as a nod or a wink. And as it is quite a common custom for these letter-carriers, with a view of ingratiating themselves into the favour of those who employ them, and of obtaining presents greater than they would perhaps otherwise receive, to amuse them with exaggerated or fictitious anecdotes, both of the persons from whom they have received letters and of those to whom they have delivered them, no transaction can long remain a secret ; for no sooner is it told to one, than it is known to the whole city.

There is also another point which we must explain to our reader, so that he may be put in full possession of the scenes that were passing. Although the Countess Petrovik was at the ball with Adèle, yet in the conversation of Mil, the tavern-keeper, with Leonidas and Alexander, it was asserted by Mil that she was at home, and that Roboli was at her house. The explanation of this seeming contradiction will be hereafter given in its proper place, when we shall meet with this character, of whom we know nothing at present.

Leonidas read the letter several times with great care, and was pleased to find there were no faults in its style, composition, or orthography ; its correctness, in fact, raised her still higher in his estimation. Would, then, his admiration for her have been lowered, had it

been otherwise? certainly not; but it is worthy of remark, that the first time we receive a letter from an individual in whom we take an interest, we cannot help making these observations, as though we were desirous of drawing from it an entire and perfect likeness of the writer.

Having perused it, he put it into his pocket, and throwing off his morning gown, put on his coat and was preparing to go out, when one of the domestics announced that the Austrian Consul was waiting in the apartment below, and wished to see him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MESMERIST.

LEONIDAS immediately hastened down stairs, accompanied by his faithful Castor, and found his visitor sitting in a large mahogany rocking-chair, busily engaged in examining a small silver article he had taken from the table. He wore a dark blue dress coat, with a velvet collar of the same colour and large gold buttons, on which were neatly impressed the arms of the Austrian Empire, a white vest, a black cravat, and a pair of white duck trousers. He was seated with one leg over the other, which he held in his hand, so as to expose a pair of short cloth boots and his cream-coloured silk stockings. On his head was a military cap, encircled with a gold band and adorned with a gold tassel.

On entering the room, Leonidas walked up to the Consul, who did not alter his attitude, but put out his hand most cordially, saluting him with —

“Bon jour, cher Leonidas; what has been the matter with you? I could not tell whether you were among the living or the dead, for it is three whole days since you called upon us. You were not even present at the ball last night; so conjecturing you must be ill, I have done myself the pleasure of making you a morning visit. Ma petite Adèle too, was quite uneasy on your account, and has desired me à vous faire ses compliments.”

“I am exceedingly obliged to Madame la Baronne, and also to your Excellency, for your anxiety in my behalf,” replied Leonidas; “but I am happy to say,” continued he, with a faint smile, “that I was neither unwell nor dead; my absence was unavoidable. An official affair, of an important kind, has occupied the whole of my time, and deprived me of the pleasure of seeing you.”

“But why were you absent from Roboli’s ball last night, Leonidas? how is it you did not avail yourself of that occasion? Your absence, I do assure you, was felt as a great disappointment, and threw a considerable damp upon the gaiety of the company. There was not a lady or gentleman present who did not inquire whether you were coming; at what time you were

expected ; and why you had not come. Never in my life did I see so much interest manifested for a young man, as I then witnessed in the inquiries they made about you. But such is the character of the good folks of Smyrna ; get into their good graces, and you are praised to the very skies. But should an individual have the misfortune to offend them, *mon Dieu !* what a life he will have to lead, unless he makes his exit pretty rapidly from the city. But, my dear friend, you cannot conceive the loss you have sustained. It is a thousand pities you should have missed seeing Sir Sydney Smith, the Captain of an English man-of-war. Oh ! had you been there, I should have introduced you to him. Ah ! *mon Dieu ! qu'il est savant, cet homme-là !* I have never met any one that can be compared to him for knowledge ; he is a wonderful man : he has *tant d'esprit*, so much sagacity, and experience of the world, that I am sure you would have been transported with his company. He has more of the character of the Frenchman than of an Englishman : he has also the vivacity, *toute la légèreté de cette belle nation*, for he lived several years at Paris. The misfortune is that he will remain only a few days in Smyrna ; because the day after to-morrow he sails for Egypt. *C'est un caractère extraordinaire : un caractère qu'on doit respecter.* He can converse upon any subject, whether political, judicial, commercial, or

military. Nothing comes amiss, il connait toutes les choses du monde ; he is a peripatetic newspaper ; he will tell you what is under a stone before you turn it up : you must see him, and when you come to know him, you will be delighted with him. I have invited him to-day to dinner, and I shall introduce you to him ; for to tell you the truth, I have spoken to him about you, and did not forget to tell him what a wonderfully clever fellow you are."

"I have again to thank your Excellency : you are always so kindly disposed towards me, that I cannot find terms adequate to the expression of my gratitude. Indeed, I should very much like to become acquainted with him, because I have no doubt, from your description, that he is a very amiable gentleman. Your Excellency has such exquisite perception and such excellent taste, that were I blind, I should not hesitate to coincide in every thing that meets your approbation."

"Yes, I can boast of having some little taste, and can do so without a blush ; and as a proof of it, voilà, ma petite Adèle. Now be frank, and tell me, do you think, with all your youth and accomplishments to boot, you could have made a better choice, if, indeed, you could have made so good a one. Among all the ladies into whose company you have ever been thrown, have you ever seen one that is at all comparable to her in her

beauty, amiability, and kindliness of disposition? And it is my ardent prayer, my dear Leonidas, that when you make choice of a partner for life, you may be as fortunate as I have been. Mais revenons à nos moutons. Now, listen to me, and I will relate to you a laughable incident that occurred last night;—it was as good as a play. Sir Sydney had given me an account of a certain manuscript on Animal Magnetism, which M. Deleuze, Professor of Natural History, and Librarian of the Jardin des Plantes, had published about two years ago at Paris. It is said to be a most extraordinary work, for it solves a multitude of doubts, and furnishes society with a novel method of diving into the secret thoughts of a human being. Vous savez bien, mon ami, that there are individuals who have succeeded, by means of magnetism, in curing various disorders which have hitherto been deemed incurable. For, instance, M. Dupotet, last year, cured Josephine Martineau d'une chronique gastrique; M. Foissac operated on Anne Bourdin, who had been afflicted for fifteen years with violent pains in the head; and the same Monsieur Dupotet dans l'Hotel Dieu, cured another patient of a similar complaint. In short, the world has at length discovered that the unfortunate and much-calumniated Mesmer was not a visionary, as it supposed him to have been, and now

acknowledges that he was right, and that he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the doctrines he preached and taught. Two years ago an academy was founded by Messieurs Motte, Double, Marcc, Fouquier, and others, and the truth of this extraordinary discovery was confirmed by repeated experiments. Sir Sydney assured me Monsieur Deleuze had, by the aid of this science, cured people of pains in the head. Now you know, Leonidas, that ma petite Adèle has suffered much for some months past from a severe headache, which at times plunges her into an unaccountable melancholy. The whole of the evening while she was at the ball she was so troubled with her complaint that we left much earlier than we should otherwise have done.

“Now I must tell you what happened to us afterwards. As we were returning home,—you know what a devilish bad night it was,—and had just reached the square Mannas-Alani, some evil-disposed rascal came stealthily behind us, broke the lantern our servant was carrying, and knocked the poor fellow down with such a blow that he was seriously bruised, and is now incapable of stirring from his bed. Ma petite Adèle was terribly frightened, and it was with much difficulty that she was prevented from fainting. ‘A la bonne heure, the patrol happened to be on the spot, and the officer in command was kind enough to let a detach-

ment of his men escort us the remainder of the way.

“Well, now I must tell you, the moment we got indoors, the idea came into my head that I would make an experiment of this science, and see whether I could not by its means cure my wife of this terrible complaint. But, my God! these women of Smyrna are as superstitious as nuns:—would you believe it?—she actually thought I was going to perform some detestable diabolical operation, and it was utterly impossible to persuade her to the contrary. Her obstinacy, I must confess, somewhat ruffled my temper, and I got angry, and the consequence was we had a few words that ended in our sleeping in different apartments. However, I shall take an early opportunity of giving her to understand that she has not the slightest reason in the world to be alarmed: I must Mesmerize her, for she is very restless at night, and frequently talks in her sleep about what has happened in the day, and to her friends as though they were present, mentioning their names, sometimes yours, sometimes the Countess’s, and many others. Yes, I shall Mesmerize her; and you shall be present, and shall be the first to witness the wonderful effects of the application of this extraordinary science. I shall afterwards put several questions to her, and shall ask her how she feels disposed towards me, and you will be

convinced, from the confession of her own lips, how sincerely she loves me."

"There is no doubt, Monsieur le Consul, that Madame la Baronne cherishes the most unexceptionable feelings towards you; but if you would take my advice, you would select any other individual than Madame for your first experiment. Something unpleasant might occur, and ——"

"This science, I tell you, Leonidas, is perfectly harmless in its effects. It may be safely applied to children of the most tender age, or pregnant women, and old people of either sex, and even to patients in the last stage of consumption. It may do good, but it can do no harm. What a pity it is that poor Mesmer is not alive to witness the glorious halo that encircles his name. Yes, those learned and scientific institutions which at one time would not condescend to notice the communication he made to them of this discovery,—those very institutions, I say, are now endeavouring to surpass each other in their efforts to propagate and establish this science. The intrigues of the Jesuits forced him to fly from Vienna: he repaired to Paris, and had to undergo the same fate as other eminent men whose discoveries were at first either discredited or turned into ridicule. He suffered equally with Columbus, who was looked upon as a madman when he spoke of the existence of a

New World. Galileo, who introduced and elucidated the veritable system of the universe, and Harvey, who for thirty years maintained the fact of the circulation of the blood, were both considered visionary enthusiasts, and died neglected. Well may Austria be proud of the glory of having produced such a man, whose discoveries, in after times, when we are dead and gone, will lend fresh attractions to the study of the human mind and its operations."

"I think I understand your Excellency's meaning. You admire Mesmer for having turned his attention to this science, which was known to our ancestors, and written upon by many authors, centuries before he was born."

"Your ancestors! known to your ancestors!—well, that is good again. And so your ancestors have the credit also of having discovered this science. I tell you what, my good fellow," exclaimed the Consul, starting from his seat in his excitement, "I verily do believe that if a discovery were to be made where God is, you would also assert and maintain that that was also known to your ancestors."

"It is true, your Excellency, that we have no works upon animal magnetism transmitted to us from the ancients, but it is more than probable that such works once existed in the Alexandrian library, and perished

with many others when the Arabs burnt and destroyed that famous collection. But that magnetism was known to the ancients, and practised by them, admits of no doubt; because it is recorded that the Magi, the Hierophants, and Gymnosophists, who were admired and honoured for their learning, used to heal disorders by the touch, by gesticulations, and the movements of the hands and eyes: if these cures were not effected by means of magnetism, in what other way are they to be explained? How otherwise will you solve the mysteries of Eleusis, of Memphis, and of Samothrace, hitherto inexplicable, and therefore considered fabulous? Herodotus says that Cræsus, wishing to be satisfied of the veracity of the Oracle at Delphi, sent to it to inquire what he should be doing on a certain day. The answer was —

‘ I count the sand, I measure out the sea;
The silent and the dumb are heard by me:
E’en now the odours to my sense that rise,
A tortoise boiling with a lamb supplies,
Where brass below and brass above it lies.’

Cræsus was satisfied with this answer, and declared that it explained his employment at the stipulated time, when he had cut in pieces and boiled, in a vessel of brass, a tortoise and a lamb.”

“Then you would have us to believe that the whole system of the heathen mythology was based on mag-

netism, for that is the inference we must draw from your arguments," replied the Consul, laughing heartily at the conceit.

"Hippocrates, your Excellency, Hippocrates says that every affection the body feels is clearly and distinctly visible to the mind, that sees with, as it were, closed eyes. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, healed those that suffered from the spleen by rubbing them slowly, and for a considerable time, on the affected parts. Apollonius Thyaneus was possessed of a talisman by means of which he was enabled to cure people subject to epilepsy. Plato says that Aristides became every day a wiser man in consequence of his living under the same roof with Socrates. Then there is the demon of Socrates, that mysterious voice which deterred him from the commission of evil. I adduce these examples, and I am sure your Excellency knows whether they belong to mythology or to history."

"Well, for the life of me I can't think how the devil it is you can recollect such a host of names and authorities," exclaimed the Consul, slapping his hand on his knee with great energy. "Mais tenez, cher Leonidas. I do not say that magnetism itself might not have come down to us from the ancients, because, if you carry your researches still further, you will find that traces of it are to be found among the Egyptians and the Jews. You

know, my dear fellow, I like to provoke you into a discussion, and that is the reason, and the only reason, I occasionally oppose your arguments. At all events, you will admit that its application in modern times, until very lately, was unknown. And therefore did I say that we were highly indebted to Mesmer, who was the first to make it public. 'A propos, I see we shall have this evening at my house un cabinet des savans; we shall have quite an intellectual treat. It is impossible to be many minutes in the company of Sir Sydney without being plunged over head and ears into the very depths of discussion. I shall take his view of the question, because he is a foreigner; and so you must not be angry or surprised if I come out a little in the spirit of antagonism, and oppose your argument. Now I think of it, I forgot to tell you we shall have a dinner party, and you must join us. Dinner will be on table at four precisely, and if you are five minutes behind time, you shall go without, or have cold soup served up in a cold plate."

"I am exceedingly sorry, your Excellency, that it is utterly out of my power to accept of your kind invitation, because an urgent affair requires my personal superintendence."

"Such excuses won't do for me. I am not to be put off in that manner. I tell you it is more utterly impos-

sible to dispense with your company — ah! I have guessed the reason of your refusal. You are displeased because you have not had a more formal invitation, and think it disrespectful you had not a day or two's notice. Ma petite Adèle was right; she said you would make this a pretext for declining to come. But, my good fellow, there is no need of such ceremony between two friends like you and myself."

"On my honour, I can assure your Excellency that such a thought never entered into my head. Believe me, I should be ashamed to plead any such excuse. I have an important matter to attend to,—a business which I cannot put off till to-morrow."

At this moment a servant made his appearance at the door, and desired to speak a few words in private to his master. Leonidas requested permission to leave the room for a few moments, and the Consul, to amuse himself in the mean time, called Castor to his side.

Vassos had returned with the letter his master had given him, and on giving it back, said he had not been able to deliver it to the Countess, for on arriving at her hotel, he had been informed that she had left it about two hours ago, and had gone to Coucloudja.

This information threw Leonidas into considerable embarrassment, and he ordered Vassos, without loss of

time, to take one of the horses and ride to that place, and there wait till he came himself. He also directed the other domestics, that should Alexander call in the mean time, to tell him that he was obliged to go out on business, and that he should be at home at seven in the evening without fail.

No sooner had Leonidas given these instructions to his servants, than he was alarmed by loud outcries proceeding from the apartment in which he left the Consul, accompanied by the angry barking of the dog. He flew up stairs, and on entering the room, found Castor standing upright on his hind legs, and having his two fore paws resting on the Consul's shoulders, growling at him, and threatening to bite him.

"Down with you, Castor," bawled Leonidas, "down, sir," and seizing the dog with the rapidity of thought, gave him a kick with all his strength. "Down, sir, how dare you; are these your manners?" Then, turning to the Consul, he inquired what he had been doing to excite the animal.

"Castor, your Excellency, is not unfriendly towards you, he knows you well. How was it he came to attack you? you must have been much terrified;—you are very pale;" and so saying, he rang the bell for one of the servants to bring a glass of water.

"Yes, indeed I was, and to have such a huge beast

upon him, was enough to frighten any man," articulated the Consul, falling heavily upon his chair. "I will, however, lay a wager that your dog is highly susceptible, and could be easily Mesmerized. You know, Leonidas, that the brute creation can be Mesmerized; they have applied it even to lions and tigers. But I don't know what the devil was the matter with the brute; I had no sooner commenced passing my hands across his eyes than he began quivering all over, and then rushed upon me as though he was going to tear me in pieces. Here, Castor," cried he, coaxing the dog; "Castor, poor fellow; come here, there's a good dog;" and the good-natured animal thereupon immediately got up, and, wagging his tail, ran up to the Consul.

"Now, Leonidas, hold him fast by the ears while I Mesmerize him, and you shall see how quickly I'll send him off to sleep."

"Leave the dog alone, Monsieur le Consul," said Leonidas, whose perplexity as to what he should do increased the more he thought of the Countess having started for Coucloudja. "He will not submit to be played with in this manner, and I do assure your Excellency, that when he is fairly excited, it is even beyond my power to control him."

"Take him by the two ears, and hold him by the

mouth between your legs,—he will not have it in his power to move ; only try, and you will see. Surely you don't think I am going to hurt him. Good God, my dear friend, I couldn't believe you would allow yourself to be so prejudiced, and refuse to oblige me in so small a matter for the sake of a dog."

"Pardon me, your Excellency, I am not prejudiced, nor do I refuse for the sake of the dog. But as you so particularly wish it, I will comply with your request, but you will find I am in the right, and the dog will not submit." So saying, Leonidas took hold of Castor, and placed him opposite, in the position the Consul required ; but the moment the latter commenced passing his hands before the dog's eyes the animal began to growl and bark, and at length, rendered savage, he tried to extricate himself from the grasp of Leonidas.

"Hold him tight ; don't let him go. See, his eyes begin to get heavy," cried the Consul ; but at that moment, by a violent effort to escape, the animal upset his master sprawling on the ground, and rushed howling out of the room.

"What a brute of a dog it is," exclaimed the Consul, laughing, and rising from his chair ; "but the next time I come I'll bet any wager I'll have him fast asleep in a quarter of an hour. Mais allons, mon ami, what a lovely day ; never was a finer one at this time of the

year,—a true spring day. What say you to a walk as far as the Baths of Diana? There is ample time for us to be there and back by three o'clock."

"It is very unfortunate, your Excellency, that I am obliged to decline the honour of accompanying you. You know the French maxim, 'Le service avant tout.'"

"Yes, and the Turkish one too, which says, 'Après les amusements, le service:' so whatever business you have to do, you can defer it till to-morrow; and if you persist in not accepting my invitation, I shall say the reason is that you are offended, and won't come."

Leonidas remained silent for some time, apparently buried in thought.

"Either to accept or decline an invitation to dinner, my friend, does not require much consideration."

"I was not considering about that, your Excellency, but how I could put off till to-morrow the business that ought to be done to-day."

"That is easily done. We will take our walk, you shall then dine at our house, and afterwards, as a matter of course, you will do that to-morrow which you have to do to-day."

An idea flashed across the mind of Leonidas.

"Do you propose riding or walking to the baths?" he inquired.

"As you please," replied the Consul; "but you know that when we walk out together, old as I am, I contrive to keep up with you very well; whereas I am but an indifferent rider compared with you."

"I will accommodate your Excellency in that respect; my horse shall go the same pace as yours," replied Leonidas, who rang the bell and ordered the horses to be led to the door.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RIDE.

IN proceeding through the narrow streets of the city, and until they reached the Bridge of Melis, the Consul led the way, followed a few paces behind by Leonidas, who was still occupied in considering how to act under the circumstances in which he was placed; but on reaching the opposite side of the river, Leonidas spurred his horse and came alongside the Consul, who, plunged in speculations of a different kind, had hitherto remained silent.

“Leonidas,” at length said he, beginning the conversation, “I wish I was of your age; what a number of fine things you are likely to see before you die. This is the age of discovery: Fulton has found out a method of traversing the seas against wind and tide, through

the means of steam; the Montgolfiers, of sailing through the air in a balloon; Newton a trouvé le latent différentiel et intégral, by the aid of which, architecture, mechanics, astronomy, and every other science, will in a short time assume an incredible phase. Napier has invented a system of numbers, under the name of logarithms, by means of which the most complicated and tedious calculations are effected with the greatest facility. And now we have animal magnetism, which in a short time will enable us to discover the most secret thoughts of others: every thing mysterious will be brought to light,—every man may know his neighbour's mind,—and we shall be enabled to be completely on our guard against the treacherous machinations of those who would injure us."

"Which of these roads will your Excellency take? one leads to Coucloudja, and the other to Boudja," asked Leonidas, interrupting the Consul in his philosophical harangue, on their arriving at a point where the two roads met.

"We will take the one to Boudja, because that road rises with a gentle ascent, and we shall have, as we proceed, a greater range of prospect. Below us we shall have a beautiful view of the Valley of St. Anne, when we arrive at the top; it is a view with which I am never tired."

“For my part,” returned Leonidas, “I prefer the road to Coucloudja. It is a shorter distance, and not so fatiguing; besides, the prospect from that hamlet is far superior to any that can be seen from Boudja. Below are the Baths of Diana, the harbour with all its vessels, and a large portion of the lower parts of the city. From this spot you command a beautiful view of a most extensive plain, with the villages of Bournaba, Bounarbashy, Hadjillary, and many others, and in the distance the Mountains of Meleméni, and a variety of other picturesque objects.”

“No, Leonidas, we will not go that road; I have seen those places many times; I prefer going to Boudja. I have a call to make on Dr. Zimbriman: he is a very learned man; you are acquainted with him, and we can pass a few minutes in his company in the most delightful conversation. Ah! if I can only prevail upon him to join our dinner party, I shall then be able to prove to Sir Sydney that this city is not so destitute of learned men as some people may imagine.”

Leonidas, seeing this frustration of all his plans, took out his watch.

“It is past twelve o’clock, your Excellency, and at the pace we are going, we shall not reach that village in less than an hour; it will take us another to return; and if we enter into conversation with the Doctor, three hours

will not be sufficient. We shall then be too late for dinner, and Madame la Baronne, not knowing what has become of us, will be rendered uneasy on account of our absence."

"We shall not stop more than a quarter of an hour; I merely wish to mention this book to him, and after I have done so, we will return immediately. Morbleu, Leonidas, I can't account for the strangeness of your behaviour. At other times you are so delighted with a little intellectual conversation; and now, what the devil is the matter with you? you are so perverse, and would avoid it as though it shocked your nerves."

"I do assure you, Monsieur le Consul, I am partial to conversation of an intellectual character, but——"

"Now none of your buts. Your heart, I see, is yearning towards Coucloudja; there is some sort of attraction that draws you there; ay, and very different from that of the picturesque scenery of the place," exclaimed the Consul, speaking in a loud tone, and laughing immoderately.

"I cannot conceive what your Excellency means."

"Well, well! say no more. We'll go to Coucloudja, since it is your wish; and I should be sorry to baulk it."

With these words, which were uttered in a tone of raillery, the Consul turned his horse's head towards that road.

"Yes," continued he, "your friend Alexander's chère amie, Catina, has, they tell me, a pleasant estate in that neighbourhood. I have never been there. Allons, we'll give her a call and take a glass of water."

Ignorant of what might be the ulterior object of the Consul, as conveyed in these significant words, Leonidas replied in a somewhat positive tone, that he wished to go to Boudja.

"And I," answered the Consul in a still more positive tone, at the same time shaking his head in token of the displeasure he felt at being contradicted, "I want to go to Coucloudja;" and so saying, he proceeded at once in that direction, leaving Leonidas to follow him in silence, while he himself continued his philosophical reflections.

As they were proceeding in this manner, suddenly they were startled by a noise which proceeded at a distance from behind them; and turning round they perceived a horseman riding after them at full gallop, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

The road in this part was so narrow, that there was scarcely room for two horses to go abreast.

"Quel diable d'homme est-ce?" muttered the Consul, reining in his horse and drawing aside to make way for the stranger. "Does he intend to ride over us? does he suppose he is charging a square of infantry?"

“It is Andrew, the Countess’s nephew,” observed Leonidas. “Where can he be going to, that he should be riding at such a furious rate?”

Leonidas was about to accost the young man, when the latter, recognizing him and his companion, made a sudden stop. His face was flushed with heat and hard riding, and he was covered with perspiration. Having made his salutations to the two gentlemen, he inquired whether they had seen his aunt, who, he told them, was in company with M. Roboli, and had, as he believed, taken that road.

“No,” replied Leonidas, surprised at hearing that the Countess was riding in company with Roboli; “but I know that your aunt had an invitation from Catina, to visit her at Coucloudja.”

“Yes, she was invited, but Monsieur Roboli offered us his horses for a ride to Boudja, telling us that he could show us some curiosities in that village, and promising to accompany us in the evening to Coucloudja. We had not proceeded far when my horse’s shoe fell off, and I was obliged to go back with my servant, to have a new shoe put on, my aunt and Monsieur Roboli promising to wait for me at the bridge. When we got to the farrier’s and the shoe was put on, the servant said that the horse was lame and could not proceed. So I went and hired this horse, and made all the haste I could; but when I

got to the bridge, I found they were gone; so I proceeded at once to Boudja, and to my surprise heard they had not been there at all. I am now returning to Coucloudja, where I suppose I shall find them."

Andrew's narrative immediately reminded Leonidas of the conversation that took place with Mil, the tavern-keeper, and particularly the words of the latter, when he said, that if they didn't mind what they were about, Roboli would supplant them both, and make them the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood. He recollected that Roboli was at Bournaba that very evening, and hence he concluded, that these two young men had concocted some scheme of which the Countess was to be the victim, and had therefore purposely contrived that the horse should throw his shoe, in order to get rid of Andrew, whose presence might prove an obstacle in their way. Leonidas accordingly recommended Andrew to proceed to Bournaba, telling him that Roboli had a country-house there, and it was more likely he would find her at that place than at Coucloudja.

Andrew thanked him for his advice, and clapping spurs to his horse, was soon out of sight.

"This Countess is a singular woman, Leonidas. She seems to me to have a mind to follow out the system of that philosopher who says, that women have a right to claim and enjoy the same privileges as men. She is

therefore unscrupulous as to appearances, and runs gadding about in the company of young fellows from morning to night. Some of these days she will suffer for her presumption, and will be compelled to leave Smyrna. She thinks she is in one of the cities of Europe, and forgets that she is in Turkey. I have frequently been tempted to remonstrate with her upon her indiscretion as a friend,—a liberty I thought I could take, as she came to my house with letters of introduction; but I was afraid of offending her, knowing, as I do, the haughtiness of her character, and the capriciousness of her temper. I thought it therefore best to let her have her own way. Yesterday I was told a number of anecdotes about her; I would repeat them to you, but I promised that treat to *ma petite Adèle*, who will not forget to avail herself of it the moment she sees you. But really, *Leonidas*, I do consider it your duty to speak plainly to her on this subject; you are in her confidence, and ought to acquaint her with the nature of the society of this place.”

“To tell the truth, *Monsieur le Consul*, I am equally averse with yourself to interfering in such a matter, for such uncalled-for interference might probably produce consequences that would affect both her and myself, and be attended with much unpleasantness.”

“*Je crois que vous avez raison*; but I certainly will

use my influence with *ma petite Adèle*, and get her to speak to the Countess upon the impropriety of her behaviour. Women can order these matters much better than men. *Mais après tout, c'est peu de chose.* She is surrounded by a parcel of young Greeks and Frenchmen, and it is the ambition of each party to triumph over the other by obtaining her favours, and so make themselves the talk of the whole town."

"It is surprising," said Leonidas, in manifest astonishment, "that you know everything that passes in the city."

"Yes, and I can tell you something more, if you have a mind to hear it," said the Consul, looking his companion earnestly in his face.

"What is that?"

"That you yourself have a hankering after the Countess, but you have the prudence to conceal it."

"I can assure your Excellency that you are deceived, and, indeed, very much deceived. I have a sincere friendship for her, but no other feeling."

"Your friendship for her is of that powerful nature that it draws you like a magnet wherever she goes. This is the reason you wished us to take the road to Coucloudja, because you know she has been invited there."

“Really your Excellency has a happy method of turning your knowledge to account,” observed Leonidas with a smile.

“Well, I think the only reason for your wishing to decline dining with us to-day is your desire of being where she is,—this is the business that you said was so urgent.”

“I am truly thankful that this conversation has taken place only between ourselves, for if any one else were present and overheard these jocular remarks, they would consider them in a more serious light, and I should become the talk of Smyrna.”

“Now don’t flatter yourself that this will go no further: I shall tell every thing I know to *ma petite Adèle*, and then both of us will have the laugh at you. Go on, my friend, go on; you are a young man, and have a fine career before you. When I was of your age, I cared for nothing but how to enjoy life.”

At these words Leonidas gave an involuntary start, and, buried in a series of thoughts, remained silent till they reached the village to which they were going.

On entering Coucloudja, they met Vassos, who had followed them at a distance.

“Let us alight from our horses, for the pavement is so miserably bad that I am afraid my horse will stumble.”

Accordingly they got off their horses, and beckoned to a peasant to take care of the animals, and lead them about.

“Well, shall we give Catina a call, and have a look at her house and grounds?” demanded the Consul, “for you know, Leonidas, I am always ready to comply with your wishes. I would rather not go myself, because, if she is at home, it is very likely she will invite us in, and endeavour to persuade us to stop a day or two. Now I do not wish *ma petite Adèle* to form any intimacy with this lady, who I am told is continually raising money on her jewels to supply the extravagance of your friend Alexander.”

“This is the first time during our acquaintance, *Monsieur le Consul*, that I ever heard you speak so plainly upon subjects of this kind ; I am at a loss to conceive from what quarter you have acquired so much information.”

“How should I acquire it but through the means of Mesmerism ? I have told you that this science imparts the power of discovering the secrets of the heart ; and you shall see, in the course of a few days, after I have made a few experiments, that my information will be such as to astonish you.”

These words made a deep impression on Leonidas, who could not help saying to himself, “Either this man dives deeper than I imagined into the affairs of this

community, or Adèle must have given him all this information."

"Monsieur le Consul, let us go into that coffee-house; it has a fine prospect, and we can smoke a narghilah." And presently the old Baron and Leonidas found themselves comfortably seated at the window of the coffee-house pointed out by the latter; the Consul talking upon a variety of grave topics, and Leonidas, on the rack of uneasiness, listening in silence. At length, finding a pretence, he escaped for a few minutes from the loquacious Consul, and descended into the room below, where he found Vassos waiting for him.

"Take the letter again, and wait a few paces distant from the door of Catina's residence, and when you see the Countess, give it into her own hands; but say nothing more than that I will see her in the morning. And as soon as you have delivered it, send me my handkerchief; I shall be at the Austrian Consul's house, and if I receive it, I shall be under no further apprehension."

"But the heirs of Kiatipoglos are at Sibdi-kïeu, and waiting to see your Honour. Your business with them ought to be attended to, and not to be neglected on account of a woman, or for the sake of a dinner with your friend. Your Honour will please to pardon my boldness,—but women are at any time plentiful as figs

whenever you want them. Recollect, your Honour, that the Vizir smells a rat, and you know very well that his suspicions are easily roused."

"You are right, Dai Vassos," replied Leonidas, with a heavy heart; "but it is impossible for me to avoid dining with the Consul. Patience for this night, and after to-morrow I promise to do everything I can to avoid seeing the Consul till the business is finally accomplished. Now go and do what I have told you."

"I will do whatever your Honour orders," said Vassos, who, taking the letter and the handkerchief, departed in a very melancholy mood on the errand on which he was despatched, muttering to himself, "There is something on my mind, and it tells me there is something wrong."

On Leonidas's return to the apartment in which he had left the Consul, the former reminded him that it was past two, and that it was time to depart.

"Then let us go," replied the latter. And having mounted their horses, they returned to Smyrna, philosophizing on the road.

On their arrival at Leonidas's house, the Consul waited about a quarter of an hour while the latter retired to his room to dress for dinner. They then walked together to the Consular residence.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DINNER.

ON their arrival, the Baron inquired for Adèle, and was informed that she was in her room, dressing. "Then I will go and change my dress also," said he; and retiring for that purpose, left Leonidas, who took up a book that lay on the table, and opening it, pretended to be reading it; but though he turned over the leaves, his thoughts were far from being occupied with their contents. He felt a secret dread, and an evil presentiment haunted his mind that he could not banish; his knees tottered, and his heart throbbed violently. Who has ever dwelt for any time in la belle Smyrne, and been impervious to the shafts of love? This city does not possess the magnificence, nor is it regulated by the rigid etiquette, of European towns; but to make

amends, it possesses the charms of nature, and is eminent for the bewitching simplicity of the ladies: it has an incomprehensible mixture of European and Eastern taste, so singularly blended that the European can scarcely persuade himself he is not in Europe, while the inhabitant of the East is in the full enjoyment of the manners and customs of his native place: in short, it has that enticing enchantment of the syrens which makes the traveller throw himself spontaneously into its waters, and hence the appellation it has obtained of *la belle Smyrne*. Leonidas had made the tour of Europe, and had mixed in all societies, without ever feeling this sensation. But he was fated to come to this city and lose his heart, on an occasion when he was burdened with official duties and the most anxious cares. And for whom? For the wife of his most intimate friend,—a woman whose virtue was unconquerable. But alas! he knew all this, and yet he could not master his passion. In this state of mind was he when Adèle entered the room.

Leonidas perceived her, but keeping his eyes upon the book, pretended he was not aware of her presence. Adèle, to rouse him from his abstraction, pulled the bell-rope rather violently for one of the servants. At this movement Leonidas rose from the chair in which he was sitting, and advancing towards the Baroness,

saluted her by taking her hand and pressing it respectfully.

“I did not expect we should have the honour of your company to-day, sir, because our invitation was rather late, and particularly as I know what an advocate you are for the observance of etiquette.”

Leonidas was about to open his lips in reply, when a female domestic entered the room, and inquired whether her mistress had rung the bell.

“Lower the blinds in the drawing-room, Francesca, the sun is so very powerful.”

While the servant is employed in this duty, we will take the opportunity of giving a description of the Baroness.

She was of middle size, but the slenderness of her figure was so perfect and proportionate, that she appeared rather taller than she really was. Her complexion was rather dark, but smooth and dazzling. Her eyes were small, black, and sparkling; but a habit of continually winking them tended to raise a suspicion that she was somewhat addicted to coquetry, or that it was either a defect, or that she did it purposely. However, it was done with so much simplicity, and with such sweetness, that it scarcely could fail in pleasing any one that sat opposite to her. Her forehead, which was as fair and transparent as alabaster, shed on her

physiognomy a serenity and a becoming decorum that captivated the heart of Leonidas, and drove him almost to the brink of madness. The smile of her rosy lips, and the beauty of her long and glossy tresses, were equally lovely and attractive. She was arrayed in the elegant costume peculiar to Smyrna. It consisted of a small Greek cap, richly embroidered with gold, placed sideways on the head, and surrounded with her hair, which was plaited into broad bands, and interspersed with gems: from the centre of this cap hung two long gold tassels. The upper part of her figure was encased in a *konto*, a sort of jacket, made of blue velvet, and embroidered with flowers in gold. The sleeves, which were broad, hung from the shoulders, and fell behind, leaving the arms plainly visible under the ample sleeves of her chemisette, which was formed of a beautiful fabric of the finest texture, the habit-shirt and lace of which were of that exquisite and elaborate embroidery peculiar to the workmanship of Smyrna.

“You were saying, madame,” observed Leonidas, as soon as the servant had withdrawn, “that you thought I should decline coming. To tell you the truth, I had business which ought to have occupied my time the whole of this day; but as you had the goodness to send me this invitation in writing, I could not do

otherwise than sacrifice everything to the pleasure of availing myself of it."

"I wrote you that letter," replied Adèle, blushing, "because I know that my husband, when he goes out to invite a friend, frequently falls into conversation upon other matters, and forgets to ask him."

"And yet, madame, that letter, trifling in itself as it may appear, will be to me the dearest memento that I can hope to possess, as coming from you."

"Ah! I understand you, sir," exclaimed the Baroness with a smile; "you would upbraid me for neglecting to pay you the wager I lost, as you suppose. You think I ought to have made you the purse, but I have to tell you, sir, that it is you who have lost the wager."

"Indeed, madame!"

"You recollect that our wager was in reference to the Countess's age."

"Exactly so, madame."

"You said she was hardly twenty-five. I contended she was more than thirty. Now there is an English Captain, Sir Sydney Smith, who knew her very well at the time she was at Naples. He lodged at the same hotel as she did; he declares that she was then twenty-eight,—and that is now more than three years ago."

"He knew her at Naples," murmured Leonidas, feeling uneasy at this information.

“Yes, he knew her well; and there was a circumstance that took place at the time which made him curious to learn her exact age, and the particulars of her life.”

“Proceed, I pray, madame.”

“The history of this lady is of a very romantic character, and would afford many surprising incidents for a novel. She is very luxurious and very eccentric. Among her other eccentricities, she is in the habit of taking a milk bath, for the purpose of rendering her skin soft and fair, and of concealing her years.”

“A milk bath!” exclaimed Leonidas, laughing aloud at the conceit, “Why she must consume every morning more than all the rest of the inhabitants of the city put together.”

“The beauty of it is, that after it has been used it is sold again at a lower price; so that it is not altogether lost to the city. Who knows whether you and I, in our ignorance, may not have used some of it!”

“Disgusting!” said Leonidas; “the very thought of it is sickening.”

“It is, however, true, because Sir Sydney said so; and Madame Hoban, of the hotel in which she resides, confirms it. I therefore keep goats, because I am afraid to have a drop of milk that is sold out of doors. This is a sample, as I told you, of her luxurious mode of

living. I will now relate to you one romantic circumstance in her life. A duel was fought on her account,—a duel which resembled in some points that which took place between Malek-Adel and Lusignan for Matilda.”

“A duel!” exclaimed Leonidas in alarm, not knowing whether Adèle was aware or not that he was the hero who figured therein.

“Yes, a duel on her account between an Italian and a Greek; and during the encounter, a large dog which belonged to the Greek, seeing the danger of his master, rushed from under the table upon his antagonist, and bit him severely in the leg. This sudden and unexpected attack threw the Italian off his guard, and he was run through the body by the Greek.”

“It is very singular indeed,” said Leonidas.

“At the time this occurrence took place, the English Captain was at breakfast in an adjoining apartment with a newly-married couple, whom he had brought from Constantinople in his vessel;—the gentleman was his friend,—a nobleman, who had run away with a young Armenian lady, whom he was conveying to London. Hearing the clash of swords, and the cries of the Countess, they hurried into the room to see what was the matter. The Greek had contrived to make his escape, and it was with great difficulty, and only on

account of her wealth, that the Countess extricated herself from the hands of the civil power. Her passport was examined, and as the circumstance made a great noise at the time, Sir Sydney recollected her very well, and learned that her age was twenty-eight. Yesterday evening he saw her at the ball, and recognized her at once. She, however, has no suspicion that we are acquainted with the particulars of her past life, and that there is in Smyrna an individual who can confirm them. Very often, sir, we gather more information without seeking for it than we do when we employ labour and pains to acquire it. That same evening I also learned the history of a portion of the life of another of our friends ; and though we have known him intimately, we never have been able to discover who he was, and where he came from."

"Permit me, madame, to ask you whether what you are describing, is founded on fact, or whether it is the offspring of your imagination, invented for the purpose of avoiding the payment of our wager."

These words were uttered by Leonidas in a low voice ; he was much confused, and continued standing.

"You know me, sir, well enough to be satisfied that my lips are never opened for the purpose of uttering a falsehood ; I tell you that the history of the Countess, such as I have described it, is, word for

word, the same as I was told. And the history of our friend is still more interesting. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, madame."

"When our friend was at Rome, he became acquainted with the wife of an architect, and having seduced her from the arms of her husband, under the promise of marriage, presently abandoned her, and the poor creature, left friendless and forsaken, died of a broken heart."

"This conduct was very singular, and at the same time most infamous on the part of your friend; and I am surprised, madame, with my knowledge of the austerity of your moral principles, you should condescend to confer the title of friend upon such a heartless man," observed Leonidas, with that natural simplicity exhibited by an innocent individual who has no suspicion that he is the hero of the tale.

Adèle remained silent for a short time, willing to observe whether her words had made any impression on the countenance of Leonidas.

"And pray, madame, who is this friend of yours? is he in Smyrna? if he is, surely I must know him."

"Yes, he is, and no one knows him so well as you do."

"In Smyrna!" murmured Leonidas, "who can he

be? it is no use my racking my brains; I cannot tell who it is."

"All in good time, all in good time, you will learn of yourself who he is, without the necessity of my telling you."

"That is not unlikely, if Monsieur le Consul should Mesmerize me; but while I am awake, I deem it impossible."

"By-the-bye, did my husband tell you that we had a slight misunderstanding last night, because I refused to be Mesmerized? What an idea!" and she burst into a fit of laughter.

"And my advice to you is, that you persist in that refusal."

"Why do you give that advice?"

"Because he may learn some secret, which at present lies buried in the recesses of your heart," replied Leonidas, in a low tone, at the same time fixing a penetrating look upon her.

"I have no secrets that my husband ought not to know," replied Adèle, who felt an unpleasant sensation pervade her whole frame when her eyes met those of Leonidas.

She then fell into a kind of melancholy, which produced a silence that continued some minutes.

"Why are you so seriously thoughtful?" continued

Leonidas, speaking in the same low tone, with his elbow leaning on the mantel-shelf, without withdrawing his eyes from her countenance.

“It is my habit to appear thoughtful;—allow me to ask you, why are you so silent?”

“Because I have the happiness of seeing you; and I wish I had another pair of eyes, so that I could gratify my sense of vision still more.”

“If you had four eyes, sir, I should hand you over to Dr. Zimbriman, with a recommendation that he should put you in a bottle of spirits, and preserve you among his curiosities as a *lusus naturæ*,” replied Adèle, laughing, and recovering from her abstraction.

“Je voudrais bien savoir pourquoi riez-vous? are you laughing about the Countess and her history?” exclaimed the Consul, who at this moment entered the room.

“Ah, ma petite Adèle! have you acquainted Leonidas with it?”

“Yes, I have. I have omitted nothing;—I have told him, chapter and verse.”

“Qu’en pensez-vous, Leonidas? Véritablement c’est merveilleux; n’est ce pas?”

“It is, as Madame la Baronne styles it, very romantic,” replied Leonidas, coldly, mortified at the

sarcastic tone and manner in which Adèle had expressed herself in her reply to her husband's question.

"She is a strange and unaccountable woman," said the Consul, "and in my opinion, the sooner she leaves Smyrna the better it will be for herself, for I venture to predict that something will happen that will not redound much to her credit. She seems mightily smitten with Symrna, and can't find it in her heart to leave it. Ma petite Adèle, where do you think she is now?—she is galloping from village to village with Roboli; and to divert themselves with the greater freedom, they contrived to get rid of her nephew's company by as pretty a contrivance as you ever heard. Would you believe it? they sent him back to get his horse shod; one of the animal's shoes having been purposely loosened," added he, with a malicious smile.

While the Consul was going on in this bantering strain, Leonidas was plunged into an abyss of melancholy reflections: a train of past circumstances rushed vividly across his mind; each of them in succession became distinctly visible, and he could not help reflecting upon the awkward position of meeting face to face this English Captain, whom he recollected, and who he had no doubt would recognize him the moment he set eyes upon him. Could he have anticipated such a rencontre with this individual, nothing on earth could

have induced him to have been present at this dinner ; but how was he now to act ?

At length the Consul changed the subject, and began conversing, as was his custom, upon various topics. Leonidas, though sunk in thought, had his head turned towards him, and appeared to be listening attentively to his object ; but the truth was, the young man was so absorbed in his own speculations that he was not even aware of the subject on which the old Baron was expatiating with so much earnestness.

The Consul's sister now made her appearance. Leonidas rose to salute her, and having exchanged merely a word or two, resumed his seat, which he continued to retain until the room was filled with company.

When Leonidas was introduced by the Consul to Sir Sydney Smith, he had a vague recollection of having seen his features before, but could not distinctly call to mind when or where. The English Captain, however, did not at all recognize in Leonidas the person whom he had seen at Naples, and who lodged in the same hotel as himself. He had passed him two or three times, either in the entrance hall or on the stairs, and had seen him also in the room where the duel had taken place. But his features were so pale, and his countenance so haggard and altered, that it was difficult for any one, after

the lapse of some years, to recognize him again as the same individual.

At the dinner table the Austrian Admiral sat on one side of Adèle, and Leonidas on the other, next to the Consul's sister. He spoke very little, and his replies to the questions that were put to him were short and couched in monosyllables. Nor did he once direct his looks to where Adèle was seated; and though she frequently asked him whether she should help him to any of the dishes near her, he as invariably refused, merely thanking her with stiff politeness for her attention.

Observing these refusals, and the cold formality of his manners, the Baroness could not help uttering, in a low voice, "it appears then you will accept nothing from me." These words were delivered in so low a tone that in the general buzz of conversation they were lost to the ears of the company, except to those of Leonidas, who perceiving, as he supposed, the uneasiness she felt at his coldness, said to himself, "Courage! —indifference alone will bring her to reason."

The conversation now turned upon travelling, and the Captain inquired of Leonidas whether he had ever been in Egypt. The latter replied in the negative, but added that he expected in a few days he was going to leave for Constantinople, and hoped before long to have an

opportunity of visiting that province, and of viewing its antiquities.

“And so you are going to leave us for Constantinople, sir,” observed Adèle, in a tone so altered that she would have betrayed her feelings to the company, had she not instantly added, “and my husband, it seems, has not had the slightest intimation that such was your intention. You have kept it quite a secret from us.”

“Qu’est-ce que c’est, Monsieur Leonidas?—did I understand you to say you are going to leave Smyrna?—I don’t believe it,—I know you don’t mean it.”

“I really am serious, your Excellency. I am recalled from Smyrna; and I should have acquainted you with it this morning, but somehow or other it slipped my memory.”

“We shall be terribly grieved, my good fellow, if you do leave us,” said the Consul; “you are our best friend, and ——”

Here the Consul was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who, going up to his master, whispered a few words in his ear. The Consul rose from his seat, and having informed the company he was obliged to retire for a few moments on a matter of emergency, left the apartment.

Presently he returned, and, laughing heartily, turned towards Leonidas, and said—

“Did I not express to you a wish that this Countess would leave Smyrna, and did I not say something would happen? Ladies and gentlemen, I will tell you what has occurred. The Countess went out on horseback this morning, accompanied by Roboli; she has been thrown from her horse, and has broken one of her legs. They have conveyed her in a dreadful state to her hotel, and sent her nephew to me, with a request that I would send our family physician.”

“Poor lady!” exclaimed Adèle, clasping her hands.

“Poor lady, indeed!—and whose fault is it?—What business had she to be gadding about day after day with the young fellows, here, there, and everywhere? It is a lesson for her, and I hope she’ll profit by it. Now, Leonidas, here is an excellent opportunity for you to show your friendship: really you ought to go and comfort her;—recollect, she is an old friend of yours;—only be cautious, as duels in all probability may take place here on her account,” said the Consul, facetiously.

“Have you directed our physician to attend to her?” inquired Adèle, addressing her husband; “I think jocularly on such a lamentable accident is unseasonable.”

“I have desired Dr. Masgana to see her. Dr. Zim-

briman is in the country, and we have no time to send for him."

The Countess Petrovik and her accident now formed the only topic of conversation among the company, and the English Captain at length thought he had seen Leonidas before, but as he was not quite sure that his surmise was correct, he put the following questions to him:

"Were you ever at Naples, Monsieur Leonidas?"

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

"May I take the liberty of asking how long ago?"

"About three years."

"Do you not consider it the finest city in the world?"

"It certainly is a fine city, but I prefer Constantinople, and the breezes of the Bosphorus."

"But what is your opinion of Vesuvius, viewed from the Bay of Naples? Doubtless you put up at the Hotel de Rome, for that is the head-quarters of all travellers who desire to gratify their curiosity: from the windows of that hotel they can enjoy the fiery spectacle of the volcano in all its sublimity."

"When I was there I lodged at the Hotel Esperanzella, which overlooks the road to Toledo, and the state of my health was so precarious that I went out only twice or three times to Villa Reale, to witness the eruption at night."

“Ah, that was a great misfortune indeed,” said the Captain, who, from the confident manner of Leonidas, began to doubt whether he might not have been wrong.”

“Did you not become acquainted with the Countess in that city?”

“No, sir; I became acquainted with her in Rome,” replied Leonidas, embarrassed at these repeated interrogations.

“But you were in Naples at the same time as she was, and you must, I think, have heard something about the duel that was fought on her account.”

“I was at Naples some days before she arrived. Madame la Baronne has already detailed to me the particulars of that duel.”

“That’s a pity, for I thought you were there, and I was going to ask you whether you knew the name of the Greek who took so prominent a part in that affair?”

“I am very sorry, sir, that it is out of my power to gratify your curiosity;” and with these words Leonidas turned towards the Consul’s sister, under the pretence of offering her something, and evaded all further conversation upon the subject.

When the cloth was cleared, Leonidas, unable to banish the melancholy feelings that still oppressed him, joined the company of the gentlemen, but spoke very

little. The Consul commenced an elaborate dissertation upon Mesmerism and its wonderful effects, and every now and then gave, indirectly, very significant hints to Leonidas to join in the discussion; but the young man was too much absorbed in his own ideas to notice them: he even at times was so far forgetful as to contradict the Consul, and frequently to say *no*, when he ought to have said *yes*.

Meanwhile Adèle sat with the ladies, apparently engrossed in conversation with them upon the fashions, music, and dress, and occasionally repeated a few anecdotes; but not a word that Leonidas spoke nor a movement he made escaped her notice.

Presently an opportunity offered, and Leonidas, leaving the philosophical coterie, removed to one of the windows of the apartment which overlooked the harbour, and leaning with his head out, was enabled to inhale the refreshing breeze. He had not remained in this position many minutes, when he overheard Adèle persuading the ladies to sit at the windows and see the sun that was setting, and the harbour, which at that moment presented a very beautiful appearance. Perceiving the ladies approach, Leonidas was about to withdraw from the place where he was standing, when Adèle came up and said to him,—

“Do not inconvenience yourself by removing, there is

plenty of room; besides, you need fresh air more than any one else, for you look much depressed in spirits, and very unwell."

"What a magnificent sight the French fleet presents from this spot," observed Leonidas, applying his glass to his eye, and affecting not to have heard the last words of the Baroness: "indeed, you have a most splendid view from every part of the room."

"Ah! I suppose you are admiring the vessels which are to convey you from Smyrna. 'A propos, are you really serious in saying you are going to leave our city in a few days?"

"Quite serious, I assure you."

"Now I don't believe you. You say so merely because you know your absence will occasion us much regret."

"You never believe anything I say; a proof that I enjoy but a small portion of your confidence."

"I now perceive you are in earnest. I shall have cause to regret your departure," replied Adèle, adding afterwards, somewhat confusedly, "for you are our most intimate friend."

"And miserable victim," interrupted he, in a low hollow tone; and he heaved a heavy sigh. He then turned round, and leaving her at the window, rejoined the company of the gentlemen.

This rude and uncourteous behaviour made a deep impression upon the lady, who never once afterwards ventured to turn her eyes upon any one in the room, but kept them fixed outside the window, looking as it were on vacancy.

At this moment a gun from the Admiral's ship announced that the sun was just set, a signal for all the vessels in the harbour to lower their flags. The loud report caused the windows to rattle, and by its suddenness startled the company.

"Ma petite Adèle, you appear frightened," exclaimed the Consul, rising from his seat and approaching the window where his wife stood. He was followed by the Captain.

"No, I am not at all alarmed."

"This window," observed Sir Sydney, looking towards the court below, "is a good height from the ground."

"When I was a young man," said the Consul, "I should have thought nothing of leaping down, high as it is."

"It would be rather a hazardous leap," replied the Captain.

"I am sure Leonidas could jump it,—could you not, Leonidas?" demanded the Consul.

"What did your Excellency please to say?"

“I ask you whether you could not jump from this window into the court below?”

“It would not be so very extraordinary a leap. I do not think it is more than fifteen feet. Still I should say no one would voluntarily undertake it unless he was pursued.”

“I’ll lay a wager you can’t do it.”

“I am not inclined to hazard my neck for the sake of winning a wager,” replied Leonidas, smiling as he spoke.

The Captain now commenced a long tale about a certain sailor, who took such astonishing leaps, that the recital excited the attention of the company, who crowded round Sir Sydney; all but Adèle, who had left the room.

Leonidas, observing that every one was deeply intent on listening to the Captain, got up, unnoticed, with the intention of taking French leave and returning home. He took up his hat, and had reached the adjoining room, which led to the corridor, when he was astonished to find Adèle in tears, reclining on a large arm-chair, with her handkerchief to her eyes. The sight at first quite unnerved him, being satisfied in his own mind that the abruptness of his behaviour in the saloon was the cause of her distress. The moment Adèle saw him she roused herself, and begged him to

leave the room instantly. "For the love of God," exclaimed she, imploringly, "do not come here; should you be observed, I shall be rendered miserable for life."

"Give me but a moment, a single moment," said he, "to ask your forgiveness. I know I am the cause of your tears, the cause of——"

"You are quite mistaken. You are not the cause. I am suffering from the headache. Good God! what an extraordinary, what a ridiculous notion, to suppose every woman in love with you. Now pray don't flatter yourself," continued she, "that you are so adorable that every female is sighing and breaking her heart for you."

At the sarcasm contained in these words, Leonidas felt the blood rush rapidly up to his very temples, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he was at a loss for words to answer. All he could articulate was, "I understand you, madame; others have instigated you to quarrel with me and insult me. Farewell," said he, going away; but in his confusion, instead of taking the way which led to the outer hall, he took that which led to the Baroness's bed-room.

Adèle perceived his mistake, but before she could open her lips, the voice of the Consul was heard at the door, crying out, "Ma petite Adèle, où est ma petite

Adèle?" followed almost instantly by his appearance in the chamber in which she was sitting. "Ma petite Adèle," exclaimed he, running up to her, "how is it that you are here? Come into the saloon. Really it is very unbecoming to leave the company in this manner. What is the matter with you, love? Your face is as pale as death, and your eyes are red with weeping. What ails you, my sweet?"

"Only my usual complaint, dear. My headache has come on again, and I withdrew to be quiet for a short time. Return to the company, and I will presently join you."

"Eh! what you have your headache again? Have I not told you, love, that the best remedy for your complaint is Mesmerism? Have I not mentioned to you the marvellous cures it has effected in Paris?"

"Pray talk no more about Mesmerism. Let us go into the saloon," said Adèle, rising for that purpose.

"You must first promise me, that when the company are gone, you will suffer me to Mesmerize you."

"We will then talk about it; but now let us go."

"Stop for a moment, ma petite Adèle. Your eyes are heavy, and you'll fall asleep almost instantly."

"No! no! I tell you, not now; pray do not annoy me so;" and rising from her seat, she endeavoured to reach the dining-room, but the Consul, anticipating her, ran

towards the door, locked it, and placing himself before it, made egress impossible.

“Now do oblige me, my darling,” said he, “it is for your good.”

“Well, this evening, when the visitors are all retired, I promise you; but now I cannot consent. Pray do let us go at once into the saloon.”

“Not yet, my love. Now there is Sir Sydney Smith, he is acquainted with this wonderful science,——”

“Holy Mother of God! that I should be so annoyed. Pray, sir, do leave me alone. Pray, sir, do not persist in forcing me against my inclinations.”

“Now really, ma petite Adèle, I must say that of late I have observed quite an alteration in your behaviour towards me: you show anything but an inclination to comply with my wishes. I cannot conceive to what this change is to be attributed, and I must adopt other measures. I foresee that this evening we shall have a repetition of the scene of last night; I would therefore advise you, for the sake of peace and quietness, to yield at once to my wishes, and consent to be Mesmerized.” So saying, he advanced towards her for the purpose of commencing the operation.

“Sir, you have no right to enforce compliance. I am unwell, and will retire to my room for the sake of rest.”

So saying, Adèle turned round, and flying as fast as she could through the only door that was open to her, rushed to her room, and closed the door on the inside.

“Ma petite Adèle, open the door; for if you do not, I will break it open,” cried the old man, who, in his anger, began kicking against it with great violence.

“Go back to the drawing-room, and then I will open it and come myself.”

“No, you shall open it before I go. If you refuse, something serious will occur; so pray do not drive me to extremities.”

Adèle made no reply, for at that moment her eyes caught the figure of Leonidas, who was leaning against one of the columns of the bedstead, with his hands raised to heaven in an attitude of prayer. The sight completely paralysed her; she turned pale, and, unable to answer her husband, buried her face between her hands.

“Do you not hear me? open the door, I say.”

“For God’s sake, my dear husband, be calm; go back to the company, and I will join you presently,”

“I tell you I will not. I must insist upon your opening the door immediately. Do as I bid you, or I’ll punish you severely for your obstinacy.”

“Well, return to the drawing-room; the company will wonder at our absence. It is shameful,” exclaimed

the miserable lady, the tears running down her cheeks.

“Then you refuse, point blank, to open the door? I ask you once more,—and it is the last time.”

Adèle answered not a word.

“Now, to punish you for your obstinacy, you shall remain three days in your room, and I’ll try whether fasting during that time will not reduce you to obedience. You shall not stir a step.” So saying, the Consul locked the door on the outside, and taking the key with him, withdrew, raving like a madman.

This was more than the susceptible nature of the miserable Adèle could endure; her strength failed her; tottering, she sunk on the floor and fainted away.

Leonidas, whose situation was indescribable, hastened to lift her from the floor, and placed her upon the bed: he sprinkled her face and hands with the various toilet waters that were on the table, and used every means to restore her to animation.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DUEL.

THE Consul, on his return to the saloon, announced to his friends that the Baroness had experienced another attack of her usual complaint in the head, and that her sufferings were so severe she was obliged to go and lie down. This unpleasant information induced the company to break up earlier than they would have done under other circumstances.

The shades of night were rapidly descending, and Leonidas, after great difficulty, succeeded in restoring the unfortunate Adèle to a state of consciousness. No sooner was the unfortunate lady aware of her awkward situation, than she entertained the most alarming apprehensions, and, in a state bordering on distraction, peremptorily commanded him not to come near her,

and stopped him from uttering a single word; for on his attempting to speak, she redoubled her sobs and lamentations to such a degree, that in spite of himself he was obliged to desist, and in his despair maintained a profound silence, lest the attempt, if repeated, should result in creating a disturbance and betray them.

The old Baron several times came to the door and applied his ear, but finding all was still, withdrew again. The windows of Adèle's room overlooked a small yard, in which were a number of fowls; they were about the same height from the ground as those of the dining-room. But this yard was surrounded by lofty walls, which the Consul had purposely erected, to prevent the officers of the vessels that were anchored in the harbour from observing through their telescopes what was passing in the room, the windows of which were generally open day and night during the summer season, on account of the heat: escape this way was therefore impossible.

The Consul's sister, it appears, was anxious to visit her sister-in-law, but the old gentleman, who kept guard with all the watchfulness of a Cerberus, was inexorable to her solicitations, and angrily ordered her to retire to her own room.

It was now eleven o'clock, when the Baron came and

tapped lightly at the door. A cold perspiration instantly bedewed the limbs of the two prisoners, and by an involuntary movement the hand of Adèle came in contact with that of Leonidas, who, with great timidity, tenderly pressed it.

The knocking continued.

“Dors-tu, ma petite Adèle? Ouvres la porte, ma petite.”

Poor Adèle, overcome with grief and terror, fell upon the sofa.

“I am going to unlock the door;” and as the Consul spoke, they heard the key turn.

Alarmed lest the Baron should force open the door, Leonidas had recourse to a stratagem, suggested in the emergency of the moment. He threw off his coat, and, taking his hat, tied them up in his handkerchief; he then put on a flannel shirt belonging to the Baron, buried his head in a nightcap, and, the more effectually to prevent recognition, veiled his features with a mask that was lying on the *lavabo*. Thus disguised, in the darkness of the night he might have been taken for an apparition clothed in white.

“Dors-tu, ma petite Adèle?” demanded the Consul a second time. “Pray answer me,” continued he in a tone of entreaty. “Won’t you answer me, Adèle?”

Poor Adèle, in her affright, could only stifle a heavy sigh.

"Is there anything the matter with you, ma petite Adèle? Ah! bête que je suis! If you don't open the door I will send for a smith, and he shall force it open. Gabriel, Gabriel," cried he aloud, summoning one of his domestics.

"Do not make such a noise, dear, you will rouse the neighbourhood, and we shall cut a very ridiculous figure," faintly articulated the poor embarrassed wife.

"Then open the door. I pledge you my honour I will not attempt to Mesmerize you. I wish only to give you one kiss, my love, and then bid you good night."

"Pray do not disturb me; I require rest. Do leave me. I have suffered more than you imagine. Wait till to-morrow, and you may have as many kisses as you please."

"No! I must kiss you to-night, otherwise I shall have no sleep."

"Good God! what am I to do? Oh that I were a slave! any condition in life is far better than to be forced to submit to such horrid tyranny."

"Very well, very well, ma petite Adèle, but don't weep. Don't take on so; I am going, dear, I am going;

but I tell you I shall have no sleep, I shall not be able to close my eyes all night long."

With these words the disappointed Consul withdrew again to the saloon, and threw himself upon the sofa in a paroxysm of inconsolable grief.

The most perfect stillness now reigned throughout the house, and Leonidas observed to Adèle, that as the door was unlocked, he could escape by going to the saloon and leaping from one of the windows into the court below. To this proposal Adèle offered no opposition, supposing her husband had left and gone to another room. But before taking his departure, Leonidas placed his hand upon Adèle's, and with great emotion addressed her as follows :

"Adèle, this is a most inauspicious night ; should I succeed in making my escape unobserved, your reputation will suffer no damage. But the events of this evening can never be effaced from the remembrance of either of us ; farewell ! and for ever !" He then respectfully raised her hand to his lips, and having saluted it, left the room as noiselessly as possible. A burning glow shot through the frame of Adèle, as in the agony of suspense she listened to the retreating footsteps of Leonidas, who, with his bundle in his hand, proceeded with all haste in the dark towards the saloon.

The noise made by his endeavouring to open the win-

dow roused the Consul, who, half-raising himself from the sofa, in a voice almost choked with terror, cried out, "Who's there?"

At this summons Leonidas redoubled his efforts, and happily succeeded in opening the window. Although the sky was overcast, and there was every token of a coming storm, yet, through the semi-obscurity, the Baron was enabled to distinguish the figure of a man dressed in white, with a bundle in his hand, in the act of clambering through the open window in order to jump below. At sight of this apparition, he started up, crying out with all his might, "Thieves! Thieves! Gabriel! Gabriel!"

These cries allowed Leonidas no time for reflection; he unhesitatingly leaped down, and finding himself uninjured, hastened, without stopping, to the door that opened to the water side, in preference to the one that led into the main street, which was thronged with people who had not yet retired to their homes, and cast himself into the water at the moment the janissaries and domestics of the household had started in pursuit of the cause of all this alarm. Swimming was his only safety, or, to speak more correctly, walking through the water up to his middle, as the sea along the shore is very shallow. In this manner he soon gained his own house, which was not more than ten minutes' walk

from the Consular residence. The conversation that had passed that evening, on his capability of leaping from the window, vividly presented itself to his recollection. "There," said he, with a bitter smile, "I have taken the leap, and without a wager."

He found Vassos waiting for him, with the letter which he had not had an opportunity of delivering to the Countess. Much surprised was this faithful follower at seeing his master in such a plight, and he asked him how it happened.

Leonidas made no answer; he merely asked Vassos whether Alexander had called in the course of the evening.

"Yes, your Honour, he came about eight o'clock, and I told him you had waited for him according to appointment, and had gone out again."

"Very well, now hark-ye, Dai Vassos; I feel very unwell, and am going to bed. To-morrow we shall turn over a new leaf, and lead quite a different life."

"I beg your Honour's pardon for being so bold, but I should say we oughtn't to lose any time, but be off at once to Sibdi-kieu; they are waiting for us. Let us get this business done without more ado; an hour lost may be our ruin: God knows what may happen to us, particularly as the Vizir smells a rat."

"Impossible, Dai Vassos, I cannot go; I am too

unwell; I have had no rest for two nights; and what I have undergone this evening has so upset me, and so confused my head, that I must go and lie down. Mind you get the horses ready at four o'clock in the morning, and come and wake me at that time; we'll then be off."

"Very well, as your Honour pleases, and in the pickle you are in, I don't like to be troublesome; but I don't know how it is, but something tells me that all this putting off will end in something wrong."

"I can't help it, I have given you my reasons, and that is quite enough," replied Leonidas, angered at the man's pertinacity; "goodnight." So saying, he proceeded up stairs to his bed-room, and having changed his clothes, he threw himself upon the bed, completely exhausted, and gave free scope to his thoughts till sleep overpowered him, and closed his eyes.

He had slumbered he knew not how long, when he was awakened by the light pressure of a hand. On opening his eyes he perceived, by the flickering glare of the lamp, standing close to his pillow, Alexander and four French naval officers. Confused at the sight of such unexpected company, Leonidas rose, and having rubbed his eyes, and collected his thoughts, demanded, in the Greek language, to know who had given them permission to enter his sleeping apartment at so unseasonable an hour.

“We have come,” replied Alexander, “to consult you upon a duel that is about to take place through her of the dark eyes ; in fact, I have come to request you to act as my second in this affair.”

“What !” exclaimed Leonidas, in evident astonishment, “is it possible that matters have proceeded so far as to entangle you in a duel ?”

“Yes !” replied Alexander, with great animation, and apparently quivering with rage.

“With whom ?”

“With Roboli, and these are his friends. Now you know, my dear fellow, that I have no friend but you to whom I can have recourse in an emergency of this kind. I therefore did not scruple to tell these gentlemen that you would act in that capacity for me ; for you well know, that if need fully required, I would cheerfully shed my blood in your behalf.”

Leonidas gave him a hard and penetrating look, the dissuasive purport of which any one else would have understood. But Alexander was hurried away by the impetuosity of his passion, and disregarded it.

“Impossible !” said Leonidas.

“Impossible !” exclaimed Alexander, repeating the word in a state bordering on frenzy. “Why you are lowering me in the estimation of these gentlemen : for God’s sake, Leonidas, do not refuse me this favour. I

have not one Greek acquaintance in the city in whom I can put any confidence; for there is not one among them all, if I were to apply to him, but would publish from one end of the town to the other that I was going to fight a duel, and then, as is usual on these occasions, it would be compromised, and a ridiculous feast be substituted in its place."

"Then are you in earnest?"

"Yes," replied Alexander, with great vehemence, "to the last drop of blood in my body."

"And when is the affair to come off?"

"Whenever the seconds decide."

"And with what weapons?"

"The sword is my weapon."

"But I must know the cause that led to this quarrel."

"This gentleman, Lieutenant Lcomb, is Roboli's second, and will give you every explanation."

"Hark-ye, Alexander," said Leonidas, after a moment's consideration, "I consent to act in the capacity you desire on one condition only."

"Any condition you please to name."

"As soon as it is decided that this affair shall be settled, at break of day you must accompany me immediately to the spot appointed; there it must take place, and no compromise whatever shall be entertained. Such

is the rule I adopt in affairs of this kind, whether I am a principal or a second. I never like to leave the ground unless some blood is shed. Death, or a wound on one side or the other, must ensue. This is the condition on which I consent to act,—then let the city talk as they please.”

“I give you my honour that, if it is your pleasure, I am ready this moment to fight, even to death.”

“That is enough,” said Leonidas, who, taking Lieutenant Lacombe aside, requested the other officers to accompany Alexander into the dining-room, while he and that gentleman settled the preliminaries.

Being left alone, the French Lieutenant opened the negotiation. “I am deputed,” said he, “on the part of Monsieur Roboli, to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman from Monsieur Alexander, for a blow publicly given last night at the theatre. Monsieur Alexander has accepted the challenge, and referred me to you as his friend.”

“Monsieur, I have consented to act in that capacity ; but before we proceed to make any arrangement, I should wish to know the origin of the dispute that has led to this hostile meeting. Monsieur Alexander has referred me to you for this explanation.”

“Certainly, Monsieur, and I will give it as briefly as I can. Monsieur Roboli’s younger brother this morning accompanied the Countess Petrovik on horseback round

the villages of Smyrna, and happening to pass his residence, he invited that lady to alight and take a little refreshment. The Countess having assented, that gentleman gave orders for a repast, at which he and the lady sat tête-à-tête, and were very happy in each other's company. While they were thus enjoying themselves, her nephew Andrew arrived, and told her, that as he was looking about for her, he met you in company with the Austrian Consul on the road, and that you informed him that he would find his aunt at Bournaba. The Countess then rose to depart (notwithstanding the opposition on the part of Monsieur Roboli, as he intended to give a ball in her honour that evening), and having mounted her horse, was proceeding to Coucloudja, when, urging the animal into a gallop, the saddle-girth broke, and the lady falling, had the misfortune to break her leg. This accident prevented her from going to Coucloudja. She was taken up and conveyed to her hotel at Smyrna that same afternoon.

“The topic of conversation was about the Countess, and the circumstances that led to the accident. No doubt there was great exaggeration, and the affair was reported variously. Monsieur Alexander, smarting under a feeling of jealousy, entered the theatre, and at the entrance found several groups of young men, some of whom began quizzing him upon his disappointed hopes,

and giving great credit to Monsieur Roboli for the skilful manner in which he had enacted the part of Paris. Among them was Monsieur Richard Roboli, his brother, who, probably for the purpose of annoying him still more, gave a more highly-coloured account of the matter. This exasperated Monsieur Alexander, who, in his excitement, went so far as to make some remark reflecting on the character of that gentleman, who resented the imputation by giving Monsieur Alexander a blow, which was immediately returned. They then commenced caning each other with so much vigour, that presently the performances were interrupted, and the audience rushed out to see what was the cause of the disturbance. The affair has in consequence become so notorious, that Monsieur Roboli considers his honour compromised, unless he demands the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"The blows having been given in public, I don't see that there is any other alternative," observed Leonidas, musingly; "and Monsieur Alexander has accepted the challenge."

"Monsieur Roboli wishes to fight with pistols."

"The choice of weapons rests with Monsieur Alexander, and he has named swords."

"Death in an encounter with swords is altogether uncertain," replied the Lieutenant, with the decisive

energy of a professional man, "and Monsieur Roboli desires to fight till either he or his antagonist falls."

"Monsieur, you belong to the profession of arms, and consequently have higher notions of the obligations of honour; I therefore bow with due deference to your better judgment; but allow me to ask you whether we ought to suffer two men to kill each other for so trifling a cause as that which has led to this dispute. Had it been a question of family honour, in which the reputation of any of its members had been attacked, or any other matter of serious moment, I should readily acquiesce in your views; but in a quarrel of this kind, I deem it to be our duty to let them fight with the sword only, because I think that a wound is sufficient to satisfy all parties."

"My instructions from Monsieur Roboli are to insist upon pistols."

"The laws of duelling give the right of election to the party challenged; and I am surprised, Monsieur, that you, with your knowledge and experience, should insist upon pistols."

"I do not insist upon them, Monsieur; I name those weapons merely because I think it is the speediest method of bringing this affair to a conclusion."

"You are aware, Monsieur Lieutenant, that in this country the survivor runs no risk in the event of his

killing his adversary, and that the seconds also are irresponsible. There is no law which forbids duelling; but the evil is, that if the affair becomes public, a stop will be put to the duel by the interference of the townspeople, and the parties implicated will become the subject of ridicule to the whole town. I therefore submit that the parties meet on the ground appointed at day-break, and that the fight continue till blood be drawn from either one or the other. By this course, the affair will be respectable,—the honour of each party will be amply vindicated, and ridicule be avoided.”

“What is to prevent the affair from being kept private until after it is settled?”

“It is sure to become public.” Allow me to observe, Monsieur, that I am better acquainted than yourself with the character and the prying curiosity of the inhabitants of this locality. Let them only scent the nature of the business in which we are engaged, and in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, they will effect a compromise between the principals, and we, by our resistance, may become the objects of their rage.”

“With a weapon in my hand, I know how to deal with any individual that has the rashness to interfere.”

“And, as a matter of course, we should be stoned to death,” coolly replied Leonidas.

After a few observations, in the course of which Leonidas pointed out the necessity of acting with caution, the French Lieutenant yielded to the force of his arguments, and it was finally determined that all parties concerned should meet in the gardens of M. Skalabreen at break of day, and that the affair should be settled by the sword. The French officers then retired to communicate the result of this interview to Roboli, and afterwards repaired to the frigates to which they belonged to procure the necessary weapons.

As soon as they were gone, Leonidas addressed Alexander.

"It is now not more than half-past one. You have three hours at your disposal. I recommend you to go into the next room and lie down for that time: the rest will refresh and invigorate you."

"I must first go home, my dear fellow, for about an hour," said Alexander; "for," added he, assuming an air of indifference, "I have some writing to do, which will be necessary in case I should fall."

"From this house, Alexander, you must not move a step. Recollect the condition on which I undertook to act as your second. In the bed-room you will find materials, and can write what you please."

"On my honour, I promise to return almost immediately. At home I have a letter from my brother,

directed to you ; and the time has now arrived when I was to deliver it into your hands, according to his request."

"A letter to me from your brother ! I did not know you had one. The thoughts of this duel have so confused you, you do not know what you are talking about."

"I say, sir, I do know what I am talking about. Wait till the morning, and you shall see for yourself how far I value my life. But I wash my hands of the business, and tell you plainly I will not hold myself responsible for the consequences that may happen from my not giving you this letter."

"Give yourself no concern about that," replied Leonidas, with a half sneer. "Upon my shoulders be the responsibility;" for he thought that it was a pretext employed by Alexander to get away for a short time, and so be enabled to give his servants information of the contemplated duel.

"But, Leonidas, I must go, if it is only to fetch my papers."

"If you leave my house but for a moment, I will despatch a message instantly to Lieutenant Lacombe, declining to be your second."

"Very well, sir, very well, since such is your determination, I'll not go ;" and with these words Alexander

proceeded to the next room, in evident anger, saying to himself, "This is a strange alteration in the behaviour of Leonidas: he must have discovered I was the cause of his being waylaid the night before last."

At four o'clock Dai Vassos knocked at his master's door, in the full belief he should find him awake; for one of those violent storms, known to the natives under the name of *provenja*, which sweep across the Gulf of Smyrna, had arisen about an hour before, and was then continuing with unabated fury.

The violence of the storm had already awaked Leonidas, and he perceived that it was impossible for Roboli and his friends to leave their vessels while it lasted.

Leonidas acquainted Dai Vassos with the particulars that had led to the contemplated duel, and ordered him to take a pair of pistols and a couple of swords, and, with one of the servants, to proceed with all possible dispatch to the gardens of M. Skalabreen, and there wait till he came.

"But excuse me, your Honour," remonstrated Vassos, "in reminding you that we have to be at Sibdi-kieu."

"There will be time for that after the duel."

"I pray from my soul that Roboli may finish him off in style, and so rid us, once and for ever, of the dirty rascal. I don't know how it is, your Honour, but I

have something here," continued he, laying his hand on his head, "which tells me this fellow will be the cause of something very serious to us both before we have done with him."

By this time Alexander had become quite calm: the violence of his passion had subsided, and the natural colour of his countenance was succeeded by a deadly paleness. Before they reached the gardens of M. Skala-breen, he and Leonidas entered a coffee-house at the request of Alexander. Here the latter ordered a glass of rum, and slipped, unobserved by Leonidas, a note into the hands of the coffee-house keeper, and at the same time accompanied it with a florin. This letter, which contained another, sealed and addressed to Ali Effendi, ran as follows:

"Deliver immediately the enclosed letter to the party to whom it is addressed, and you shall have ten florins for your trouble."

As they proceeded on their way, Leonidas behaved in the most friendly manner towards Alexander, encouraging his drooping spirits, and bidding him to bear in mind that he was going to kill his antagonist, and not to be killed.

On their arrival at the gardens, the storm continued with unabated fury. They therefore repaired to a neighbouring house, and remained there a considerable

time, amusing themselves with several games at billiards. Three hours passed in this manner, during which Leonidas betrayed neither in word nor act that he had discovered the treachery Alexander had been guilty of towards him. The time now began to linger, and the day was fast progressing; the storm, however, still continued, and not one of the hostile party had yet arrived. Alexander pretended he was tired of waiting so long, and that his patience was worn out.

“The fault is not mine,” cried he, “I was punctual to the appointment. I have now waited nearly five hours, and as not one of Roboli’s party has thought fit to make his appearance; I consider myself perfectly justified in returning home. I shall therefore do so, and have nothing more to do with a business in which my antagonist has acted with such infamous shuffling.”

“No one can say the fault is yours,” replied Leonidas; “but, doubtless, the storm has occasioned this delay, and prevented Roboli’s friends from leaving their vessels. Let us wait till ten o’clock, and if they do not arrive by that time on the ground, we’ll leave.”

“Very well,” answered Alexander, evidently displeased at this reply. “But let them bring us something for breakfast.” So saying, he rang the bell.

During the meal, singular to say, neither of them once uttered the name of the Countess, who was the

cause of this hostile meeting. It would appear they were no longer the same individuals who had, on previous occasions, made her the subject of their conversations for hours together. The truth was, each of them was so fully absorbed in his own speculations as not to bestow upon her even a thought. Alexander's thoughts were engrossed on the coming duel; for though he was prompted by pride and shame to exhibit, in the presence of Leonidas, coolness and indifference as to the result, yet, in his heart, he was blanched with fear, which increased as the time drew nigh. Leonidas, too, was occupied in musing upon the events of the overnight, and the scene in which he had taken so prominent a part in Adèle's chamber, and on the treachery of Alexander, whose features, from time to time, he could not refrain from scrutinizing by a side look. He therefore had no inclination to talk about the Countess.

At length Roboli made his appearance, accompanied by the French officers, who apologized for the delay by attributing it to the violence of the storm, which had prevented them from leaving their vessels.

"Let us lose no time," said Lieutenant Lacomb; "let us descend at once into the gardens. A duel is an affair that will not occupy more than two or three minutes."

"I am of your opinion, Monsieur; for, as my antago-

nist is not, as I suppose, a first-rate swordsman, I apprehend I shall not require any longer time," observed Alexander, in a loud and sarcastic tone.

Roboli noticed the words and the sneer with which they were accompanied, but he contented himself with giving his adversary a look of contempt, and uttering the word "Wretch!"

"Abusive language, and sarcastic remarks, are quite unnecessary on occasions when an appeal is made to the sword to decide a difference that exists between two honourable men," said the Lieutenant.

They descended into the garden, and having selected a level spot of ground, Leonidas and the Lieutenant each took a sword, and placing two others before the combatants, desired them to throw lots for the first choice.

Meanwhile, Leonidas took Roboli's second aside, and the following conversation took place between them :

"Lieutenant Lacombe, you are well aware," said Leonidas, "that in duelling there are certain conditions, according to the tenor of which the seconds are bound to act. I waited, in deference to your professional character, expecting that you would be the first to name these conditions ; but as you have not done so, I should think myself much to blame, unless I submit them to your consideration."

"Be pleased to name these conditions, Monsieur."

"Are we to understand that these gentlemen are to fight until one draws blood from the other?"

"Such is the agreement."

"Are they to use the edge of the weapon only, or both edge and point? because, if they are permitted to make a thrust with the point, the death of one of the parties is almost certain."

"The point is not to be used."

"So far, so good; but a thrust, such for example as a quarte-coupée dans l'estomac, might prove mortal. The seconds have therefore in this case the right to interfere, since the death of neither party is required."

"Certainly, Monsieur."

"And in the event of one of the combatants being wounded, supposing that his assailant, in the excitement of the moment, should avail himself of the circumstance, and follow up his advantage, what then?"

"We will caution them, that he who violates this condition will act contrary to our instructions."

"And should the wounded man have sufficient strength, and on recovering himself make an attack upon his adversary, how then? is he bound by the same condition?"

"Most decidedly, Monsieur."

"The ground, as you perceive, is level and open on

all sides ; a line must therefore be drawn, which neither must overstep, and beyond which neither must retreat more than four paces."

"Very good, very, Monsieur," observed the Lieutenant, who, having acquiesced in all these conditions, complimented Leonidas on the coolness and judgment he had displayed. "It is evident, sir," said he, "you have had considerable experience in matters of this kind."

Leonidas, at this remark, merely shrugged his shoulders in silence : turning to the combatants, "Gentlemen," said he, "choose your swords."

They did so.

"The first blood shed on either side terminates the affair."

"I said, sir, I should fight to the death," exclaimed Alexander in a tone of bravado, thinking thereby to intimidate his adversary.

"Very well, just as you please," replied Roboli, with a slight inclination of the head.

In stature, this gentleman was rather short and spare, and a stranger, at a first glance, would suppose that his delicate hand had not strength sufficient to grasp his weapon. He was, however, of a dark complexion, and in his features could be traced the bearing of a noble and dignified character ; and it was evident he was

labouring under an impulse of anger, rather than the impetuosity of rashness. He wore a large pair of green spectacles.

"Gentlemen," said Leonidas, "the conditions of the duel do not depend upon you. It is understood between the seconds that the first blood shed decides the contest."

"My adversary, sir," remarked Roboli, "wishes it to continue till one of us is killed; and, Monsieur Lacombe, I beg to observe, I wish to oblige him. I have a sword in my hands, and I intend to use it to the best of my ability. Let us commence without further loss of time." So saying, he took up his position.

Leonidas perceived the imprudence of Alexander, and finding it impossible to prevail upon Roboli to acquiesce, he exclaimed in a sorrowful tone, "Well, gentlemen, I will count 'one, two, three;' and when I cry 'three,' you will please to begin."

During these preliminaries, Daï Vassos was leaning against a tree, wrapped in a large heavy cloak, rubbing his mustaches in evident impatience, and devoutly praying from his soul that Alexander might be run through the body.

The cool intrepidity of Roboli threw a damp on the courage of Alexander, who became very pale, and cast his eyes in every direction around, as though he was anxiously expecting the arrival of some one.

“One, two,” said Leonidas in a loud voice, and he was on the point of crying ‘three,’ when Alexander, in great trepidation, placed the point of his sword on the ground, and interrupted him by exclaiming, “Hold! the duel cannot take place, because one of its most essential formalities has been neglected.”

“And what is that?” cried the seconds, in astonishment.”

“A surgeon is not on the ground.”

“What is the use of a surgeon,” demanded the French Lieutenant, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, “when you are to fight till one or both of you are killed? Parbleu! do you suppose a doctor can bring a dead man to life?”

“You had better send for a father confessor,” observed Roboli with a sneer, which he did not care to conceal.

“I desire the presence of a medical man: the dictates of common humanity demand it, both on your account as well as my own,” replied Alexander.

“Come on, coward, come on,” cried Roboli, at the same time assuming a threatening attitude, for he was now fired with feelings of indignation and contempt.

“Coward! whom do you call coward? you deserve the epithet rather, for endeavouring by such insulting words to violate the laws of honour. No, my decision

is made; I will not fight until you send for a surgeon."

"Cowardly wretch! dastardly poltroon! you are only fit, like a woman, to comb and curl your hair before a glass."

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you, and request you will insist upon this individual discontinuing to use such ungentlemanly language."

"Alexander, have you no sense of pride or honour left," exclaimed Leonidas; "better to die an honourable death than have to submit to such opprobrious remarks."

"What a valiant set of heroes are these Greeks!" sarcastically exclaimed Roboli; "and this, sir," continued he, addressing Leonidas, "I presume is a sample par excellence."

"What's that you say, you son of a French cur?—what have you to say, you puppy, against the Greeks?" growled Vassos, starting from the tree against which he was standing: snatching the sword out of Alexander's hand, he shoved him unceremoniously aside, and taking up a threatening attitude, he exclaimed, "Come on, sir, come on, you braggadocio, and I'll show you what it is to have to do with a Greek."

The sight of this man, whose features were ferocious enough to stagger the bravest man, taken by surprise, completely confounded Roboli.

"Who are you?" stammered he. "What have you to do with me?"

"I'm a Greek, so come on!" And with these words Vassos aimed a blow so powerful, that had not Roboli happily warded it off, the effect would have been fatal; as it was, Roboli's sword could not sustain the shock, and was broken in two.

"Assassination! assassination!" cried Roboli and his second simultaneously.

"You shall have no foul play, you puppy: give him another sword!" roared Vassos, foaming with rage.

"Stop," exclaimed Leonidas, "stop, Daï Vassos, the quarrel is mine. Monsieur Roboli has formed his estimation of the Greek character for courage from that poltroon," continued he, pointing with his finger to Alexander. "You shall be my second, and I will take Alexander's place. Monsieur Roboli," added he, addressing that gentleman in the most cool and unruffled manner, "I am ready to continue the duel."

"I am no poltroon, sir," said Alexander, interfering. "I am no coward. Give me a sword, and you shall see how I can use it." But this seeming show of courage was occasioned only by his having a glimpse of Ali Effendi, who, with a detachment of soldiers, now made his appearance at the extremity of the garden.

"Ah! you infernal blackguard, you have betrayed

us!" shouted Vassos, retaining the weapon in his hands, on seeing the commander of the patrol. "Never mind, God will be our friend this time also."

"Have you your passport?" inquired Leonidas in a whisper to Dai Vassos.

"I have, your Honour."

Presently the garden wall was thronged from one end to the other by people clambering over it to drop down inside, to see what was the disturbance.

"How is this, gentlemen?" said Ali Effendi, advancing towards them; "how is it you are armed with swords? Signor Leonidas, pray be so good as to explain the cause of this meeting."

"'Tis nothing more than an affair of honour between Messieurs Roboli and Alexander, and they have come hither by appointment to settle it."

"Ay, I understand, to see who should kill the other."

"No, but to see which of the two should be wounded or even killed."

"And who is the aggressor?" demanded the Turkish officer, knitting his brows in all the stern dignity of a man conscious of his authority.

"That I cannot tell."

"Who was the aggressor?"

"Alexander had received a blow from Roboli."

“And supposing Monsieur Alexander to be slain in this contest, after having had to submit to a blow, do you call this justice?”

“The duel would be terminated the moment either of them received a wound.”

“Ay, that’s the mode they adopt in France; that’s how they settle matters there,—they first strike a man, and then kill him.”

“But here we act differently, and with far more justice. We punish him that is in the wrong,—him who gave the first blow.”

Thereupon this advocate for justice made a sign to his soldiers, who instantly fell upon the luckless Roboli, and cudgelled him without mercy. The French officers began to expostulate, but the only reply he condescended to make to their remonstrances was to drive them out of the garden, and leave himself alone with Leonidas, Alexander, and Daï Vassos. Having steadfastly fixed his eyes upon the last-named individual, and from a close and careful examination satisfied himself that the man before him was the same who had succeeded in making his escape the overnight, Ali Effendi began to question him as follows:

“Why have you that sword?”

“Because I was Monsieur Alexander’s second,” was the bold and unhesitating reply.

“You Monsieur Alexander’s second?” cried Ali Effendi, repeating the words.

“Yes.”

“Is it true what this man states, Monsieur Alexander?”

“He happened to be here, and took my part,” replied Alexander, hardly knowing what to say.

“Now, sir, out with the truth, and say what kind of a man are you? tell me!” demanded Ali Effendi, in a voice sterner than ever.

“Why, I am a man who has a nose, and ears, and legs,” replied Vassos, puffing and blowing, and showing by his impatience he was quite ready to attack them.

“I see that you have a nose and ears,” returned the officer, waxing wrath, at the same time stepping back so as to be out of the reach of his sword, and in the middle of his men. “But I demand you tell me your trade, and in what way you get your living in this city.”

“I get my living from my income.”

“What is your income?—how do you derive it?”

“I’m not going to give you or any other man an account. You’ve no right to ask me such a question; and as such, I shan’t answer it. So good morning, Monsieur Alexander,—good morning, Monsieur Leonidas.”

With these words Dai Vassos brandished his sword before him, and proceeded, in what he no doubt thought a dignified gait, towards the garden door.

“You will stop here, sir!” vociferated Ali Effendi, whose wrath was now aggravated almost to madness on witnessing the contemptuous way in which Dai Vassos set his authority at defiance. “I say you shall stop here; you are a suspected character, and must accompany me to the Governor’s house.”

“Eh! what! I a suspected character! Now I’ll be off to my Consul, and lay my complaint before him, and he shall demand of the Sultan compensation for the injury my character suffers from such audacious language. Don’t suppose, sir, you are living in the times of the janissaries, when you could slash and hack about whom you thought fit. I tell you what, my good man, there is now a constitution, and you will find to your cost that there are laws in force very different from what they were in other times.”

“Seize that man, soldiers,” exclaimed Ali Effendi, provoked beyond endurance by the boldness of Vassos’ tongue, but careful to keep his person beyond the reach of his sword.

“Halt!” bellowed out Vassos, raising his sword, and putting himself in a posture of defence.

“Hold, men!” exclaimed Leonidas. “Ali Effendi,”

continued he, "I'll be answerable for the conduct of this individual."

"But you yourself, sir, are a suspected character."

"Sir!"

"I have instructions to that effect, and am ordered to take you into custody."

"Orders to take me into custody!—then, sir, I order you to quit this garden instantly; for whatever may be your instructions, I do not suppose they are derived from a higher authority than that from which this firman is issued. Soldiers," added he, taking from his pocket the imperial firman with which he had been furnished by the Grand Mufti, and showing it to them,—
"Soldiers, as faithful Mussulmen, will you disregard the signature of your Padishah?"

The moment the men saw the imperial document, they prostrated themselves to the earth in token of their reverence and submission; and there was not a single individual among them who was now not more ready to defend Leonidas than he was to obey Ali Effendi.

"You see, sir," said Leonidas, addressing that officer, "that it is in my power to order you to be taken into immediate custody. I shall, however, confine myself simply to requiring that you retire with your men. As for this individual, as I have said before, I will become responsible for his appearance, should he be wanted."

Ali Effendi was thunderstruck at the production of the firman. He looked at it earnestly for a moment or two, and then, after having prostrated himself also in the presence of the imperial document, left the gardens of M. Skalabreen, taking his troop with him.

Leonidas, previous to his taking his departure, addressed Alexander as follows :

“Your conduct, sir, in this duel, has been most disgraceful, and will give the whole town a fine theme for gossip, and an inexhaustible fund of amusement. You have, moreover, implicated me,—I therefore, for the future, desire you never will enter my house again. Our acquaintance now ceases, for I cannot acknowledge as a friend the man who has acted so dishonourable a part as you have done in this affair.”

“Stay, Leonidas,—I implore you to stay. I confess, freely confess I have been in the wrong, and the blame rests solely on myself. Pray listen.” And Alexander would have proceeded, when he was interrupted by the gruff voice of Dai Vassos.

“Don’t ask his Honour to listen to a pack of lies,” said he, “but rather ask him to forget a dirty scoundrel such as you. A brave and honourable man can have nothing to do with cowards. You have already injured him more than enough.” So saying, the bravo eyed Alexander from top to toe with a contemptuous sneer ;

and then, turning on his heel, stalked out of the gardens after his master, with all the pride and dignity of an ancient hero.

On reaching his house, Leonidas ordered Vassos to bring out the horses without further delay, for it was his intention to start immediately for Sibdi-kieu. "We must," said he, "finish our business this evening, and in three days we will bid adieu to Smyrna."

"Well, we have to thank our stars we've had another lucky escape," murmured Vassos to himself, as he proceeded to execute his master's order.

Leonidas entered in-doors to make a few necessary preparations, and was on the point of leaving, when two letters were brought to him at the same time. One of them was from Alexander, and contained the letter that had been written by his brother the Doctor. The other was from Sibdi-kieu, from the heirs of Kiatipoglos, informing him of the place where they lay concealed, and urging him to lose no time in seeing them, as they were waiting for him in the utmost anxiety.

Alexander's letter ran as follows :

"The enclosed letter, with the contents of which I am unacquainted, was put into my hands some time ago by my brother, with a strict prohibition not to deliver it to you until I heard from him from Constantinople.

On my return home this moment, I found a letter from him, reminding me of my promise, and I therefore lose no time in forwarding it to you."

The letter from Caraboudharas excited no little curiosity in the mind of Leonidas. He closely examined the seal and its inscription, and the handwriting of the address. On breaking it open, he read as follows :

"DEAREST BROTHER,

"This title, coming from one whom you consider a stranger, may at first surprise you ; but it is easily explained. I am the husband of your sister Tisiphone, to whom I was known only under the cognomen of Caraboudharas, having been obliged to drop my own name, to avoid the persecution of the Vizir, at the time I came to Constantinople in search of my father, whom that tyrant had kept in close and cruel confinement for a number of years, on account of that very treasure you are commissioned to discover.

"Your case and mine, Leonidas, are nearly parallel. You are seeking to avenge the injured honour of your family, and the death of a father, whom that brutal Turk sacrificed to secure the situation he holds. I have also been dishonoured in the person of my wife by the same individual ; and I have also lost a parent, who for so many years was forced to undergo, in that tyrant's

prison, tortures of the most cruel description. You perceive, therefore, that independently of the close ties of affinity subsisting between us, there is also a similarity of feeling, which lacerates the heart and stimulates us to the punishment of the villain who has been the cause of so much distress.

“During my temporary stay at Smyrna, I learned who you were, and the motive that prompted you to settle in this city; and I would have made your acquaintance at the time, had I not, from accident, discovered the place in which you had so carefully deposited your father’s will. This discovery forced me to put off my intention of making myself known to you until the present time. I was unacquainted with the contents of your father’s will, yet I could not help feeling a deep interest, as I firmly believed that I should find therein some allusion to my father and his imprisonment. And I had reason to suppose, from the secret manner in which you had hid that document behind the picture of Alexander the Great, that no one was privy to it but yourself and your mother, and that you would have denied me a perusal of its contents.

“Before you receive this letter, that document will be in my possession: I am therefore anxious to apprise you of it as soon as possible, in order that you may feel no uneasiness from its abstraction from your house. As

soon as I have read and considered its contents, I will forward to you by letter the particulars of a scheme by means of which, I trust, I shall be enabled to take ample vengeance on the Vizir.

“Adieu!

“Your affectionate Brother,

“CONSTANTINE HADJEE JOSEPH.”

Leonidas read this letter with the most earnest attention, but could not bring himself to give implicit credit to its contents; for, happening to be absent from Constantinople, as the reader has learned from the preceding history, at the time when the Doctor became acquainted with his family, it was impossible for him to have had a personal knowledge of his brother-in-law, who, on the return of Leonidas to this city, was in Algiers. He rang the bell with violence, and Dai Vassos immediately made his appearance at the door.

“Run, Dai Vassos, with all speed, to Alexander’s house, and tell him I desire to see him on a matter that requires instant attention.”

“Surely your Honour doesn’t mean to have anything more to do with that cowardly cur. You said you never in all your life would set eyes upon him again. I thought you had cut his acquaintance altogether.”

“Dai Vassos, you will please to keep remarks of that

kind to yourself, for I do not wish to hear them. Here, take this letter ; read it, and judge for yourself."

Daï Vassos did as he was requested ; and having read the letter, was so staggered, as to be unable for a time to utter a single word.

"Would to God," at length he exclaimed, in a voice of despair, "would to God there was no such relationship ! I'll go, although there's a something in me that gives me to understand some misfortune is going to happen. And further than that, your Honour, you must know that the whole of Smyrna, from one end of the town to the other, men, women, and children, are all up in arms. By God ! there would not be half the talk,—no, nor one half the bustle and noise, even if it was the Carnival : a hundred thousand lies are going from mouth to mouth, all about the Countess. I don't know what they don't say of her ; I say it's a shame,—a downright shame,—for anybody to stand and listen to such a pack of scandalous lies. They can't even let the Consul alone. They say, the night before last, that some fellow, who meant anything but good, crept stealthily behind him as he was coming back from Roboli's ball, and smashed his lantern ; and that a thief last night, dressed all in white, just like a ghost, was prowling about the inside of his house ; and you can't stir a step in a street, or go to any quarter, but your

ears are stunned with people bawling out—‘Thieves! Gabriel,—thieves! Gabriel;’ and they say he has had an awful quarrel with his wife,—a complete shindy,—and that he threatened, by way of punishment, to lock her up in her room, for three days, without a morsel of food. And they say, too, that he has offered the sum of five florins to any one who will be fool enough to be Mesmerized, thinking he shall by that means be able to find out who the chaps were that wanted to rob him. It is true, your Honour, and no mistake, for at this very moment the Consul’s house is besieged by hundreds of penniless applicants for the five florins.

“This duel of Alexander’s, too, is a fine subject for scandal;—and the part we took in it. Your Honour should go and see for yourself the crowds that are continually before our house, watching and examining it, as though it were a panorama. D—— me, if I have any patience. But it is my duty to tell your Honour, and so I’ll hope you’ll excuse me for letting you know what is going on.”

“You are a good fellow, Vassos, and have done very right. But I must see Alexander, and worm out of him the reason why the patrol lay in wait for me the other night, and what is the nature of this plot concocted between him and Ali Effendi or the Vizir. This relationship will, I think, induce him to lay aside all

feelings of jealousy on his part, and to act with candour. It would therefore be the most prudent course, perhaps, for me to go to his house, rather than he come to mine."

"Give me leave, your Honour, to say I don't think so. But if, as you say, this meeting must take place, I think it's better for me to go, and tell him to come here at nine o'clock; it will then be dark, and I can let him in quietly, and no one will be a bit the wiser. At eleven we shall have nothing to stop us from going to Sibdi-kïeu. Meanwhile, with your Honour's leave, I'll send a messenger to that hamlet, to say we shall be there by twelve o'clock."

"That would be better,—do so," said Leonidas, who, dismissing Vassos, was left alone to his own thoughts.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CATASTROPHE.

THE storm, on its abatement, was succeeded, as is usual, by a perfect calm. All around, recently so violently agitated, was sunk into stillness, undisturbed by the slightest puff of wind, or whispering of the trees. The sea, peaceful and motionless, appeared like an illimitable polished mirror; and the sun, like a ball of fire, made the streets so intolerably hot, that the inhabitants were forced to retire within doors, and close all their windows.

Leonidas, finding himself overcome with fatigue, threw himself upon a sofa, and shortly after fell into a profound sleep, which lasted till ten o'clock, when he was awoken by Dai Vassos.

"Is Alexander here?" was the first question put by

Leonidas, on opening his eyes, while the perspiration oozed profusely from every pore in his skin, owing to the intense heat of the weather. "What is the time?"

"It is ten o'clock, your Honour. I've been to Alexander's house, and to the Countess's hotel; but it's of no use; I can't find him either here or there; nor can I tell where the devil he's got to; I've sent a messenger after him, and if the man can't find him, it won't do for us to be losing our time any longer; but we ought to be off to Sibdi-kieu."

At this moment the messenger returned, bringing information that Alexander had been home, and, having changed his dress, had gone out again, for the purpose of being present at a concert, by a band of itinerant musicians, in the large room of the Greek Institution.

"And is it possible for him to have the assurance to face society so soon after the fame of his exploits! Let the horses be got ready."

"They have been saddled more than an hour, your Honour."

"Then put these pistols into the holsters," continued Leonidas, taking down a pair from the wall, and handing them to Vassos. "Have you yours?"

"I have, your Honour; I am quite ready, and will go and bring out the horses." With these words he

left the room, and proceeded with much cheerfulness to the stable.

Castor meanwhile was lying under his master's table, but seeing these preparations, rose from his recumbent position, apparently delighted at the idea of accompanying them, and followed his master, who had armed himself with a sword, and was proceeding down stairs to mount his horse. He had, however, hardly descended a step when a servant announced to him that a special messenger was below, waiting with letters, which he was instructed to deliver to Leonidas with his own hand. Leonidas could not help giving an involuntary start, as though he was actuated by some evil presentiment. There was no time for deliberation. He gave orders, though with some reluctance, for the man to be introduced, and presently an Ethiopian was ushered into the room.

Having prostrated himself to the floor, and placed his hands across his breast in an attitude of profound respect, the Ethiopian delivered his message.

"I am sent," said he, "to your Honour by his Excellency my master, to deliver this letter into your own hands, and I am ordered to take back an answer thereto."

He had scarcely ended, when Castor flew upon the Black with the utmost fury, and endeavoured to prevent

him from advancing any further into the room. The noble animal, no doubt, suspected the servile manner displayed by the Ethiopian, and his savage and ungainly figure, and his barkings became so vehement and troublesome, that his master, not knowing the cause, waxed angry: he gave him a violent kick, and forced him to go back and lay down again under the sofa, where he remained growling, with his eyes fixed upon the sable stranger.

Leonidas looked at the letter in silence, and perceived that it bore the impression of the Vizir's seal. A vague and indescribable sensation stole across him,—a presentiment that boded no good. He commenced reading the contents, with his shoulders leaning against the wainscot, and was hurrying over them, when the Ethiopian, with the rapidity of lightning, rushed upon him, and drove his yataghan with such force through his breast that it came out at his back, and pinned him firmly to the wainscoting of the room. The unfortunate victim clapped his hand to the handle of his sword, and would have drawn it from its sheath, but his blood chilled, and a deadly paralysis succeeded in every limb. He uttered nothing more than a single groan, and then stood motionless, apparently inanimate as an upright statue.

At that sad moment Castor rushed from underneath

the sofa, with all the ferocity of a tiger, and would have indubitably torn the Black to pieces, had not the latter drawn a pistol from his belt, and, discharging it at the faithful animal, laid him dead upon the spot.

The assassin then looked round the room for a weapon to cut off the head of his victim, and was on the point of laying hold of a sword, when he was startled at seeing the servant who had introduced him looking in at the door. This domestic, who had from below heard the groan, the howling of Castor, and the report of the pistol, had run up stairs to see what was the matter. Horrified at the sight, he gave a loud cry, and was proceeding to make his escape down stairs to give an alarm, when a bullet discharged from a second pistol extended him also upon the ground.

The thick clouds of smoke with which the room was filled prevented for a few minutes the Ethiopian from finishing his work on the body of Leonidas, which, to all appearance dead, stood nailed as it were to the wainscot.

Meanwhile Vassos was in the court-yard. Alarmed at the noise, he hurried into the house with his master's pistols, which, at the time of hearing the confusion, he was about to put into the holsters, and rushing up stairs, came in contact with two other Blacks, who had accompanied the assassin, and who, on a preconcerted signal, were to run and give him their assistance. Seeing

Vassos, they advanced to meet him, with the intention of despatching him at once. Their design was, however, frustrated: Vassos fired at the one nearest to him, and the other ran away, without caring to see whether his comrade was killed or not, and was speedily out of sight. Vassos then proceeded to the chamber door, in the opening of which he met with an obstruction from the body of the servant lying against it on the floor. The semi-obscurity of the landing-place, and the smoke that still pervaded the room, prevented him from distinguishing, at the moment, the fearful spectacle. He ran, heedless of danger, into the room, exclaiming, "O master! my dear master! where are you?"

The Ethiopian had no other weapon than a long knife about him. Alarmed at the report of the pistol on the stairs, he was still more so on hearing the exclamation of Vassos; and finding that his companions did not come to his assistance, he ran, knife in hand, towards the door, with the view of making his escape; but he rushed, unwittingly, into the arms of his adversary, who, unable to use his other pistol, threw it upon the ground, and grasping the body of the Ethiopian in his two arms, cried out, "Who the devil are you?" The Black, who was almost squeezed to death in this muscular embrace, made no answer, but driving his long knife into his adversary's back, gave him a mortal wound.

“Ah! I am a dead man,” exclaimed Vassos, fetching a deep sigh. “The villain has killed me.”

With these words Vassos let go his embrace for a moment, and seizing his assassin by one hand, he with the other drew his dirk from his belt, and plunged it into the neck of his assailant.

The struggle which then took place between these two desperate characters was awful to behold, and presented a scene that defies the powers of description. We shall content ourselves with observing that, on the domestics and neighbours rushing in with assistance, both of them were extended at full length on the floor, and that neither gave any signs of life. Lights were brought into the room, and the windows being thrown open, the smoke gradually cleared away, and the spectators were horrified at the appalling spectacle of Leonidas fastened to the wainscot, in the shocking manner we have described. They lost no time in releasing him and conveying him to a bed. They sent for physicians, observing that he still breathed; for the weapon, though driven completely through the centre of the chest, had passed through without touching any vital part.

The Ethiopian was quite dead. In the fearful encounter between him and Dai Vassos, his windpipe had been severed, and the chamber was deluged with the blood which spouted in torrents from the wound.

Vassos still breathed : he turned his dying eyes upon his master, and seeing him fixed against the wainscot, he made an effort to rise ; but exhausted by the loss of blood, he fell again on the floor, stammering out, as well as his feeble powers of articulation would permit, “ Ah ! my presentiments were true, there was no mistaking them ; there is always a still, a secret voice, which tells to sinners, such as I am, that their last hour is drawing nigh, that they may not, without preparation, enter into the presence of the Lord. This voice, for some time past, has been continually ringing in my ears—and now is my time come. Remember me, O Lord, in thy kingdom ! ” Such were the last words of Vassos, who fell an unexpected victim to his devotedness that night in the defence of his master.

Three hours after the occurrence of these lamentable events, the Austrian Consul, much affected, and two physicians, were standing at the bed-side of Leonidas, endeavouring to administer everything in their power that could contribute to his relief.

Meanwhile Ali Effendi, in complete ignorance of what had happened, entered the patient's chamber, with the view of carrying into execution the Vizir's other order, which he had just received by another special messenger. This order enjoined him to take Leonidas alive, and send him to Constantinople ; but seeing the condition

of Leonidas, that he was struggling between life and death, that Turk took no further steps than to place a guard at the chamber door, in order to watch the result, intending afterwards to act according to circumstances. However, he thought fit, amid the great confusion, to search the place, and found, in the pocket of a garment belonging to Leonidas, a letter from the heirs of Kiatipoglos. He read it, and on thus discovering the place where they were secreting themselves, hurried off to Sibdi-kieu, in the hope of apprehending them without any difficulty.

The physicians held a consultation, and were unanimous in their opinion that it was a most difficult case, and that the chances of recovery were ten to one against the patient. Inflammation had taken place in the chest, and so violent as not easily to be subdued. The sufferer fell repeatedly into a state of torpor that brought him at times to the very verge of death, and was afterwards attacked by convulsions, which were succeeded by an excessive weakness.

“Had the weapon with which the wound was made,” sagely observed one of these disciples of Esculapius, “inclined ever so little to the left, it would have been a hopeless case; the patient would not have survived a couple of minutes; but, happily, the knife took a direction through that part of the chest where the danger

was not so imminent. The only serious cause for apprehension is the undeniable fact of the iron having remained so long in the wound ; this has caused the flesh to rankle, and has imparted to it the chalybeate properties of the weapon, which, moreover, has been unskillfully extracted by incompetent persons, in their haste to release the patient from the wall."

The Consul proposed to have Leonidas conveyed at once to his house, in order that he might have the benefit of the care and attention of his family, and at the same time be secure from molestation under his own immediate protection. The physicians willingly assented to this arrangement, as the conveyance by water would be attended with little or no suffering to the patient. A litter was therefore immediately constructed in the form of a bed, and, before break of day, Leonidas was carefully carried to a caïque, which in a few moments afterwards landed him at the Austrian Consul's residence.

Although no one was acquainted with the causes that had led to these deplorable consequences,—although the manner in which the murdered men had met their death was an incomprehensible mystery,—yet, under these critical circumstances, no one gave a thought of entering into an investigation. Every one's attention was absorbed in the sufferings of the unfortunate young man, and on the means of prolonging his days.

Adèle took no pains to conceal the poignancy of her grief; it was apparent to all. She shed torrents of tears, and never for a moment left Leonidas's pillow; watching with intense anxiety every change that took place, in the hope that it would be for the better. But alas! more than a week elapsed, and the doctors were unable positively to assert whether he was out of danger or not. The Consul was much affected on observing the tender solicitude of his wife, and perceiving that she was actually suffering in her health, from her unremitting attention and want of rest, would no longer permit her to stop up at night. He engaged a nurse from one of the hospitals, and from that time Adèle remained at the bed-side of Leonidas never later than ten o'clock.

Time passed on, and the sufferer showed few or no symptoms of amendment. The doctors were much perplexed, and undecided in their opinion whether he would recover or not. The oppressive pains in the head had abated in their severity; but the inflammation continued, and the agony arising from the wound from time to time, and his inability to take nourishment, had enfeebled all his physical powers, and reduced him to a mere skeleton. He was strictly prohibited from speaking, and no one was allowed to bring him any letter, lest any sudden impression made on his mind, in that enfeebled state, should terminate disastrously.

More than a month had now rolled away since the attempt at assassination had been made, when one night, about twelve o'clock, the Consul entered the sick man's room, and drawing out a purse well stocked with gold, slipped it into the nurse's hands, accompanying the action with the following words, which were uttered in a very low voice :

"Now, Maria, my good nurse," said he, as he dropped the purse into her hand, "you remember our agreement; take care you remain a silent spectator of what you are going to witness. Never mind what you hear, all you have to do is to be quiet, and stop till you see the result. I tell you again, you have nothing to fear; so don't be alarmed: there is no danger; on the contrary, the experiment I am going to make may be productive of essential benefit; and I think it is more likely that our friend will recover from its effects than from all the skill and medicine that can be furnished by any of the physicians in Constantinople."

With these words the Consul approached the bed whereon Leonidas was lying in a deep lethargy, with his head supported by soft pillows.

"It is a hazardous experiment," said the old gentleman to himself, at the same time fixing his looks upon Leonidas; "but I trust, through Divine assistance, it will be attended with success." He took the two

thumbs of the invalid between his fingers, and held them in that position until he found the patient had experienced a glow from his own body. This part of the operation occupied about two minutes.

He then proceeded to place the patient's hands upon his shoulders, and after they had continued there for two minutes longer, he removed them to his forehead, keeping them on that part for about the same time. He then rested the open palms upon his own knees, and began to Mesmerize him by making various passes.

The patient's eyes were open, immoveable, and fixed on those of the Consul. Ten minutes elapsed, and they became suffused with tears; his chest began to expand and swell like a bladder during the operation. These symptoms at first startled the Consul, and inspired him with alarm; but at length his head sunk upon his right shoulder, overpowered with sleep, and simultaneously his hands were affected with a convulsive movement, and he dug his nails into the thighs of the Consul, as though they were the talons of a bird of prey.

This momentary show of strength, exhibited in the patient's weak and emaciated arms, assured the Consul that the magnetic influence was in full activity, and his eyes were consequently lighted up with an expression

of satisfaction, for he perceived that his scheme had taken effect.

“How long will it be before you are thrown into a deep sleep?” was his first interrogation.

“Five minutes,” replied the patient; “but be as expeditious as you can, for I am dying of thirst.”

“Do you feel any benefit from the sleep into which you have been thrown?”

“It is very refreshing, but my heart trembles; I cannot say why; and I feel a sensation as though the skin of my head, together with the hair, was being torn from my skull.”

“Do you still suffer?”

“Yes; and he must be blind who says I do not,” replied the somniloquist, with a smile playing upon his pallid lips.

“Your health, then, is not improving?”

“On the contrary, it is getting worse. I feel myself dying under the treatment of the physicians.”

“How ought your wound to be treated?”

“Medicine is of no use; I have no inflammation either in my heart or in my lungs. The method adopted by the physicians, instead of giving me relief, serves only to increase my sufferings; they should allow me to recline in the position in which I am now placed; they ought to discontinue giving me medicine; I require nothing

more than rest, and for my wound to be bathed with cold water every two hours."

After this colloquy between the Consul and the invalid, the former took a sheet of paper, and with pen in hand, began interrogating the latter in the French language, so that the old woman might not understand their conversation.

"Would an announcement calculated to make a pleasing impression be beneficial or otherwise in your present state?"

"It would be injurious; my mind requires to be at rest as well as my body."

"There are two letters addressed to you lying on the table, do you know their contents?—from whom is this one?" continued he, taking up the one that lay nearest to him. "What is it about?"

"Both of them communicate unpleasant news; the perusal of either of them, were I awake, would drive me distracted."

The Consul hesitated for a moment whether he should continue his queries; he however determined to proceed, and in a faltering voice desired to know from whom the letter came.

"O Panagia," cried the invalid, "it is from my mother, who is at Constantinople."

"Your mother!" repeated the Consul with astonish-

ment, for hitherto he had not been aware that Leonidas had a parent living. "And what does the letter state?"

"Oh! do not force me to answer your question, it is horrible; for God's sake forbear: do not persist in putting such a question."

"But I require an answer, and must have one. I ask you again, what are its contents?"

"It states, first, that our house at Tatavla, the only relic of his property bequeathed us by my good and worthy father, Logothetes P——, is totally destroyed by fire: it goes on to say that the blood-thirsty Vizir, in his anger at having discovered that I am in league with the Mufti in my endeavours to find the treasure which formerly belonged to Kiatipoglos, is not satisfied with sending his emissaries to assassinate me, but that he has also cruelly hanged my two sisters. It states that my youngest,—my beloved sister, is missing, and gone no one knows whither;—that my two younger brothers have been made Turks by that brutal villain, and sent to the Mosque at Mecca. And lastly, it states that my unhappy mother lies sick in one of the public hospitals, and dependent on charity for the means of subsistence;—what more would you have to wound a son?"

"Were I not satisfied with the infallibility of this science," said the Consul, musing to himself, "I should

place no reliance on these mysterious revelations. It is surprisingly strange;—who would have thought it! Leonidas the son of the Logothetes P——, and his object in being at Smyrna, the discovery of the place where the celebrated treasure of Kiatipoglos is concealed! He is not, then, in the service of Government, but as an individual paid for the prosecution of a private object. But I will proceed in my interrogations.” He then asked Leonidas to say from whom the other letter had come.

“Ask me no more questions,” imploringly answered the patient.

“I demand an answer.”

“From Neocles Soutzo, who tells me that he has withdrawn his promise to marry my youngest sister, and that he is united to the daughter of the Hospodar Callimachi. But I am weary, and unable to answer further.”

“Very well; then I will leave you to sleep as long as you think fit. When shall I awake you?”

“In three-quarters of an hour; I shall then feel refreshed, and you can wake me.”

“And when may I Mesmerize you again?”

“The evening after to-morrow, at the same hour.”

The Consul then left the patient to repose, and perused what he had penned on the paper.

Having finished, he turned to the nurse, who had been staring in silent astonishment, unable to conceive the meaning of the scene she had just witnessed.

“You perceive yourself, nurse,” said he, “that the invalid has prescribed the remedies that will restore him to health. Meanwhile I ask you another favour, and that is, never to suffer, on any account, to escape from your lips, what you have witnessed this evening. For the future, you must pretend to follow out the directions of the physicians, but you must do as I tell you; and when, by the blessing of God, our friend is fully restored to convalescence, I will not be sparing in rewarding you for your discretion.”

The nurse readily promised to do as he wished; and the Consul, having awoke Leonidas at the time specified, retired to his own chamber.

Two days after, at the same hour in the evening, the Consul repeated the experiment, and commenced with the following question, which was couched in the French language :

“Are you asleep, Leonidas?”

“I am; and my sleep is far more refreshing. I breathe with greater freedom.”

“Do you consider yourself better?”

“Much better; and I believe you have rescued me from the grave.”

"Do you feel any pain in the chest?"

"None whatever. But I labour under a most excessive heat. I feel as though I were in a furnace."

"Does conversation fatigue you?"

"Yes, at all times."

"And yet you must answer my questions."

"I know I must; but I entreat you not to weary me too much."

"I will comply with your wishes. I am only going to make some inquiries respecting the Countess Petrovik."

"Ah! ah! respecting the Countess?" said the somniloquist, while a smile played about his lips.

"Yes, the Countess: can you tell me where she is?"

"She is not in Smyrna."

"Where is she then?"

"That is not very easy to say."

"But you must try."

"Wait a moment. I see, — she's in Constantinople."

"What is she doing?"

"She is making preparations for returning to her own country."

"Are you sorry she is gone?"

"I am; and I am also glad."

“What do you mean by saying you are sorry and glad?”

“I am sorry, because I was once warmly attached to her; and I am glad, because she has been the chief cause of all my sufferings.”

“In what way can she have contributed to have thrown you into your present situation?” demanded the Consul, with increasing astonishment.

“If she had never visited Smyrna, Alexander would not have courted my acquaintance, and I should not have been his second. I should have been at Sibdikieu, and consequently should not have been wounded by the hands of an assassin.”

“Do you regard her with the same attachment as formerly?”

“I do not; but there was a time when I would have sacrificed my life in her behalf.”

“Had you any knowledge of her previous to her arrival in Smyrna?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“At Naples.”

“At Naples!” repeated the Consul.

“Yes, at Naples, where I was engaged in a duel which was prematurely put an end to by my faithful hound.”

Breathless with wonder, the Consul heard these extraordinary disclosures, and having committed everything to paper, resumed his inquiries.

“Was the attachment reciprocal?—I mean, did she return your love?”

“Yes; and the intensity of her love surpassed almost that which any woman could feel.”

“And yet seemingly she was one who had little hesitation in bestowing her favours on others.”

“She was mine, heart and soul, and mine only.”

Hearing this avowal, the Consul could not refrain from muttering to himself a wish that his petite Adèle was present at this confession. After the pause of a few moments, he resumed his interrogatories.

“And have you always loved her with the same fervour.”

“Not of late.”

“Why?”

“Because my affections are fixed upon another object.”

“What is her name?”

“Ask me no more questions,—I am quite exhausted.”

“Very well; how long do you wish to sleep?”

“Only ten minutes; you can then wake me up.”

“When may I Mesmerize you again?”

“To-morrow, at two o’clock after midnight.”

The Consul then withdrew to his own room, with his mind deeply impressed with the wonderful infallibility of the science in discovering secrets of which he could have no conception, among which was the fact of Leonidas being the very individual who had been a principal in the duel at Naples.

Next day, at the appointed hour, he resumed his operations.

“How do you find yourself, Leonidas?” was his first question. “Do you think yourself better?”

“Yes, much better; at all events I am out of danger.”

“When will you be sufficiently recovered to go out and enjoy the benefit of fresh air?”

“I shall be completely restored to convalescence in about ten days; but it will be a month at least before I shall have strength sufficient to enable me to go out of doors.”

“When you are quite recovered, is it your intention to renew your friendship with Alexander?”

“It were an absurdity to think so. Besides, Alexander has left Smyrna; or, to speak more correctly, has been compelled to leave; he went away some days ago.”

“Has he gone with the view of following the Countess?”

“No; he has taken a contrary route.”

“And so you have no longer any attachment to the Countess?”

“I have already told you. Why repeat the question?”

“Does the object of your present affections live in Smyrna?”

“Yes,” replied the somniloquist with animation, his features lighting up with an expression of joy; “yes, and very near.”

“What is her name?”

“That is a question which you ought to be the last to put; therefore don’t ask me to tell it.”

“But I insist on knowing it,” said the Consul, evidently very uneasy, for he felt a presentiment of a vague and indefinite kind for which he could not account.

“No, no! you must not know it;—I cannot tell you that,” murmured the patient.

“But I must have her name, and I insist upon your revealing it.”

“Adèle.”

“Adèle!” repeated the Consul, in a tone that indicated the consternation this startling announcement had thrown him into.

“Then you are in love with the Baroness?”

“It is impossible to describe it. I love her to distraction; I adore her!” exclaimed the invalid, with a deep sigh; “but the love I bear towards her is a chaste and noble feeling,—a feeling in accordance with the dictates of virtue and honour.”

“Ah, you mean a feeling,—a sentiment of friendship,—of pure, sincere friendship.”

“No, not friendship, but love,—ardent, fervent, unextinguishable love. But my friendship for you intervenes, and opposes a barrier that prevents me from overstepping the bounds of decorum;—it is my friendship for you which keeps me within the path of duty,—which inspires me with a feeling of respect, and controls the fire raging in my breast.”

“And does the Baroness love you in return?” demanded the Consul, tremulously, his lips no longer daring to call his wife ‘ma petite Adèle.’

“Does the Baroness love me?”

“Yes.”

“Does she love you?”

“That is a question not so easy to answer.”

“But I demand an answer,—does she love you?”

“Her ideas of the obligations of virtue and honour are far more sublime than the world may suppose: if she felt the slightest sentiment of love, she would die a thousand times over sooner than acknowledge it.”

“She has, however, some regard for you,—has she not?”

“All I know is, that she is dejected and melancholy in my absence, and pleased when I am present; she sympathizes with me in my sufferings, and feels a satisfaction in knowing that I am happy.”

“Has she ever confessed that she has regarded you in that light?”

“Never; her conduct has shown the contrary; for on one occasion, urged by frenzy, I went so far as to declare my passion, when she repulsed me with such virtuous indignation as to convince me that all my protestations were useless, and that I had nothing to expect but a fixed determination on her part never to suffer me to repeat the offence.”

“But will not a day come when she may relent, and return your love?”

“Never,—never, in my opinion, during your life.”

“But supposing she should incline favourably to your suit, would you abuse my friendship, and dishonour me?”

“Never,—never!” exclaimed the somniloquist, with such earnestness of tone as plainly manifested the uneasiness he felt at the insinuation conveyed in this question. “Never!” repeated he in continuation: “long has this passion been struggling with my honour,

and the agonies I have undergone are beyond description: repeatedly have I attempted to stifle it;—repeatedly have I placed before my eyes the duties of friendship,—those sacred ties,—and repeatedly have I resolved never to see Adèle again, and to avoid every opportunity of so doing. But vain were all my efforts, for whenever I found myself in her company, a secret, an unaccountable attraction led me on. Some invincible power overturned all my resolutions, and so blinded me, that nothing but my admiration of her virtue kept me from acting with rashness, and passing the bounds of propriety.”

“When was the last time you spoke to her upon this subject?”

“That very evening which was the commencement of my troubles,—that evening when I was with her alone in her chamber.”

“In her chamber!—when was that?” demanded the Consul, tremulous with agitation.

“When you gave a dinner to the Austrian Admiral; it was in the evening of that very day,—you locked us up together in her bed-room.”

“How came you there?” asked the Consul, letting his head fall upon the chair.

“On leaving the company to go home, I found the Baroness sitting in the room adjoining her bed-chamber,

her eyes suffused with tears. I endeavoured to engage her in conversation ; but, alarmed lest any one should enter, and discover us in so equivocal a situation, she bade me leave immediately, in language and manner so austere, that I was forced to obey. Unfortunately, I took the door that led into her chamber. At this moment you came in, and were determined to mesmerize her. To avoid your importunities, she took refuge in her chamber. You locked her in ; and we were together till midnight, when I made my escape from the house by leaping out of the window of the saloon."

"What was the subject of the conversation that took place while you were together?"

"We scarcely spoke a word. The Baroness suffered so acutely from the unexpected shock her delicacy received from this singular, though fortuitous, concurrence of circumstances, that her condition was truly deplorable. On taking my departure, I merely took her hand and pressed it to my lips."

After a pause of a few moments, the Consul said, "Is your statement true in every respect?"

"You need ask no such question ; because it is for you to command, and I am bound to obey. You have only to ask. I must answer."

"Sign this paper, then," continued the Consul,

handing him the memorandum of the answers he had given, and a pen.

Leonidas signed the paper, and the Consul having inquired when he was to be Mesmerized again, awoke him from his sleep, and then withdrew, in no very pleasant state of mind, to his own apartments.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BALL.

THE report of the duel, and its termination, spread like wildfire through the town ; and the inhabitants divided themselves into two parties—the one advocating the cause of Roboli, the other that of Alexander. The first comprised the Roman Catholic population, who, in espousing the part of their favourite, were lavish in their encomiums on his conduct, and bitterly severe on the behaviour of Alexander, whom they openly stigmatized with the opprobrious epithet of a coward. But his defence was warmly taken up by the Greek party, who exonerated him from all blame. They laid particular stress upon the indisputable fact, that he had waited for his antagonist more than four hours beyond the appointed time, and insisted that the duel had been pre-

vented by the officious interference of Ali Effendi. To favour the view of the case taken by his friends, Alexander himself boldly made his appearance in the streets of the city ; walked about, with his usual consequence, as though he had no reason to be ashamed ; and, as he passed the houses of his several acquaintances, stopped at their doors, and gave a version of the affair totally differing from the one his enemies had been so industriously circulating to his prejudice. However, an unforeseen circumstance arose, which in the end proved fatal to his character. It happened that a troop of performers were staying in the town, and a concert and ball were to take place at the Greek club-house. Under an impression that his absence from this entertainment would in all probability be used by his adversaries as a handle against him, and that his presence, and the boldness of his behaviour, would put a stop to every injurious surmise, and redound to his credit as a conqueror in the affair, Alexander determined on being present. The rooms were to be thrown open at nine o'clock ; and the citizens, who were very fond of music and dancing, assembled in crowds. In the early part of the evening, Alexander confined himself to the card-room, but at length proceeded to join the company in the ball-room. Here he came in contact with the French Lieutenant, accompanied by several French naval

officers. The moment they saw him, they could not restrain themselves from casting upon him a look mingled with a smile of contempt. Alexander was exceedingly annoyed, and changed colour; but, pretending not to observe the insult, he passed on, with the determination of keeping aloof from that part of the company in which he should happen to see the foreigners engaged. Chance, however, frequently produces consequences which care and premeditation cannot avert. The ball being nearly concluded, the company withdrew, according to custom, to the larger room, and joined, altogether, in a set of quadrilles which is terminated by the grande chaîne. Unfortunately, this chain, from the carelessness of some of the dancers, broke, and the gentlemen, on offering their hands to their fair partners, found themselves face to face with gentlemen, and the ladies face to face with ladies. The confusion caused by this *entre-mêlée* produced great merriment, and in the promiscuous intermingling of the dancers, Lieutenant Lacombe and Alexander met face to face. In the surprise of the moment, the latter extended his hand to the French officer, instead of to his partner. M. Lacombe immediately turned contemptuously upon his heel, accompanying the movement with the insulting remark, that he never gave his hand to a coward; and then, addressing the lady who was nearest to them, said, "I trust,

Mademoiselle, that you will not condescend to accept the hand of a dastardly poltroon." This additional insult brought the blood up into the very temples of Alexander, who, fired with shame and indignation, retorted upon the officer, "It is you who are the coward—you the poltroon." The greatest confusion then ensued. The officer went up to Alexander: "Sir," said he, in a tone far above a whisper, "although your behaviour in Roboli's affair has fully assured me you are not a man of courage, yet I will lower myself in my own estimation, and condescend to offer you the satisfaction of a gentleman. I am about leaving the company, and shall await you at the grand entrance, so that you may accompany us, and enable us to settle this affair in an honourable way." Accordingly, the Lieutenant left the room. Shortly afterwards, the surgeon of the ship accosted Alexander, informing him that M. Lacomb had appointed him as his second. "At the same time," continued he, "I have to remark, for your satisfaction, that I am a surgeon." This ironical sneer aggravated Alexander's passion to the highest degree. In his fury, he forgot himself still further, and began to insult, and even to threaten, the officer who had delivered him the message. At the same time, his friends become excited, interfere with the other officers, and are ready to support him against them all.

The elderly portion of the company endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation, but all their efforts were ineffectual. Their voices were drowned in the general hubbub. All was in confusion. The poor unhappy ladies were in a pitiable state; they were, indeed, in the deepest distress. Here a fair one, in her alarm, faints away,—there another, frightened, falls into the arms of her Narcissus. At length the French officers, eight in number, descend into the hall, swearing they will not leave the house unless Alexander either make an ample apology to M. Lacombe, or give him the satisfaction he demanded. The young men rushed to the door, and tried to expel them by force. Matters assumed a serious appearance. Again the officers would have sent a friend to demand of Alexander, that he should come down stairs, but were prevented. “What do you want with Monsieur Alexander?”

“Monsieur Lacombe demands the satisfaction of a gentleman for the insulting language he has received from Monsieur Alexander.”

“Monsieur Alexander cannot come down; we will not permit him; he is under our protection.”

“Then you give protection to a scoundrel,” was the sarcastic reply of the indignant officer.

“We are in the right,—justice is on our side;—we gave you an invitation to our ball, and the return you

make us for our courtesy is an attempt to force us into duels. We are commercial men, surrounded by our wives and children. We have no knowledge of the use of swords and pistols. Begone, then, about your business; to-morrow we will forward a memorial to the Admiral, and request him to send you all to the galleys at Toulon."

"Sacré nom de Dieu! we will not quit this place until that Monsieur Alexander makes his appearance."

"Monsieur Alexander is presently coming down stairs, but he will be accompanied by us, his friends and citizens, and whoever dares to lay a finger upon him——"

"Parbleu!" replied the officer, interrupting the last speaker, "the moment I fix my eyes upon him, I'll do as I please; I care for none of you; I am a match for you all."

"You, a match for us all?" vociferated another individual, accompanying the words with a violent blow, which, coming so unexpectedly upon the Frenchman's chest, caused him to lose his equilibrium, and as he was standing on the landing-place, to roll from the top to the bottom of the stairs.

The other officers perceiving their friend was treated in this unceremonious way, waxed wroth, and in a body rushed tumultuously up the staircase, together with the injured man, for the purpose of taking summary ven-

geance. But the young men of the city, mustering in number about two hundred, surrounded the officers, and hustled them about, directing their attacks particularly against the luckless French Lieutenant. The foreigners had no weapon of any kind to defend themselves against their assailants, and being overpowered by numbers, they were knocked, thumped, and pushed about to such a degree as to become helpless, and obliged to be carried on board their several vessels.

This scene occurred the same evening on which the Vizir's negro had attempted to assassinate Leonidas.

Next morning, the other officers of the French squadron having heard of the rough and unjustifiable treatment which their fellow officers had experienced, desired to go ashore, and inflict punishment upon Alexander and his abettors. But the Admiral, foreseeing that a violent collision would in all probability take place between them and the townsmen, peremptorily forbade any of them to leave their vessels, promising he would take measures so that they should have suitable redress.

In fact, a court to try the matter was held, at which were present the Consuls of the countries to which the accused severally belonged; and those that were found guilty were sentenced to pay a fine, and undergo imprisonment for a term in the prisons attached to the

Consulats. With regard to Alexander, who was the primitive cause of this disturbance, he could no longer remain in the city. Not only was he sought after by the officers of the French fleet, who were fully resolved on having the satisfaction of inflicting personal chastisement on him whenever they could find him, but the curiosity of all the inhabitants, and of every stranger who came to the city, was roused to see the hero who had figured so prominently in this ridiculous affair. And the public journals of Marseilles had given so graphic an account of the circumstances attending it, that it was, we repeat, impossible for him to continue any longer in the city. So he stealthily took his leave, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Europe.

The reader may easily fancy the awkward position of the Countess Petrovik; she was an object of commiseration, having, in the fall from her horse, fractured the bone of her leg. She had also the mortification of knowing that she was considered the authoress of the contention, and that she was the subject of the satirical verses and ludicrous caricatures that were composed and circulated throughout the city, and that her name, which was associated with every thing ridiculous or contemptible, was in every body's mouth. This was not all: young men would nightly assemble in groups under the windows of her hotel, serenading her

with music, and singing amatory and bacchanalian songs. These circumstances, combined with the grief she experienced on hearing of the attempt that had been made to assassinate Leonidas, compelled her also to make a sudden and precipitate retreat from Smyrna.

CHAPTER XVII.

THREE VICTIMS OF CRUELTY.

WE now return to the Grand Vizir's palace, situated on the rapids of Arnout-kïeu.

Some days had now elapsed since the evening of the memorable conflagration at Tatavla; and the Vizir had not been able to obtain an audience with the Sultan, who was labouring under indisposition from a cold caught on that eventful night.

In the meantime Mazar Pasha arrived from Adrianople, bringing with him Abdoulah, Governor of that city. On their arrival, the Governor was subjected to a rigorous examination; but as he positively declared he had witnessed with his own eyes the death of Daniel Cocalos, and as the Vizir was satisfied that the Governor could have had no connivance with the courtiers of

the Sultan, he concluded that the intelligence he had received from his emissaries respecting the flight of that individual was erroneous. He was further confirmed in this opinion by the information he had received recently from Adrianople, by which he learned that the Governor had received an invitation from the Grand Mufti, who wished him to be present at some religious conference. Under all circumstances, however, he thought it would be prudent to keep that officer, at least for the present, under close and secret confinement, and afterwards to act as emergencies required.

But there was one circumstance which made a deeper impression on the Vizir's mind than any other. This was the unaccountable, the mysterious abstraction of the Prophet's two strings of beads.

We forbear giving a description of his furious rage, and the threats he uttered on discovering his loss. It is enough to say, that in the first ebullitions of his anger, the very walls of the palace shook from the loudness of the tone in which they were expressed. We will come at once to the *dénouement*.

One night, very late, the Vizir, with his favourite Mazar Pasha close to his side, was sitting on his cherished sofa, that inanimate witness of the late mysteries of the palace, and was pondering upon everything that had so unaccountably happened, when all at once,

rousing himself from his reverie, he fixed his eyes upon his faithful Pylades.

“Ishmael!” said he, “those chaplets have been stolen, intentionally stolen; there must be some lurking villain in the palace, who is acquainted with their value, and knows to whom they belong. But among eight hundred individuals who compose my household, how am I to fasten the suspicion upon any of them. I have, however, hit upon a plan for the purpose of detecting the culprit. The ordeal of the key shall be tried; and the man on whom it falls shall be tortured into confession. We will make the experiment upon my Tchocandhars first. Thirty of the first rank shall be summoned, and the key thrown among them. Guel! Guel!”

At this summons, Ali made his appearance at the door.

“Ali! summon thirty of my principal guards:” the order was obeyed, and the room immediately filled.

“Ali! fetch the key and the sieve, and on whomsoever the key shall fall, he is the villain who has stolen my beads! those beads that were lost some days ago, and which I have not been able to find again.”

Thereupon the Ethiopian took up a sieve, and forthwith the most ghastly horror was depicted on the coun-

tenances of those who were about to be submitted to the ordeal, each fervently praying to himself that he might escape the fatal lot. The deepest silence prevailed throughout the room, every one waiting in anxious trepidation. At length the silence was broken by a general shout of acclamation, and the fingers of all were pointed towards the unfortunate Hassan, at whose feet the key had fallen.

“I am innocent!” exclaimed the poor wretch. “I call the Prophet to witness I am innocent ; but alas, the denunciation of the holy Prophet is realized, and has fallen upon my devoted head.”

All his protestations were fruitless ; his despotic master was deaf to everything but the dictates of his arbitrary will. He ordered immediate infliction of the punishment, and swore that every one of his servants should undergo the same, unless the culprit was discovered.

This punishment was horrid ; the victim’s breast was bored through, and a cotton wick passed through it, so as to come out at the back. This was afterwards ignited, so that the sufferer might, in his agony from the severity of the torture, be forced into a confession of his guilt.

Hassan was the identical individual who, more venturesome than his comrades, had dared to thrust his

head in at the prison door on the occasion when the fiery letters spread terror and consternation among the rest. He was the lover of Orcas, to whom, in her chamber, the Prophet had revealed himself in all his splendour, and on whom he had imposed a strict injunction not to divulge anything she had heard or seen.

Having poured forth a fervent prayer, the miserable man bared his brawny and hairy chest, and quietly submitted to his fate, protesting all the time he was innocent.

Everything being ready, that callous-hearted monster in human form, the imperturbable Ali, fixed a gimlet exactly between the two paps, and proceeded, with incredible coolness, (notwithstanding the heartrending screams of the victim, who was held fast by others during the operation,) to force it into the quivering flesh, until it came out between two of the vertebræ of the backbone. He then drew out the instrument, and passed the wick, by means of a long bodkin, right through the orifice, till it came out on the other side. This part of the infernal work was done with wonderful skill and rapidity. The wick, which had been steeped in some inflammable solution, was then lighted, with the view of burning the sufferer's entrails. Then succeeded a spectacle of horror surpassing all conception. The miserable wretch being let loose, threw himself on

the floor, writhing with agony ; he rolled about, uttering piercing screams and praying for mercy ; but all was unavailing.

Meanwhile the inexorable tyrant, the merciless Vizir, seemed to gloat upon the diabolical scene. He fixed his threatening looks upon the trembling wretch, and declared sternly, that unless the beads were restored, the whole of them should undergo the same punishment. At this moment a shrill piercing cry proceeded from the bottom of the stairs, and presently an Ottoman female, clothed all in white, glided into the room, and, having thrown her eyes around, rushed with the rapidity of lightning towards Hassan, and falling upon him, endeavoured to extinguish the fire that was consuming his inside.

“ Away with her, and put her to death ! ” roared Dalbatan Pasha, who, in his frenzied passion, rose from his seat, and rushing towards her, seized her round the waist, in order to tear her from her lover, around whose body her arms were clasped.

“ Who, and what are you ? ” cried he, and with these words, in the struggle, he tore the veil which covered her face, and displayed the well-known features of the beautiful and intrepid Orcas. The guards advanced towards her in a threatening attitude, and were on the point of dragging her away, when the unhappy female,

in a deliberate and dignified manner, exclaimed, "Forbear!—forbear!—it was I who abstracted the strings of beads;—this man is therefore guiltless. Save him!—Oh, save him from these cruel fires, and I will disclose everything I know."

The Vizir and Ishmael were thunderstruck. The former ordered immediate attention to be given to Hassan: but it was too late; for though they succeeded in putting out the fire, so great had been his sufferings, that nature was exhausted, and the wretched victim of tyranny expired in the most excruciating agony.

"Where are the chaplets?" roared out the Vizir, addressing Orcas, on whom all his rage was now concentrated. "Where are the chaplets?"

"The chaplets are in the hands of the Prophet," calmly replied the superstitious woman. "Yes, they are in his hands, and he will punish you heavily for the death of this Mussulman, who was under his special protection."

"You have lost your senses!—Fool!—idiot!—wretch that you are!" vociferated the Vizir, his features distorted by rage and disappointment; "I ask you where are the chaplets?—I must and will have an answer."

"I've already told you where they are,—they are in

the hands of the Prophet," was the placid reply of the Ottoman female, whose features shot forth glances of supernatural brilliancy, as though she was inspired, like another Pythoness.

"Speak the truth, and tell me where are the chaplets?" repeated the Vizir, whose face exhibited all the colours of the rainbow.

"On that same evening when the Christian's devil vanished, amid fire and smoke, from the prison, and when the great conflagration broke out at Tatavla, I was suddenly awoke from a profound sleep by a light which glanced like the lightning of heaven, and as quickly disappeared. Terrified, I arose, and as I sat upon the bed, I discerned through the semi-obscurity of the room a shadowy outline of a figure in human form. I was about to spring out of the room and summon assistance, when I was arrested in my purpose by a soft, harmonious voice, which bade me be quiet. It was the Prophet's holy and heavenly voice that I had heard. And the Prophet assured me that he had despatched a Christian devil to punish my Hassan for his sins, and imposed upon me a sacred injunction that I was secretly to abstract your two strings of beads, and deposit them under the Monolith Obelisk, facing the Mosque of Achmet, in the Hippodrome. And furthermore, to convince me that he was the Prophet himself,

he rubbed his finger on the wall; and lo! a stream of fire issued therefrom, which, illuminating the chamber, enabled me to perceive his bright and heavenly form. It was brilliant as the sun, and the hair of his head and his beard streamed with light; and they gave fire and smoke. It was a sight I shall remember all the days I have to live. Never shall I forget it. And his parting injunction was, that on no account whatever was I to divulge anything that I had seen or heard to any living being. And he moreover said, that if I disregarded his words, and disobeyed his commands, I should thereupon become dumb and blind, and that my Hassan should die. Alas! alas! one prophecy has been verified,—my Hassan lies dead before my eyes; and now I await the loss of speech, the penalty I have incurred in neglecting to keep the secret within my own breast; for in the fulness of my heart I betrayed it to my beloved Hassan, the idol of my soul.”

“Do you persist in saying you saw and heard all this?” inquired the Vizir impatiently; for this marvellous tale had made a deep impression on his superstitious fears.

“I declare solemnly to the truth; and I appeal to the Prophet himself, who is now actually in this room, although invisible to your eyes.”

And the poor girl believed what she said.

“How did you obtain them?—I never suffered them to be for a moment out of my reach; nor can I conceive how you could have taken them without my knowledge.”

“The very next evening I lowered myself from the window by means of a rope I was accustomed to use whenever I had an assignation with my Hassan. I entered the palace, and proceeded direct to your chamber, which I reached unperceived. The door was closed, but not fastened. I opened it without hesitation, and on entering, found you were in bed, and Ali at the foot. You both were in a deep sleep. Had either of you awoke at that precise moment, I should have feigned that I was walking in my sleep. But protected by the power of the Prophet, I examined your clothes and found the beads. I lost no time, but quickly retraced my steps, having taken care to close the door as it was at first. You have now the whole truth.”

“And did you take them at once to the spot appointed by the Prophet?”

“I waited till the next evening.”

“Proceed.”

“I repaired to the place, and having deposited them, I withdrew to the further end of the Hippodrome. Shortly after, I beheld a shadowy form advance to the spot I had just left. The figure stooped, picked up the

beads, and became instantly invisible, owing to the darkness of the night."

The Vizir then commanded all the attendants to leave the room; and as soon as they were gone, he and the Mazar Pasha interrogated the girl still further in this mysterious case, and being satisfied in their own minds that her statement was to be depended upon, they sent her also out of the apartment; and the two, falling upon their knees, uttered forth a deep prayer. Their devotions being ended, the Vizir rose and commenced the conversation.

"Those chaplets, Mazar Pasha, formerly belonged to the Prophet, and he has claimed them. Daily may we now expect to sink under the vengeance of him under whose shadow we live. The mode in which the Doctor disappeared is unaccountable; and the Tchocandhars are convinced from the writing that he sent his devil to punish Hassan,—that Hekym, Ishmael, is assuredly my evil angel. The Koran says that there are four angels who watch over man, two by day and two by night. The Doctor is one of the latter, and has begun to persecute me. The only remedy against his persecution is to leave this palace, to resign the Vizirship, and withdraw to an island in the Archipelago, and there pass the remainder of my days in peace and devotion. But in taking this step, I shall leave the unfortunate Amina

friendless and unprotected. I shall give up all power to the Mufti,—and such is the complication of events, that it is impossible to foresee what may ensue. Leonidas still lives, and is safe from my vengeance, under the protection of the Austrian Consul. The heirs of Kiatipoglos have expired under torture without making any confession, and no hope can now be entertained of my ever discovering the treasure. Daniel Cocalos is admitted every day to the presence of the Padishah, while I, who am the Grand Vizir, am refused the audience I crave. I am debarred from seeing Amina, for her eunuchs, odalesques, and attendants have all been changed. Tell me, then, my friend, unreservedly, your opinion; say, how can we extricate ourselves from the dangerous dilemma into which we are thrown?"

"We certainly are in very imminent danger, your Highness," replied Mazar Pasha; "there is every reason to believe that the Padishah suspects who are the authors of the death of his beloved Anika and her child. But it is only suspicion; for how can any proof be obtained, when all the parties implicated in that affair are dead, with the exception of Bambanista and the Governor of Adrianople: *à propos*, are you aware that the head of the High Priest, the banker's brother, is exposed on the palace gate? it has been there ten days."

“Yes, I am, but no one is acquainted with the nature of the offence for which he has suffered. I have made every inquiry, but the result has been unsuccessful. The Banker, however, still enjoys the Sultan’s favour.”

“Your Highness, I have a suggestion to make.”

“Out with it, Pasha.”

“Make away with Bambanista and the Governor of Adrianople. They are our friends, it is true, but we ought not to forget that our lives are at stake.”

“The same idea struck me.”

“Then give me the order at once for their execution.”

“Do as you please,” was the answer of the unfeeling Vizir to this infamous proposal; “their death will prevent the possibility of betrayal. But, Pasha, did you see the English Ambassador yesterday?”

“Yes, your Highness, I was with him the whole of the afternoon: our conversation was entirely taken up respecting Lord Gordon’s affair.”

“Indeed!”

“Not only does the death of Lady Gordon remain inexplicable, but the disappearance of the suspected parties from the prison attached to the Ambassador’s residence has roused the anger and indignation of the Ambassador to the highest degree. He paced the room

in great excitement, and declared that it was his conviction that some great and powerful man had interfered in the course of justice, and had bribed the janissary to suffer the culprits to escape, during the time he was at Signor Bambanista's."

"Is Lord Gordon still in Constantinople?"

"He is; but he is inconsolable at the loss of his wife, and never stirs abroad. It is his intention to leave the country next week, and to abandon his claim to the property of the Patriarch in favour of his wife's destitute mother."

"Ishmael, this affair can never be brought to light if we could get that vindictive Sphyrla and her young daughter into our power. There is no other evidence. But 'tis strange that no tidings whatever can be obtained about these women; they cannot have gone to Smyrna; they must be concealed in Constantinople. I have set my emissaries upon the watch, but their efforts have hitherto been fruitless. As to the Banker and my cousin, their fate is decided. They are privy to our secrets, and it is their interest to side with the monarch;—circumstances imperatively demand the sacrifice, and they must die."

"What is the state of his Majesty's health?"

"I am told, Ishmael, that his indisposition has assumed a serious character. He was attacked three days

ago with the typhus fever, and the physicians are in doubt as to the result."

"Then why does not your Highness avail yourself of the opportunity, and see the Sultana Amina,—she ought to be apprised of the loss of the chaplets, and advised to employ every precautionary means."

"It certainly is not impracticable, because our faithful odalisque Rabiza is now the Kiahya-Khatoun (Chief Sultana). But, my dear Pasha, that whimsical woman is devoted body and soul to the Padishah; and instead of her considering the consequences of a discovery, I am told, that with the permission of Rabiza, she never leaves the pillow of the monarch for a moment. It is very strange, for it is contrary to the custom of the Harem for a Sultana to enter the Padishah's private chamber. This violation of ancient usages arises from the introduction of European habits. What will follow next?—mark my words, Pasha: before long, our women will be seen promenading about the streets without a veil. But to return to the subject: I have sent a message requesting an interview with the Sultana Rabiza, and I hope to be enabled to execute my great plan."

"What, the Padishah's life!" muttered the Pasha, in a subdued tone; "it is a fearful project, and I should say impracticable."

“Not at all,” rejoined the Vizir. “There are many examples recorded in our chronicles, of its having been successfully accomplished. The Grand Vizir Daud Pasha killed Osman II. The Soffi Mohamed killed Ibrahim I., his benefactor, because the safety of the empire demanded it. To-morrow I expect to meet her : now be pleased to tell me what has become of Gifout Tannakin, Alcibiades, and Lucretia ? Have we nothing to apprehend from them ?”

“A few days ago the Sultana Esma demanded the heads of five young men, who had insulted her in the environs of Constantinople.”

“Well, proceed.”

“These young fellows were Alcibiades and his gambling associates, who, it is reported, were apprehended by Raoul’s emissaries in the miser’s house, a few hours after the abstraction of the chest, and conveyed to prison. The miser had already decamped from Constantinople, and what has become of him is unknown to any one. He may possibly have had some transactions with Raoul, and the latter has thrown him into prison, or made away with him, to secure to himself the possession of his property. It is reported that everything was sealed by the Minister of the Foreign Department, under the pretext that several Ambassadors had forwarded memorials on behalf of their countrymen,

complaining of the extortions to which they were subjected by Gifout."

"The poor old fellow is much to be pitied," said the Vizir with an ironical smile. "It is a great calamity to be troubled with wealth. And what has become of Lucretia?"

"She is safe in my Harem. At first she was inconsolable, but she is now quite reconciled to her fate; she is a great favourite with my other women; she teaches them dancing, singing, and acting. She has far more reason to be happy where she is, than to have been the wife of Murat Bey. I have a very good opinion of this Lucretia; she is a shrewd clever female."

"Ay! all these European women are devilish clever; but listen, my good Pasha: you have lived in Europe so many years, and have been so accustomed to these women, that I think you can part with her; send her, then, to my Harem."

"With pleasure I'll do so, your Highness, the moment I return to my palace. She can already speak a few Turkish words, and you will experience no great difficulty in understanding each other."

"Ishmael, I do much regret that the Padishah's indisposition has hitherto prevented me from obtaining for you the appointment of Reis Effendi, but as soon as he recovers, I will make it my business to procure it."

“I thank your Highness for the interest you take in my behalf; there is no immediate hurry, the inclination to oblige me is enough.”

“It is not only my inclination but my duty, Pasha, to do all I can for you,” replied the Vizir, pressing his hand most cordially.

“There are two other persons who must be removed to a greater distance from the capital.”

“Eh! who are they?”

“Daï Spagos must now be removed from Koniah, and appointed to the government of a more distant province,—say Baalbec; and the corvette commanded by Caracouni must be stationed either at Egypt or off Syria.”

“Ishmael, I admire your penetration; you are quite right. Take care that these two men are removed accordingly.”

Here their conversation ended, and Mazar Pasha left the Vizir's palace, armed with that tyrant's authority to put to death the Emperor's Banker and the Governor of Adrianople.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET DIVAN.

A PERIOD of more than ten months had passed away, during which the Padishah laboured under a very dangerous illness, which brought him almost to the very brink of the grave; and this unfortunate empire, subjected to the alternate and oppressing influence of the Grand Vizir and the Mufti, was in a more precarious state than ever. The innovations daily made upon ancient habits seemed, in the eyes of this superstitious people, a profanation of the precepts of the Koran, and a violation of the rights of all true and faithful Mussulmen. The fierce opposition which the Grand Vizir almost openly exhibited against them, and the patronage he bestowed upon those who assisted him in this opposition, would have excited the indignation of

the country against the throne, and the consequences might have been serious, had not the same firm and determined hand that four years before exterminated the janissaries and other insurrectionists hastened to lay its crushing power upon this dangerous enemy.

One spring morning, as the Grand Vizir was about proceeding to the Mosque, accompanied by Mazar Pasha and his other followers, a Capoudjee-bashee presented him with an order commanding his immediate attendance at the Imperial Palace. There was nothing apparently unfavourable in this order. Nevertheless, the Vizir felt an inward presentiment of evil which he could not suppress; and on the departure of the Capoudjee-bashee, he addressed Mazar Pasha :

“Ishmael,” said he, “the Padishah has commanded my immediate attendance at the palace. God grant that I may be wrong in my suspicions. I cannot, however, help thinking that there is something very inauspicious in this order, for last night there was an eclipse of the moon.*

“Your Highness has no grounds for harbouring any such suspicions. The Padishah for a long time

* In Turkey, the interpretation of the sun means the Sultan's face, and of the moon, the Vizir's.

past has condescended to be most gracious to you, and you stand higher in his favour than ever."

"Very true; and yet I have misgivings which I cannot account for. The Emperor's mandate must be obeyed, so let us go."

The Sultan was sitting in a private apartment of the palace adjacent to the one in which the Divan of the empire was held. The paleness of his countenance and the spareness of his figure indicated the painful nature of the disorder by which he had been attacked. He was dressed after the European fashion, which he was desirous of introducing among his subjects; he therefore wore it as an example for them to follow. The Divan itself was very plainly furnished; in the centre stood a small table, round which were ranged six seats.

These seats were presently occupied by the Grand Mufti, the Hospodar Callimachi, Selidhar Osman Pasha, the Commander of the Imperial Guard, and three of the most distinguished Oulemas of the empire. On the table were the Prophet's two chaplets, a bundle of documents, and six small triangular pieces of wood. Beyond this table, facing the Sultan, stood eight *bazami-dil-siz*, or mutes.

At the moment the Vizir made his appearance at the door of this apartment, a pair of folding doors on the

opposite side flew open, and Leonidas, with the physician, Constantine Hadjee Joseph, made his appearance. The Vizir, as he advanced, threw a glance on the table, and another on the two Greeks: a cold shudder pervaded every limb; he however walked with a firm step, advanced towards the monarch, and made his prostrations. He then retired a few steps, and stood motionless, with his hands folded across his breast. The two Greeks also made their prostrations; they were both clad in mourning.

As we have not already described the figure and character of the Doctor, we will now briefly do so. His stature was rather above the middle size; his features were agreeable and open; his complexion somewhat sallow, and at times flushed with a colour resembling that of the amethyst; his eyes were dark, but very fascinating, and had a magnetic effect upon the object of their gaze; his manners, altogether European, were noble and engaging; and to these qualities was added a natural simplicity which procured him the love and friendship of all his acquaintances. He had not that nice perception of honour for which Leonidas was so remarkable; but he was at the same time free from the vanity and affectation of his brother Alexander; and as he had repeatedly confronted death, he possessed great coolness and presence of mind. The different family

vicissitudes which he had experienced had tended to subdue his passions, and gave him an insight into society which was not lost upon him in his transactions with it. With regard to his medical qualifications, it may be said that he was on a level with his professional brethren in Greece.

Presently the Sultan nodded significantly to the Grand Mufti, who then, in a firm and deliberate voice, addressed the Vizir in these words :

“Dalbatan Mouhamed, the cries of the people of this kingdom against thee have at length reached the ears of our revered sovereign, and he has summoned you before this tribunal to clear yourself of the crimes alleged against you.”

“Most powerful Padishah !” said the Grand Vizir, turning towards the monarch, whose looks were directed to the Bosphorus and its surrounding scenery, “I am not aware of the nature of the charges brought against me ; but I am prepared,” continued he, in a hesitating voice, “I am prepared to answer any questions your Majesty thinks fit to propose.”

The Sultan continued looking out of window, and was apparently unconscious that any one was addressing him.

“Dalbatan Mouhamed,” resumed the Mufti, “if you have anything to say, you must direct your observations

to this Divan, and not to his Majesty. This Divan intends to put you on your trial; and if it finds you guilty, it will proceed to pass judgment. His Majesty, our revered sovereign, is merely a passive spectator of the proceedings."

The features of the Grand Vizir crimsoned to the very temples. His indignation was almost uncontrollable at finding the Mufti used so dictatorial a tone, and neglected to address him by any of his titles. After a short pause, apparently occupied in reflecting on what he should say, Dalbatan took courage, and ventured to speak out in a tone of confidence.—"No Divan," exclaimed he, "has the power to put its President on trial. I am the Grand Vizir, and therefore, by virtue of my office, it is my high prerogative to superintend its proceedings in the absence of the sovereign, or when his Majesty thinks fit not to take a personal part in its sittings."

"Thou art no longer Grand Vizir," calmly said the Sultan, interrupting him: "thou art not even a Pasha: the seal of the empire is conferred on Selidhar Osman Pasha, chief officer of our Imperial Guard."

"What is the crime charged against me, most powerful Padishah?"

"Listen," continued the Mufti, seeing that the Sultan had done speaking. "You are charged with

high treason, in having abused the imperial favour, and procuring the first office in the empire by fraudulent representations, at a time when you were a coiner of false money. Secondly, that after you had been promoted to this exalted dignity, you still continued this infamous practice. Thirdly, that you murdered that good and estimable man, Logothetes P——, and afterwards brought the whole of his family to ruin. Fourthly, that you held, chained and imprisoned, for a series of years, Hadjee Joseph, the father of Constantine, the physician. Fifthly, that you stole, by a most artful and infamous contrivance, the property of Signor Gifout Tannakin, one of our most loyal and devoted citizens. Sixthly, that numbers of orphans and widows are groaning in misery, and curse you as the author of their sufferings. And lastly, the worst and most criminal of all,—that you have conspired against the honour and life of our sacred sovereign.”

Dalbatan dropped his head upon his chest, and remained some moments in this dejected position. The charges brought against him by the Grand Mufti so overpowered him by their suddenness, and gave such a shock to his pride, that he could scarcely articulate his words, when he inquired, “What foundation has the Mufti for these accusations?”

“Let us come to the first charge,” replied the Mufti.

“ Do you deny the fact of having been a coiner of counterfeit money ? ”

The criminal spoke not a word. He threw a supplicating look towards the Padishah, but it was unheeded.

“ Do you admit, or deny the fact ? ” demanded the Mufti.

“ I never, in my life, was a coiner, my lords.”

“ Did you know, at Smyrna, a person named Vassos ? ”

“ This is the first time, to my knowledge, that I ever heard such a name mentioned.”

“ Hekym-bashee, be pleased to read that portion of the will of the late Logothetes P—— which touches upon this particular matter.”

The Doctor took up the will, and throwing a triumphant glance, indirectly, on his bitter enemy, began reading as follows :

“ EXTRACTS FROM THE WILL.

“ The only consoling idea which softens the anguish of a father’s dying moments, is the knowledge, that in being torn from the arms of his family, he leaves them a small property, which will render his children independent and useful members of society. Alas ! this consolation, the object of a long and laborious life, is denied me. I have been robbed and plundered ; I have

nothing to bequeath to my numerous family ; and I die branded with the infamous stigma that I was a coiner. My reputation is gone, is blasted—that reputation, to acquire which I made so many and such painful sacrifices. The last moments of a dying man are as solemn as they are sacred : he is about to appear in the presence of Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts ; and implicit confidence should be placed in his dying words. I therefore solemnly declare what I am about to write is truth—truth unadorned, unexaggerated. I have lived in this empire during the reigns of three monarchs, and have witnessed the many changes it has undergone. My evil destiny ordained that I should take a part in public matters. O that I had remained a passive spectator ! I should now be in the enjoyment of health, wealth, and reputation. In choosing a public life, I was actuated neither by the motives of ambition nor the desire of hoarding gold. I was prompted thereto by a zeal to be useful to my fellow citizens. It would be in my power to apply a remedy to a few of the wounds which Christianity has received in this country. I was successful in my aim, and in a short time I became head Logothetes. I now, for the first time, had a close view of the image of the crimes of which, of necessity, I became the first seat. I perceived, that in saving the life or property of any individual, it was necessary for

me to issue a decree which would militate against another. If I defended the rights of a poor Christian, the Patriarchs, who desired to obtain favour with this or that Pasha, would sacrifice him. A good understanding between me and the head of our Church could not subsist long; and from that time we were continually at strife. My influence was such, there was no necessity to humble the clergy at my feet—my efforts were directed to destroy the cause of corruption, and to render the Church more virtuous; for this end, my office as Logothetes assisted me much.

“About this time I became acquainted with Mouhamed Pasha, formerly Governor of Smyrna. This man was my evil genius—this man was the source of corruption: he possessed the heart of a tiger. This man has so blinded me, that even now scarcely am I able to trace his true character. The well-feigned kindness of his disposition towards all classes of the community, without exception,—his splendid presents to my family,—the liberality of his political opinions,—would have beguiled any one, even the shrewdest. I fell completely into his artful snare. I procured those congratulatory documents which represented him as a perfect officer in the eyes of his superiors; and overlooking the shameful forgeries that overthrew the Vizir his predecessor, I lent my co-operation to fix him in an elevated place which

enabled him to sacrifice me. A most important circumstance happened during my connexion with him, which will remain a mystery to the public until it is divulged by this document;—I mean the death of Ambroglos, the Patriarch of the Western Armenians.

“The high ecclesiastic differed from us in the certain exactions to which he laid claim from the holy places of Jerusalem. These disputes were frequently referred to the Sublime Porte. Now as the balance of favour inclined to him who could fill the scales of justice with the greatest weight of gold, our Patriarch sent for me, and begged me to use my influence with Dalbatan Pasha, who had just been elevated to the office of Grand Vizir, for the settlement of this affair. But as I saw that his exactions were altogether illegal, and that he was actuated by a spirit of personal animosity against the Armenian clergy, and not of regard to the interests of religion, I declined acceding to his request, under the pretext that I had no wish to interfere in matters of this kind.

“The manner he adopted to defeat him was as follows. He accused the Armenian Patriarch of making many Ottomans proselytes to his creed; and he produced individuals whom he had hired to give false evidence. The unfortunate Ambroglos was accordingly thrown into prison, and it was currently reported that

he had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, and his goods confiscated to the public treasury. To procure this sentence, it appears that our Patriarch bribed the Grand Vizir with the sum of two thousand florins. The Mufti, and other members of the Divan, were deceived, and ultimately decided upon his condemnation. Soon after the Vizir put up the Patriarch's goods to sale, and employed persons to purchase the property at an inferior value, on his own account, in the same manner as he subsequently did mine. The sale produced about a million groshen : this sum he commissioned me to pay into the public treasury. The major part of this money was false coin, and at the time I paid it in, the Secretary-general, with a smile, made some remark on the sound ; but as it had come direct from the Vizir, no suspicion of its being counterfeit was expressed.

“A few weeks afterwards the evil was also to be applied to my head. Compelled by Gifout Tannakin, from whom I had borrowed the greatest portion of the sum which Dalbatan Pasha had paid for the Vizirship, to repay it, I had recourse to the latter. The Vizir made no demur ; he immediately paid down one-half the amount in bad money ; and this sum, without suspicion of its spuriousness, I handed to Gifout Tannakin. The fraud being discovered, I was waited upon by Gifout, who became importunate. My credit was at

stake, and I repaired to the Vizir's house for indemnification. After many fruitless attempts to see him, I at length succeeded in having an interview. He promised I should have justice done me, provided I gave him an acknowledgment, purporting that he was out of my debt. Necessity forced me to acquiesce, and I sacrificed the forty thousand florins which he still owed me. But this did not satisfy my crafty and treacherous friend. He availed himself of my acquiescence, and assured Gifout Tannakin he would cause my property to be put up to public sale for the consideration of fifty thousand florins, to be paid to him by the said Gifout Tannakin, undertaking that the balance due from me should be paid in full. Tannakin agreed. My goods were put up to sale, and the Vizir bought them at his own price; that is to say, they were valued at forty thousand florins. This sum was paid to Gifout Tannakin; and in order to remove every stigma from himself, he deposed me from my situation, under the undisguised plea of my being a coiner of base money. In the history of my life, which is enclosed in this packet of paper, I go more fully into details on this subject.

* * * * *

“On my applying to Gifout Tannakin for the loan of this money, he used every effort to dissuade me from assisting Dalbatan in his aim at the seals of office. It

seems that Gifout knew the character of this Pasha, but finding all his endeavours to dissuade me useless, he refused to advance the money at a rate less than forty per cent. This I agreed to, being urged to it by the suggestions and recommendations of my wife, who, having received many presents from Dalbatan, was warm in his praise, and painted in glowing colours the high consideration we should obtain on our friend becoming Vizir. I make no complaint whatever against Gifout Tannakin; he is the personification of virtue and justice, and his knowledge and experience of the character of these harpies has been acquired from a long residence among them.

“When the present Mufti, then Caputan Pasha, was despatched to Smyrna for the head of Kiatipoglos, Dalbatan Pasha accompanied him. Kiatipoglos was invited to dinner on board the Admiral's ship, and was then, together with his attendants, put to death. The life of his secretary, Hadjee Joseph, was however spared, under the hope that he would divulge the place in which Kiatipoglos had concealed the treasure he had amassed by his oppressions. Hadjee Joseph was conveyed to Constantinople, and being unable, from ignorance, to give any information, he was thrown into prison, and subjected to direful torments for a series of years. I frequently importuned the Pasha to liberate

him, convinced he had nothing to divulge; but Dalbatan was inexorable. My conscience smites me for the part I took in this affair; for I suffered the man, knowing him to be innocent, to be thus maltreated, because I was unwilling to violate an oath that I had taken. A short time previous to the death of Kiatipoglos, an ecclesiastical dispute, respecting the erection of a church, demanded my presence at Smyrna. During the interval I became acquainted with the Governor, and he conceived so high an opinion of my honour and integrity, as to intrust to my keeping the two triangular pieces of wood herein enclosed, conjuring me in the most solemn manner to leave them to my heirs, with instructions that at the expiration of fifty years they were to be delivered up to the Russian Ambassador. I was given to understand that there were six others, (four of which, I have reason to believe, are in the possession of the nephews of Kiatipoglos,) which, being united with these, would form a square, on which are inscribed the amount of the treasure, the name of the place where it is concealed, and the purpose to which it is to be devoted. These triangular pieces would at the same period be handed over to the French and English Ambassadors and the Grand Mufti.

“From these two triangular pieces it is impossible to gather any intelligible meaning; but I commit them to

my posterity, with a strict injunction to follow out the above will when the period of one year shall have expired.

“This extract from my original will I have made under the hope that my son Leonidas will some day return from Europe, openly vindicate my reputation, and prove to mankind that the name he bears was never sullied with the atrocities with which it is connected: and I leave it under the hope, that as our present Sultan is a popular monarch, and inclines to listen to the complaints of the humblest citizen, he will restore to my family the property of which I have been so iniquitously despoiled, if at any future time my son should succeed in placing this grievance under his eye.

“LOGOTHETES P——.

“April 10, 1-23.”

During the perusal of this document, the features of Dalbatan Mouhamed underwent several changes. On its conclusion, he addressed the Divan as follows:

“My Lords,” said he, “there are two substantial reasons why no credit should be given to this document. In the first place, it is alleged to have been written by an insane man, who laid hands upon himself while labouring under the effects of the quantity of ardent spirits he had taken; and the raving rhapsodies of a dying man, in

such a state, ought not to have any weight. Secondly, it is not likely to be the production of a man on whom I had conferred so many obligations; it proceeded from the machinations of those who had sworn my overthrow."

"We have no doubt of your guilt, Dalbatan," replied the Mufti in a stern voice. "You are a base coiner, and this document confirms our belief: what evidence have you to rebut it?"

"What evidence have you beyond this document to convict me?" inquired Mouhamed.

"An overwhelming mass," replied the Grand Mufti. "First there is Dai Vassos, your confidant in the fortress at Smyrna; I mean him who was murdered twelve months ago, by the Black you sent to assassinate Leonidas. He deposed to everything, and disclosed the names of your confederates. Abdoulah, Governor of Adrianople, by his testimony, would have convicted you; but your cruel calculating forethought put him out of the way. This document, written by a well-known virtuous man in his dying hours, cannot be fictitious. No! we must examine the Secretary to whom he paid the money raised on the sale of the property of the Armenian Patriarch. If he asserts that it was spurious, how will you shake his testimony?"

"O yes," exclaimed the prisoner, whose features began

to sparkle with a ray of hope at this proposal, "O yes, examine him; take his evidence, and you will find me innocent."

The Grand Mufti then turned to a folio of the archives of the empire, and having found the page, said, "Mazar Pasha, the present Superintendent of the garrisons of the Hellespont, was at that time Chief Chamberlain, and therefore Secretary of the empire." With these words he placed the name in the hands of a bazami-dil-siz, and by a sign commanded him to summon this Pasha, who being in the palace, quickly made his appearance before the Divan.

"O Ishmael!" exclaimed Dalbatan, the moment he saw his quondam friend,—“O Ishmael, on you I depend to exonerate me from the shameless charges that have been brought against me in order to stain my reputation, and ruin me for ever.”

"Mazar Pasha," said the Grand Mufti abruptly, "Dalbatan has been proved guilty of being a coiner, and will presently receive sentence. We need not your evidence to convince us; we have summoned you only to satisfy Dalbatan, beyond all doubt, that we are thoroughly acquainted with his crimes. You are, therefore, called upon to swear by the Prophet, by the holy Koran, and by the sacred person of our revered Padishah, in whose presence you stand, to speak nothing

but the truth, in answer to the interrogatories of the Divan."

Mazar Pasha having taken the oath required, the Grand Mufti proceeded:

"Mazar Pasha, do you recollect that a certain sum of money had been paid into your hands by the late Logothetes P——, on the Vizir's account, a short time previous to the death of Ambrogios, the Armenian Patriarch?"

"I do."

"Were the coins, in which that sum was paid, spurious or not?"

The Pasha was silent, while the Vizir fixed a penetrating look upon him, inwardly satisfied the answer would be in his favour.

"Mazar Pasha," said the Hospodar Callimaachi, "your silence will implicate you in the criminal's guilt."

"His silence proves my innocence," exclaimed the Vizir.

"Silence!" commanded the Mufti. "Speak out, Pasha; were the coins spurious or genuine?"

"They were spurious" — was the firm and unhesitating reply.

"And why did you not make known the fact at the time?"

“I made it known to the Vizir, the head of the Government. I represented to him the infamy of the transaction. I even ventured, at the risk of my head, to expostulate with him; but my representations and advice were disregarded.”

At these words the criminal vehemently rubbed his eyes, and, in his astonishment, could not forbear crying out—

“Is it possible that this man is Mazar Pasha? O Allah!—O black, black treachery! who would have thought he could have harboured such villany in his soul? Integrity and fidelity no longer exist.”

“It is Mazar Pasha, Grand Vizir,” replied this hypocrite; “and, moreover, did I not frequently implore you to spare the lives of those unfortunate individuals whom you murdered for the sake of their property?—did I not try my utmost to deter you from following the disgraceful practice of coining? Often and often did I.”

“Vile and worthless slave!” exclaimed the Vizir, thrown off his guard at this unlooked-for betrayal by his friend. “I am guilty, my Lords,” continued he, stroking his beard in the violence of his agitation, “I am guilty; but this hypocrite was my chief abettor. Let his head fall, and I will cheerfully suffer any punishment you may choose to inflict.”

"Then, on this evidence, you admit your guilt?" said the Hospodar Callimachi.

"The evidence convicts me; nevertheless I am innocent."

"On this evidence the Divan condemns you, and not on surmise," remarked the Grand Mufti, scarcely able to suppress a lurking smile, at the same time making a sign to the Pasha, that he was at liberty to withdraw.

"The next crime laid to your charge," said Selidhar Osman Pasha, "is the detention and torturing of this young man's father, Hadjee Joseph, so many years in prison, in order to compel him to confess the name of the place in which your confederate in crime, Kiatipoglos, had concealed his treasure."

"I acknowledge that I kept him in prison, and I was justified in so doing, for two reasons:—the first is, that he deserved severe punishment for the blood of so many Christians that had been shed at his instigation, at the time when he was the right hand of Kiatipoglos. The second is,—I was desirous of discovering this treasure with the intention of converting it to public purposes; such as building a mosque, erecting public buildings, and, like the renowned Cara Mustapha, of aggrandizing my name."

"I dare say," observed the Grand Mufti, "you were

very ambitious of appearing as a benefactor to the Osmanlis; and no doubt, had you discovered this treasure, you would have outvied that same Cara Mustapha in the extent of his Harem, which history records to have contained one thousand five hundred concubines, one thousand five hundred black eunuchs, and seven hundred white eunuchs; but have you ever reckoned up the number of lives that were sacrificed on account of this treasure?"

The Vizir gave a deep groan; the overbearing tyrant was now degenerated into the abject dastard. In the presence of this tribunal he was a trembling, insignificant, and powerless individual.

"I see I am pre-condemned;—you are determined upon my destruction;—I have not had a fair trial, and it is useless to advance anything in my defence."

"The third offence laid to your charge is your having robbed Gifout Tannakin of the chest which contained his property and that of other individuals."

"By the Prophet! that villain has divulged everything," exclaimed the exasperated Mouhamed, forgetting the position in which he was placed. But as his eyes at that moment fell upon the Doctor, and he called to mind the abstraction of the two chaplets, and the escape of his former prisoner, he was more than ever satisfied that diabolical agency was the cause of all

his misfortunes; he therefore checked himself, and held his peace.

“Do you require the production of the proof we have against you on this charge?” demanded the Grand Mufti, as he gave a signal to one of the mutes to bring Hadjee Moses into Court.

At the same time were produced the ecclesiastical vestments that had been brought from the Jews’ synagogue.

“Where did you obtain these robes?” demanded the Grand Mufti, addressing the trembling descendant of Abraham.

“From Gifout Tannakin’s house, as I have already confessed; they were in an underground apartment.”

“What else was taken away?”

“A large iron chest, which was conveyed to the Grand Vizir’s palace by his orders.”

“It’s a lie,—an odious lie!—accursed Jahoud as you are!” vociferated the accused, unable to suppress his rage.

“’Tis the truth,” meekly replied the Rabbi; “wherein do I offend?—the things have been discovered.”

“By whom was this robbery concocted?” demanded the Hospodar Callimachi.

“By my late master, Signor Bambanista, the banker, and Mazar Pasha; they gave us full instructions how to act.”

“Let Mazar Pasha be sent for,” said the Mufti.

Mazar Pasha entered.

“Is it true, Mazar Pasha, that you were implicated in the robbery of the chest belonging to Gifout Tanakin?”

“I acted, Signor, under the orders of the Grand Vizir. I dared not refuse to obey.”

“Infidel dog!” cried Dalbatan, driven almost to frenzy at the Pasha’s hypocrisy; “dare you say you acted under my orders? O that I had struck off your head long ago; you could not then have uttered such lies!”

“Keep your temper, sir,” coolly replied the Pasha, “you are in the august presence of the high and mighty Padishah,—in the presence of the venerable head of the Oulemas, and the other members of this august council. Lying is foreign to my nature: I would that I could disguise the truth, and thereby vindicate your innocence. Recollect, sir; you dictated the plan, and I took it down on paper, to prevent any mistake. Who could suppose that the affair would have been brought to light?—Had I anticipated such a result, I should have preserved the manuscript.”

“This villain has uttered a tissue of lies, and the consciousness of my inability to reward him for his baseness wounds me more painfully than the severest punishment could do. If I am criminal, this ——”

“Detail the particulars of this plan,” continued Calimachi, regardless of the prisoner’s excitement.

“Having discovered the place in which Tannakin had concealed his hoard, he ordered me to employ two of his emissaries: these men bribed the servant girl to administer a dose of opium in the old people’s food; and when they were fast asleep, they broke into the house and abstracted the chest.”

The perspiration oozed from the Vizir’s forehead in big drops; he wiped them away with his handkerchief, muttering, “Kiaphir (infidel),—your fate is sealed.”

“Was this chest conveyed to the prisoner’s residence?”

“It was, Signor.”

“What did it contain?” demanded the Grand Mufti.

“Gifout Tannakin’s will, with a large sum in gold and notes on the Bank of Russia. There were also divers documents and pledges belonging to various individuals; among them was a document relating to you, and two small triangular pieces of wood containing some allusion to the treasure of Kiatipoglos.”

“Enough,—enough!” despairingly exclaimed the Vizir, burying his face between his hands; “lead me to execution!”

“Dalbatan, is this man’s statement true?” demanded the Grand Mufti.

The Vizir was silent.

“Where is this property, and the documents?”

“In my *hasnah*” (treasury), groaned the prisoner.

Thereupon the Grand Mufti despatched three *Itchoglans* of the highest rank to the prisoner’s palace, with instructions to convey the contents of the treasure to the council.

“And where is Gifout Tannakin, Mazar Pasha?”

“He and his family have disappeared; the Vizir knows nothing about them: the current belief is, that Gifout Tannakin and his wife are incarcerated in the dungeon belonging to the Reis Effendi; Alcibiades, the son, was put to death about a twelvemonth ago; his offence was, it is said, annoying and insulting the Sultana Esma in the public streets.”

Here the Divan closed the examination; the prisoners were removed under a strong guard, and messengers despatched to Raoul’s palace to make search after Tannakin and his wife.

Next morning the council met and resumed its sitting. Various property and documents brought from the Grand Vizir’s residence were spread on the floor; Gifout Tannakin was also present.

The old man, in his examination, minutely described the events which led to his incarceration, and feelingly detailed the particulars of the injustice done towards

the Marchesa Justiniani. The quiet and unassuming manner in which he dwelt on his own sufferings, and the venerableness of his appearance, notwithstanding the dirty and tattered condition of his clothes from long confinement, excited the sympathy of all present. The merciless tyrant, Dalbatan, appeared to participate in the feeling. His statement was implicitly believed.

“Holy Prophet!” exclaimed the Sultan, hitherto a silent spectator: “my sister’s husband implicated in guilt!—whom can I trust, deceived in such a quarter?”

“To whom do these vestments belong?” demanded the Mufti, addressing the old man.

“To the Patriarch Gabriel Nicomedes; they were deposited with me as security for the loan of five hundred florins.”

“Was the Patriarch so needy as to be compelled to pledge his sacred robes?” inquired the Hospodar.

“The Patriarch, to save his neck, was forced to bribe the Grand Vizir with the sum of two thousand florins. He would otherwise have shared the same fate as Ambroglos.”

“How did he obtain the remainder?” demanded the Hospodar.

“In the name of the Holy Virgin! question me not on this affair. Let not the disgraceful conduct of the priesthood be brought before all the world.”

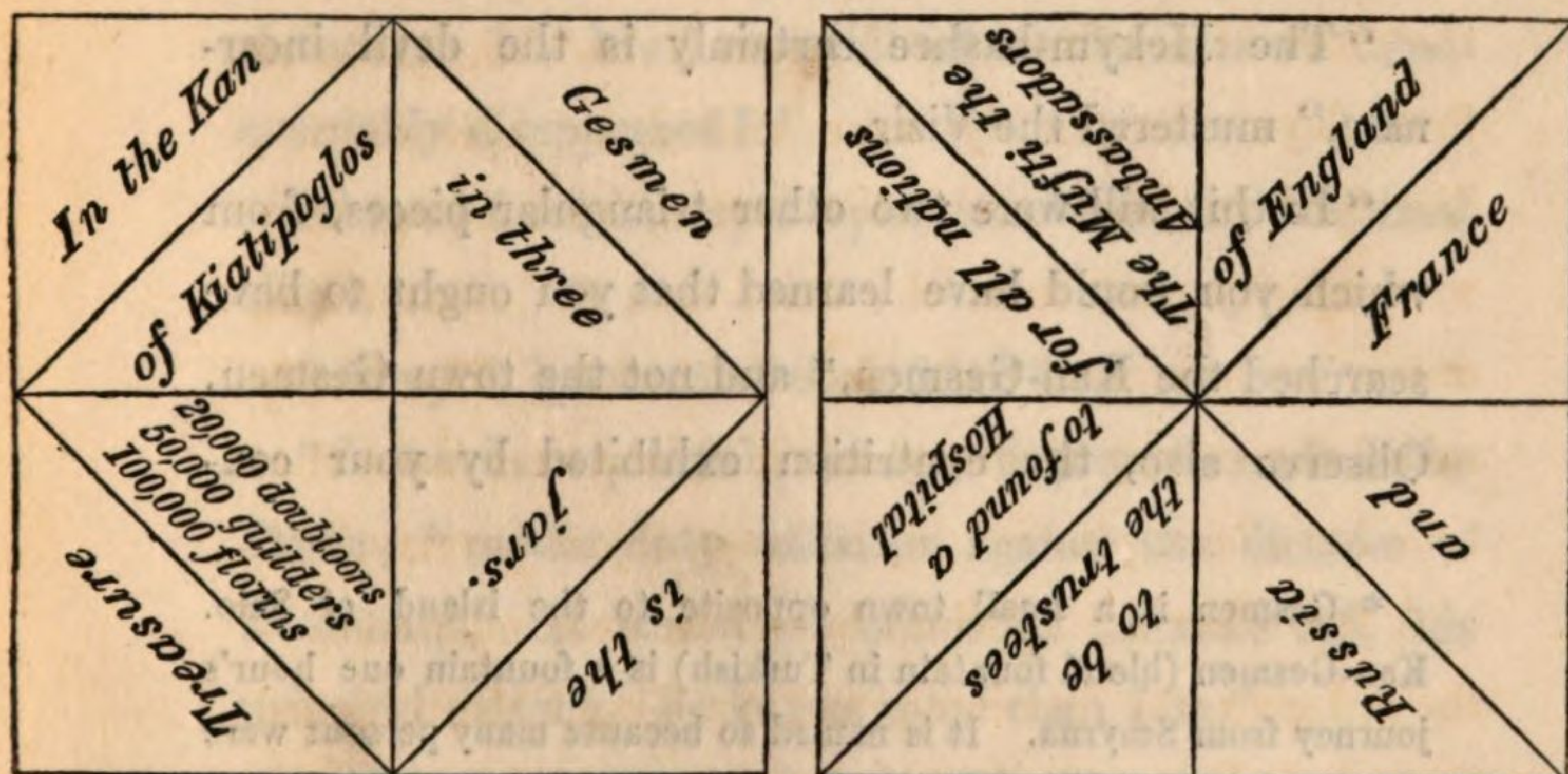
“His Majesty must know everything; there must be no concealment: reformation, and not punishment, is the object of our revered sovereign. I again ask you, how did the Patriarch Nicomedes obtain the remaining fifteen hundred florins?”

“A tradesman had died a few days previously, and our Patriarch spontaneously offered to accompany the remains to the temple, as the deceased had borne a very virtuous character; but before the ceremony for interment had begun, he demanded two thousand florins from the family, to defray his expenses, and the fees due to the Patriarchate. The unfortunate family protested against the claim, on the ground that the Patriarch had not been invited, and moreover, they were not in a condition to command so exorbitant a sum. The dead body, in consequence of their refusal, was denied the rites of sepulture; and when it had lain three or four days, the family were visited by ecclesiastics, disguised in black and white robes, pretending they were spirits sent from the dead man to haunt them, unless his interment took place forthwith. The family raised the money at every sacrifice, and ever since that time have been plunged in the most abject poverty.”

A few other unimportant questions were answered,—the old man was dismissed, and the Grand Mufti turned towards Dalbatan, and addressed him as follows:

"Dalbatan Mouhamed, it is extraordinary, after the persevering efforts to discover the treasure of Kiati-poglos, that it has escaped falling into your hands; but it is fortunate for the interests of the empire. Had you obtained it, you would have corrupted every individual in the palace, for the purpose of realizing your ambitious schemes. But divine justice has arrested the torrent which threatened to overwhelm us in destruction. Moreover, by way of aggravating your punishment, know that this treasure, through the instrumentality of this young man," (and here the Mufti pointed to Leonidas,) "has fallen into the hands of Government, and become public property.

"Here are the eight triangular pieces; and being united thus," continued the Mufti, placing them as in the engraving, "they form a square, on one side of



which are inscribed the amount and the place in which it is concealed.

“ ‘*In the Kan-Gesmen is the treasure of Kiatipoglos, in three jars ;—20,000 doubloons, 50,000 Dutch florins, 100,000 florins.*’ And on the other side are the directions to what purpose this sum is to be applied: ‘*the Mufti, the Ambassadors of England, France, and Russia, to be the trustees to found a Hospital for all nations.*’

“Now, you possessed only two of these triangular pieces, from which you could extract no intelligible meaning; but you might have discovered all; for on the evening of the memorable conflagration at Tatavla, when Ali, your Ethiopian slave, delivered the Doctor into your hands, the will of Logothetes was in your possession, and you returned it to him.”

“The Hekym-bashee certainly is the devil incarnate,” muttered the Vizir.

“In this will were two other triangular pieces, from which you would have learned that you ought to have searched the Kan-Gesmen,* and not the town Gesmen. Observe also, the contrition exhibited by your con-

* Gesmen is a small town opposite to the island of Scio. Kan-Gesmen (blood fountain in Turkish) is a fountain one hour's journey from Smyrna. It is named so because many persons were murdered in that place.

federate in crime ; he has endeavoured to repair the injury he had done to society, by devoting his ill-gotten gains to the erection of a hospital for the poor. But another charge hangs over you ; this young man, whom you would have assassinated, demands to know what has become of his unhappy family ?”

“How am I to know,” replied the prisoner : “am I responsible for everything that happens in Istamboul ?”

“Possibly Mazar Pasha can enlighten us upon this matter also,” rejoined the Grand Mufti.

Mazar Pasha was again ushered in.

“Do you know, Pasha, what has become of the mother of Leonidas ?”

“No ; although I made every inquiry after the fire at Tatavla.”

“Can you give us any information respecting his sisters, or his brothers,—all of whom have so unaccountably disappeared ?”

Ishmael fixed his eyes upon the Vizir, but remained silent.

“Are you ignorant of their fate ?”

“I am in a painful position, Signors,” replied the Pasha ; “public duty militates against the dictates of friendship. It would be better to examine Ali, his principal eunuch ; he knows more than I do.”

“Ah ! the traitor,—ah ! the Kiaphir,—but your last

moments are not far, infidel dog," murmured Dalbatan.

Ali was ushered into Court, and having made his prostrations, was ordered to say what he knew. At this moment his eyes caught those of his master, who threw upon him one of those significant looks he so well understood; and in his embarrassment he neglected to answer the question put to him by the Court.

"Dare you dissemble in the presence of the high and mighty Padishah?" demanded the Hospodar Callimachi. "Would you shield a criminal from the punishment due to his crimes?"

"Signor, the fault was not with me. I was compelled to obey the Vizir's orders."

"Explain yourself."

"I had orders to hang them."

"Alas! alas!" cried Leonidas, "poor Malamatenia," and his tears began to flow.

"All, all, are against me," ejaculated Dalbatan, "even those who have eaten of my bread; there is not a true friend in the world."

"Your true friend was this young man's father," continued the Hospodar, "his father whom you basely murdered as a return for his successful efforts in your aggrandizement. Wherefore were they hanged, Ali?"

“To make away with all evidence respecting the death of Lady Gordon, into whose chamber my master forced himself the night she visited Logothetes’ house.”

“Lady Gordon!”

“Yes, she was pregnant, and died of fright. The body was discovered on the night the fire took place at Tatavla; the two elder sisters and their two brothers were taken into custody, and lodged in the prison of the English Embassy, from which I contrived to liberate them. As soon as my master had got them safe in his hands, he hanged the two sisters on pretence of having poisoned Lady Gordon; but the two boys he made into Turks, and sent them off to Mecca, with the view of their becoming Hadjees. The mother, and Malamatenia, the youngest girl, had made their escape, and no one could ever discover what had become of them. I made every inquiry after them, but I was unsuccessful. I had orders to put them also to death, if I caught them.”

The prisoners were ordered to be removed, with the exception of Dalbatan, and the Grand Mufti resumed:

“We come now to the remaining charge,—the most fearful in the black catalogue of your crimes. Do you know these chaplets?” demanded he, as he pointed to the two strings of beads.

"Alas! I do," was the culprit's agitated reply.

"The one was conferred upon you by our gracious sovereign, as a proof of his approbation of your public services; how came the other into your possession?"

"Oh, agony of agony," moaned the prisoner.

"We do not expect to hear the truth from you; we are anxious to ascertain how far your statement corresponds with that of the Sultana Amina."

At the mention of this name the Vizir's features underwent a visible change; he paused a few moments, then at length seemed to recover himself, and said—

"All is discovered; but the innocent shall not be implicated in my guilt. I received that chaplet from the Sultana for my exertions in behalf of her son: but I declare before Allah she has no share in my guilt. I proposed the Sultan's death: in her indignation at the base idea she fired a pistol at me, which wounded my arm, leaving marks which still exist. Shocked at the deed she had done, her indignation changed to pity, and as a compensation for the injury she had inflicted, she gave me that chaplet, at the same time explaining its peculiar virtues. It belonged to the Prophet; and my mind assures me that it is the Prophet's will that I should now receive the punishment due to my crimes." Then, falling upon his knees, he continued, "But I do implore his powerful Majesty, and this venerable Court,

for mercy, and pray that my execution may not be accompanied by torture."

The Divan put a few other questions to the criminal, and having ordered the prisoners to be removed, continued their deliberations till midnight.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SENTENCE.

NEXT day, at noon, when from the minarets of the various mosques the Hadjees announced the Namazi, or hour of prayer, the Divan re-assembled. On this occasion the Sultan was not present.

The moment the members had taken their seats, the criminals, dressed in the garb of convicts sentenced to the galleys, were guarded into Court. The same witnesses were also in attendance.

After a few preliminaries, the Hospodar Callimachi rose, and in a grave and sonorous voice, read the following firman or sentence :

“ We, by the exalted power and infinite grace of the Most High, and by the most supreme will of the marvel-working Prophet, Sultan M——, one of the

glorious Sultans, Emperor of the most powerful Emperors, Distributor of the fillets of Khosrou, and sitting on the throne of thrones; the shadow of God upon earth; the officiating Minister of the two glorious cities of Mecca and Medina; Protector of the holy Jerusalem; Prince of the four grand cities of Constantinople, Adrianople, Brousas, and Damascus; the perfume of the Gardens of Tripoli, Syria, and Egypt, which are the wonders of the age of time; Sovereign of Arabia, Africa, Barca, Kesruan, Aleppo, the Arabian and Persian Iracks, Bassora, Lachsa, Dalem, and particularly of Bagdad (capital of the Caliphs), Rakka, Mosul, Chehrezur, Diarbekir, Zulcadryeh, Erzeroum the Paradise on earth, of Caramania, Sebastî, Adanah and Van, of the Islands of Crete, Cyprus, Scio, and Rhodes, of Barbary and Ethiopia; of the fortified towns of Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis; of the numerous islands and the shores of the White and Black Seas; the provinces of Natalia, Roumelia, Kurdistan, Circassia, Cabarta, and Georgia; of Bosnia, and the impregnable fortress of Belgrade and of Servia, Albania, Wallachia, and Moldavia: We, the aforesaid Emperor, fountain of justice, stream of happiness, and centre of victory, having carefully and deliberately examined the respective actions, severally and separately, of our late Grand Vizir Dalbatan Mouhamed Pasha; and having

found him guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, upon the most undeniable evidence ; and also considering that he conspired against our crown and life, and that he formed a party of rebels against the salutary reforms we have introduced into the empire : We have thought fit to search the archives of our predecessors for precedents of punishment on similar occasions ; and we find that the Sultan Soleiman I. put his Grand Vizir Ibrahim Pasha to death, because he fancied in a dream that he wished to dethrone him ; that Mahomet III. strangled his Grand Vizir Iemischeehi Hassan Pasha, on suspicion of his being implicated in a rebellious conspiracy ; that Achmet I. with his own hand beheaded his Grand Vizir Dervish Pasha, for having poisoned his predecessor, and robbed him of 150,000 ducats and 1,000,000 aspras ; that the same Sovereign put another Grand Vizir, Naszah Pasha, to death, for poisoning Mourat Pasha ; that the Sultan Mourat IV. ordered his white eunuchs to put to death the Grand Vizir Redsched Pasha, for having murdered his faithful friend Musa ; that the Sultan Mohammed IV. put to death Cara Mustapha, who laid siege to Vienna, whose justice and public services were well known, on account of his ambition and avarice, to which he sacrificed the interests of the empire ; that Mustapha III. put to death Mohamed-emin Pasha, Grand Vizir, for a similar offence.

We also find many other precedents, as well as a variety of the most fearful punishments inflicted on Pashas and individuals of distinguished rank, found guilty of crimes. Now, having maturely consulted with our Prime Minister, the Venerable the Grand Mufti, our Chief Privy Councillor, with the Hospodar Callimachi, with Selidhar Osman Pasha, Commander of our Imperial Guard, and with the upright and venerable Oulemas, *we will and command :*

1. "That the seal of the empire be given to our faithful and honourable subject, Selidhar Osman Pasha, Commander of our Imperial Guard, and that he be appointed Grand Vizir in the room of Dalbatan Mouhamed, deposed.

2. "That all the property of which Gifout Tannakin has been robbed, be restored to him ; and that, as some compensation for the sufferings he has undergone, and as a mark of our royal favour, the rank of Niftihan be conferred upon him, and that he also be Chief Demogheron in all affairs appertaining to the Patriarchate.

3. "That all property of every description belonging to Dalbatan Mouhamed be confiscated, and that from it shall be paid, in equitable proportions, the fair and legitimate claims of those families, from the oppression of whom it was accumulated : foremost among these stands Leonidas, to whom the greatest portion is due.

The surplus, if any, to be transferred to the public treasury.

4. "That as a reward to the Signor Constantine Joseph for his exertions in bringing the chief culprit to justice, and for his valuable services to the empire, in restoring the sacred chaplets, the said Signor Constantine Joseph be appointed Head Hekym-bashee to the Court.

5. "That at the expiration of the present *Beiram*, messengers be despatched to Mecca for the two brothers of Leonidas: if they think fit, to return to the religion in which they were brought up; but if they choose to continue under the protection of the Prophet, there is no law to prevent them.

6. "That Mazar Pasha, the abettor and coadjutor of Dalbatan Mouhamed, be put to death.

7. "That the same punishment be inflicted upon the Tchocandhar Ali, in order, if possible, to bury in oblivion the crimes in the commission of which he has taken so active a part.

8. "That as the mere punishment of death is not a sufficient expiation of the crimes of which Dalbatan Mouhamed has been proved guilty, and as the infliction of torture is inhuman and inconsistent with our principles of civilized policy and enlightenment, We will and command, that the said convict, Dalbatan Mouhamed, be

banished to the Isle of Scio, there to work in the marble quarries from sunrise to sunset, every day without intermission. That a certain sum, proportionate to his labour, be expended in food and clothing; and that should the convict, from indolence or other cause, fail to perform his task, then, in that case, he is to have no food at all. That every evening, immediately after sunset, the convict shall be removed to the fortress, and be debarred from all intercourse whatever with any fellow creature. And we pray to the Supreme that in his mercy He will take pity on the culprit's soul.

“These commands are to be carried out to the letter; and woe to him who evades their execution, or puts any false construction on their intent and meaning.

(Signed) “M——.”

CHAPTER XX.

THE PICTURE OF CRIME.

THE variety of events which we have recorded, each contingent on the other, has removed us to a period considerably remote from that evening when Malatenia so unexpectedly followed in the train of the English Ambassador.

The reader is reminded, that as the Ambassador was leaving the Banker's house at the conclusion of the wedding, a janissary brought him information that the body of Lady Gordon had been found murdered, and that the parties suspected of the crime were in safe custody at his residence.

On his Excellency's arrival, he immediately ordered the suspected criminals to be brought before him. But they had disappeared, and with them the janissary also. The craftiness and cruelty of the Grand Vizir

had baffled every attempt at discovery, because the two sisters were hanged, the boys sent to Arabia, and the janissary was tumbled down the well. The only living witnesses, therefore, excepting the boys in Arabia, were Malamatenia and her mother. With regard to the former, no suspicion crossed the Ambassador's mind that she and his wife's protégée were the same; and as for Sphyrla, we shall hereafter see that, however improbable it was that she would long remain undiscovered, yet nothing on which any faith could be placed had been learned respecting her. Even all vestiges of the house in which the atrocity had been perpetrated were lost,—the spot on which it stood was unknown,—then what clue could be obtained to its late inhabitants?

Meanwhile Lord Gordon used every means to discover the perpetrators; he was, of course, equally unsuccessful. The result was, that disgusted with the place which contained the ashes of his wife, and overwhelmed with grief, he shortly afterwards left Constantinople.

The apartment assigned to Malamatenia by the wife of the English Ambassador was a back room of their country-house at Buyukdera, overlooking the garden. She had a servant to wait upon her, and every comfort she could wish. Her Ladyship visited her every day, and the more she saw her the better she liked her: she became pleased in her society, and completely fascinated

by her accomplishments and her amiable manners ; and having no children, she began to look upon her protégée as her adopted child.

For the first two months she kept herself quite secluded ; she did not even open the window, for the purpose of viewing the surrounding scenery, nor did she once descend into the garden to take the fresh air. The truth was, Malamatenia was always in fear lest she should unexpectedly meet with Lord Gordon, or some one else that might recognize her ; and besides, in the seclusion of her chamber she could indulge her sorrows unobserved and unmolested until all inquiries had ceased respecting her family.

At times, when she reflected that the whole of her family property was sacrificed in the flames, and that her brothers in all likelihood were houseless and in distress, her heart would swell, and sympathize in their sufferings ; at other times, considering her present happiness was purchased at the sacrifice of her friend, and that they were accessories to the horrible act, she could not think of them without feelings of detestation, and she thought the hypocritical part she was playing to her protectors was disgraceful. She would then inwardly determine to leave this wealthy abode, and look out for one more humble and suitable to her circumstances. Again was she deterred from putting this resolution into

effect, lest so suspicious a movement on her part might terminate to their detriment. She therefore put her trust in the Lord, and determined to let matters take their natural course.

She fully believed that the escape of her brothers and sisters had been effected through the influence of the Grand Vizir; but her knowledge of his blood-thirsty character filled her with the most boding alarms, and had any other tendency than that of tranquillizing her mind.

She contrived to learn from the old ferryman that had taken her across the Golden Horn the evening she followed the men in masks, that he had done as she had ordered him; that the coffee-house keeper had, owing to his representations, suffered the old woman to go away that same night, and that he himself had landed her a few hours afterwards on the very same stairs to which he had taken Malamatenia.

She wrote two letters to her brother at Smyrna, but owing to the delay she experienced in forwarding them, they did not reach Smyrna till after the departure of Leonidas for Constantinople. Thus, unknown to each other, they were both living at the same time in the same city, which in point of vastness is not inferior either to Paris or London. Her brother was her last hope, and being deprived, as she supposed, for ever of his support, she had no other asylum than the roof of

her benefactress ; here she lived in the utmost privacy, occupying her time in drawing and the reading of the best authors.

This secluded life raised the curiosity as well as the sympathy of all the inmates ; they were anxiously inquisitive to learn who she was, the circumstances that had brought her there, together with all the particulars of her life. But their curiosity was doomed to disappointment. She kept herself more secluded than ever, particularly when she found that Mazar Pasha was a frequent visitor at the Ambassador's table.

Even in her interviews with the Lady Ambassadors, she never lost her discretion ; she put a forced restraint upon her words, for, innocent as she was, she entertained an idea that if that lady learned the name of her family, and discovered that Lady Gordon had remained in her mother's house at her persuasion, she, the Ambassador, would be prejudiced against her, and she herself be obliged to abandon this happy retreat.

A twelvemonth and more had glided away, a small portion of which she had passed with the French Ambassador, when the news of the Vizir's downfall fell unexpectedly upon the public ear, and excited a great sensation.

But the nature of his offence, and the names of those who had occasioned his overthrow, were known only to

the members of the Imperial Divan. All was kept a profound secret. A few circumstances connected with the trial, disfigured and distorted, were all that an inquisitive public could gather from the subordinates of the palace; and, among others, they learned that he was implicated in the death of Lady Gordon, which had now been almost forgotten.

The affair gave rise to much discussion in the Ambassadors' houses; and it was on one of these occasions, Malamatenia found herself in a situation perhaps more embarrassing than that in which she had been formerly thrown at the Jew's wedding.

It was as follows:

Early one morning, the Vicomte Oscar de —, the brother of the French Ambassadress, paid a visit to the English Embassy. He was a young man of twenty-five: his manners were genteel and prepossessing. He had occasionally seen Malamatenia, and each time had been accompanied by his sister. He now requested an interview.

Hitherto Malamatenia had never received the visit of a gentleman in her apartment, and, consequently, felt no little embarrassment on this occasion; but she could not frame an excuse for not seeing the brother of a lady from whom she had experienced so much kindness and attention.

The Viscount was accordingly introduced into her small apartment, in which lay the materials for a drawing, on which she was engaged; and shortly afterwards Malamatenia made her appearance, dressed in a plain mourning robe, which, by its contrast, rendered her features still paler.

The Viscount rose, and taking her by the hand, saluted her after the European manner, by squeezing, and shaking it very cordially. This custom, in the East, is very little used;—very rarely does a young man present his hand to a lady, except they are on terms of extreme intimacy, and, even then, the pressure is very slight.

Malamatenia, being alone, felt all her blood mount up to her temples, and begged him to be seated.

“Mademoiselle,” said the Vicomte de —, on being reseated, “the object of my visit is to solicit a favour: I trust I shall obtain it.”

“I am at a loss to conceive what it can be, Monsieur le Vicomte,” replied Malamatenia; “but I shall be happy to oblige you, if in my power.”

“Mademoiselle, a certain friend of mine, a Belgian, who is devoted to painting, has taken the likeness of several individuals belonging to this nation; he has, also, taken the likeness of an Armenian, a Swiss, and a Turkish lady—and he is very anxious to take that of a Greek female; and, as he wishes to have something *par*

excellence, he asked me whether I could introduce him to any Greek lady. I thought of you immediately ; but, before I gave him an answer, I decided on seeing you first. I hope you will find no difficulty in the way : my friend is verging upon sixty ; and I beg you will permit him to visit you at your apartment, for the purpose of taking your likeness."

Malamatenia was much embarrassed. It was the first time she had ever heard such language from a young man ; she, however, quickly recovered, and made answer :

" Monsieur le Vicomte, I appreciate the compliment intended by the preference you are so polite as to give me, but I do not deserve it ; but even if I did, be assured that my solitary habits, and the inward sorrows of my soul, would force me to disoblige you."

" A propos, Mademoiselle. We are all heartily desirous of withdrawing you from this solitude ; we should be happy if we had more frequent opportunities of enjoying your society."

Malamatenia, pretending not to perceive the drift of his observation, drily observed—

" To leave my solitude, under present circumstances, would be to destroy my happiness."

" Do you identify happiness with solitude, Mademoiselle ? Strange ! Mysterious !"

“ Sir, I feel happy in being removed from objects that might recall the past, or prognosticate the future.”

“ I cannot fathom your meaning ; but pardon me if I have unwittingly wounded your feelings ; however, I must be bold to say—you are a beautiful little misanthrope.”

“ And is this the first time your friend has visited Constantinople ?” inquired Malamatenia, wishing to turn the conversation.

“ Yes, Mademoiselle, the first time. Don’t refuse his request : at least, give me the privilege to introduce him to you.”

“ Even this, I regret to say, does not depend upon me, Monsieur le Vicomte. I can receive only those who are introduced to me by Madame la Comtesse, your sister.”

“ There will be no difficulty in obtaining that introduction ; but would you refuse this gentleman the permission to take your likeness, if he made the request ?”

“ Having refused it to you, I could not grant it to him.”

“ I am flattered by your preference.”

“ You are more entitled to it than one who is a perfect stranger to me,” replied she, with a melancholy smile.

Plain and explicit as was this answer, the Viscount

seemed to take no notice of it. "I am going to my sister," said he, rising; "and I have no doubt, through her, I shall obtain my wish; and I assure you, that your consent will lay me under an everlasting obligation." With these words, the Viscount a second time grasped Malamatenia's hand with great fervour, and then left the apartment.

A few weeks previous to this visit, Malamatenia had conceived the idea of representing the fearful scene, which had taken place in her family, on canvass, and of delineating the actors as large as life, while the drama, and the features of its various actors, were still vivid in her recollection.

The idea was suggested by the likeness of Lady Gordon, which her husband, on his departure from Constantinople, had left behind at the English Ambassador's residence. When she first saw it, the recollections it brought to her mind almost overpowered her; but this likeness she could, without exciting suspicion, take as a model for the features of the victim.

She had already sketched out the different characters, and had given the first shades, when the Countess entered, and found her engaged on this work.

The object of her visit was to request Malamatenia to pass a few days at her house, where the said Belgian gentleman was staying on a visit.

Malamatenia could not decline the invitation; she went that same day, taking her drawing implements with her.

Then, for the first time, she quitted the retirement of private life for the gay and aristocratic saloon,—unable to withstand the pressing importunities of her friend, the Countess.

But this distinguished society, the *élite* of Constantinople, is far different from that of the capitals of Europe: it was formed of the ambassadors of foreign powers, and their subordinates, of travellers, and naval foreign officers.

Men devoted to the pursuits of commerce associate only in their own circle; very few of them are permitted to be on terms of equality with their superiors: and, as to the Pashas, and persons about the imperial palace, they prefer seclusion, in the depths of their Harem, to the company of better-informed men, where they must sit as mute spectators, and smoke their narghilas in evident uneasiness. The few that may have received their education in Europe, and therefore frequent this society, do so more to preserve the reputation they have acquired, than to please their own inclinations.

The Comtesse de B—— introduced Malamatenia with peculiar marks of respect to several of her most distinguished guests who, had been previously prepared

by the encomiums passed upon her by her Lady Patroness. They each, on being introduced, entered into a short conversation with her, and were struck with her prepossessing manners, and the propriety of her replies. This tended much to relieve Malamatenia of her embarrassment, and entirely removed from her that sense of desponding loneliness she would have felt had she sat retired in a corner, noticing, but unnoticed by the company.

One gentleman, in particular, attached himself closely to her side,—this was the Belgian Minister, M. Marri; he was about sixty,—his stature tall and rather corpulent,—he had no mustaches, but he wore whiskers which were plain, chestnut-coloured, intermixed with grey, and united under his chin. His nose, like that of Cyrus, the Persian King, was aquiline, and his head half bald. The contour of his countenance was agreeable, and commanded respect.

His conversation soon betrayed he had a taste for drawing rather than for diplomacy. Several times he interrupted a discussion on very important matters, in order to divert it to the art of painting. He had passed many years as *chargé d'affaires* in Brazil, and he had taken a great number of portraits of the various American tribes; he had a large collection of landscapes and representations of places of local interest,

both in America and in Europe. He never stirred a few steps beyond his door, without being accompanied by his servant carrying with him a three-legged stool, his drawing implements, and a large portfolio, containing a selection of his works for the private inspection of his friends. He possessed the characteristic coolness of the people of the Netherlands, and he never hesitated to fix his three-legged stool in the most convenient spot, regardless of the crowds of children by whom he was surrounded ; and it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the subject he was going to sketch from life was an execution, a marriage, or a festival.

Finding Malamatenia was not unacquainted with the principles of his favourite study, he became eloquent in its praise ; he not only dilated upon it, but summoned his servant, who, according to custom, was standing outside with his portfolio, to bring it in, and commenced showing her the productions of his pencil, and explaining their subject.

Presently the company, interested in the conversation, gathered round the Belgian Minister and Malamatenia ; and each taking up a picture, began admiring and examining it.

“Observe, my Lady,” said Monsieur Marri, addressing the English Ambassadors, “the work on which I have been employed this day. It is the most beautiful

and interesting of all my sketches. I can assure you I experienced no little difficulty in obtaining permission to copy these heads from the originals. Take them into your hands, and give me your opinion."

Before her Ladyship had fairly got the sketches into hands, she was quite shocked. "Good God!" cried she, "they are two decapitated heads; pray who were the originals?"

"The one is the head of Mazar Pasha, your late friend, and the other Ali's, the Grand Vizir's Ethiopian slave: surely you recognize their features! I bribed the Capou-Aghacy with no less than one thousand groshen, for his permission to remain three or four hours in the Court of the Sublime Porte, on whose summit they are placed. They are very interesting, and will form a very acceptable present to the Museum at Brussels."

"Mazar Pasha's head," cried every individual in the room in astonishment. "Good God! and Ali's too," added they immediately, as they flocked round to gaze upon features which had been so familiar to many of the company.

This was a very trying moment for Malamatenia, particularly when her eyes dwelt upon the face of that black slave. The scenes of that eventful night on which he and his master came to her mother's house, forced themselves so vividly afresh on her recollection, that the

little gratification she had derived from the attention of the guests, was entirely lost in the uneasiness of her mind.

“Strange that the fall of the Grand Vizir and the execution of his two favourites should so long have remained a mystery; the cause I believe is still unknown,” observed one of the company.

“Pardon me, the cause is pretty well known. The report is, that the Grand Vizir had held clandestine correspondence with the Sultana Amina. He was implacably hostile to the recent reforms; and he was accused of having conspired to remove the Sultan by poison, to make room for his successor, during whose minority he trusted in his capacity as viceroy, to govern the empire and abolish the new system: and in order to strengthen his party, he gave unlimited power to these instruments of his will, who were found guilty of the most fearful crimes, among which is numbered the death of Lady Gordon.”

“Pray drop that tragical affair, Monsieur Marri,” said the English Ambassadors, much affected; “it is now a twelvemonth since it happened, and I have never since been able to efface the remembrance of the shock it gave me.”

“While I was occupied on my work, my interpreter entered into conversation with the chief of the white eunuchs, and also with some of the Capoudjees on this

subject ; and he was informed that Mazar Pasha is supposed to have connived at the murder of Lady Gordon, with the family in whose house her remains were found for the sake of her jewels ; and that on getting these valuables into his power, he put the whole of that family to death, to destroy every evidence of his guilt that could implicate him in the affair."

"But who was this family? It is impossible to credit such a report—anything else,—I cannot believe, that a man like him, brought up in Europe so many years in such good society, could be the concoctor of such a crime. Besides, Lady Gordon's pearl necklace was found round the neck of one of the women belonging to the house: Lord Gordon thereby discovered the murderers, and had them taken up. Had Mazar Pasha committed the act for the purpose of stealing her jewels, he would not have left this behind, which was the most valuable of the whole set. He used frequently to come to our house; he knew the lady as a neighbour; to whom then can we assign the perpetration of this diabolical murder?"

"These statements are indeed irreconcilable," said another of the company. "They are tales which have fallen from the lips of some of the inferior subordinates of the Seraglio, and have been so amplified and distorted in the course of their circulation, that there is not the slightest spark of truth in their composition."

“And yet,” observed another, “*Vox populi, vox Dei*,—you understand, gentlemen, the meaning of these words;—there must be some foundation for the report.”

“I do not believe that the murder of Lady Gordon was premeditated. She left her home accompanied by her servant for the purpose of visiting her cousin, who was living in Tatavla. Now this servant admits that he was sent back to do something at home which he had been told to do but had forgotten. It appears, then, that before she reached her cousin’s, she either stopped at this house to make some inquiries, or was invited in by some one she knew, and that she was there robbed and murdered.”

“The particulars of her death will ever remain a mystery, except it be disclosed in the confession of one of her murderers; for the police of this place, if police it may be called, is but the shadow of a police, and no hopes of discovery may be expected from this quarter; but should any great and powerful Turk be concerned in it, nothing in that case will ever be known.”

During this conversation Malamatenia’s heart throbbed violently; heat and cold alternately seized her frame. She held, as it were, unconsciously a picture in her hands on which her attention appeared to be entirely fixed; but every sentence, every word, distinctly fell

upon her ear, and sank deep into her soul; she would have given the world to have been away.

“The death of Lady Gordon would make an excellent subject for a picture,” observed Monsieur Marri; “the subject might be attempted.”

“You are too late in the idea, Monsieur Marri,” observed the Countess; “you have already been anticipated; Mademoiselle Malamatenia has conceived it. The history of the unfortunate Lady Gordon, and her likeness, which his Lordship left at our house, have so interested her, that one would be inclined to think she had a personal knowledge of her late Ladyship. She has commenced the design, and never did the imagination either of Raphael or of Correggio conceive anything more expressive of atrocious wickedness than what she has imparted to the features of the supposed murderers.”

“Is it possible, my dear Mademoiselle, that with so much merit you possess so much modesty?” said Monsieur Marri; “do me the favour of showing me this picture; have you it here?”

“It is not worth looking at, Monsieur Marri,” replied Malamatenia; “my sketch will bear no comparison with your beautiful drawings: it is a mere daub,—pray, don’t insist upon seeing it, Monsieur.”

“My dear, you are far too modest,” interposed the

French Ambassadors ; “ did we not know your talents, they would be buried in obscurity. We are not going to place your picture by the side of those that have been executed by Monsieur Marri, in order to compare them ; but we wish it to be seen by those whose superior knowledge enables them to appreciate its merit better than we can do.” So saying, the Countess rang the bell for one of the servants to fetch it.

The outlines of the picture had not only been accurately filled in, but the first tints had been thrown upon the countenances, so that they stood in bold relief. Monsieur Marri examined the drawing with great attention through a glass that was attached to a black ribband.

“ I declare, Mademoiselle, you are the cleverest physiognomist we have had since Lavater. Whence did you conceive the ideal of this old woman ?—she is the very picture of vice ! Hercules, in his dream, never witnessed that character in more striking colours. Observe, gentlemen, what a masculine and lead-coloured visage, and those lascivious-looking eyes ; those straight and bushy brows ; that prominent nose ; and say, do they not typify a soul wicked and hypocritical ? The *ensemble* is truly fiendish. I come now to the two women,—whom are they intended for, Mademoiselle ?

Are they the old woman's daughters, or are they her associates?"

"I intended them simply as the delineation of two faces," replied Malamatenia, while the tears were ready to gush from her swollen eyes.

"It is of no consequence," resumed Monsieur Marri, scrutinizing still more minutely the features of Tisiphone and Scoulika; "these two females are still more striking emblems of wickedness than even the old woman. Mark how beautifully are traced in these withered features the vestiges of former beauty; observe how artistically the paint is laid upon these cheeks, and in that thin and diminutive nose; in those small, round, and deep-set eyes do you not see lurking a soul that delights in sarcasm and wickedness? Then on the other, look at this weak, tall woman; mark her long, scraggy neck, and her olive-coloured complexion; what a group of characters for the perpetration of crime,—how happily expressed! With regard to Lady Gordon's portrait, I say nothing,—that is a simple copy. But these creations of fancy are exquisite,—they are masterpieces, and I would cheerfully give up all my drawings—the labour of so many years,—for the credit of being the author of this beautiful design."

The eye of Monsieur Marri then fell upon the other figures,—the Vizir, who was smoking in a chamber,

and Ali, his Ethiopian, in the entrance hall: but his attention was particularly struck with the portraits of her two brothers. He admired much the contrast between the inanimate and listless features of Psophios and the sweet and amiable expression of Tortolinos. "Really, Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "you either must have undergone much suffering, or your imagination must have been highly heated, to have delineated so much wickedness and so much goodness with so much nature and truthfulness."

Although his former compliments had seemingly made no impression on Malamatenia, who remained immovable as a stone, this observation sunk deep into her heart: she involuntarily heaved a deep sigh; but the company attributed it solely to an emotion of modesty. Her uneasiness was, however, most intolerable; and she suffered as much, if not more, than at the Jewish wedding. Her object in drawing this picture was to occupy her time for years, and to dwell on past scenes; but she now much regretted she had ever begun it; and she vowed inwardly never again to leave her happy retirement unless compelled by the force of circumstances.

"How long, Mademoiselle, shall you be occupied upon this work before it is finished?"

"I do not know, sir," answered she, constrainedly;

“but I think it will be a very long time, because I work very slowly, and do but little at a time.”

“Many of the ancient sculptors and painters,” remarked the Vicomte Oscar de —, “devoted the time and energies of a whole life on a single statue or picture. These were their chef d’œuvres, or rather the works that have conferred upon them immortal fame. It appears to me that Mademoiselle Malamatenia has the intention of following their example.”

After a few other observations, the conversation upon painting dropped, and the sketches of Monsieur Marri and Malamatenia’s picture being carried out of the room, a variety of other subjects were discussed.

Meanwhile Le Vicomte Oscar de — availed himself of an opportunity, and drew his chair near to Malamatenia.

“I think, Mademoiselle,” said he, “that you are not displeased in having made the acquaintance of my friend; his attentions and manners are both fatherly and agreeable.”

“I confess, Monsieur Oscar, that he is very much the gentleman.”

“Then, since he has succeeded in obtaining your esteem, do you not desire his further acquaintance?”

“I should be very happy to cultivate his acquaint-

ance, but Monsieur Marri is going, I understand, to leave Constantinople very shortly."

"It is his intention to stop six or seven months at least; his object is to take drawings of the most remarkable localities,—and more particularly to take your likeness, if he can obtain your consent."

"Be so obliging, Monsieur le Vicomte, not to mention this matter again this evening."

"Very well, Mademoiselle; but pardon me if I observe that I repeated to Monsieur Marri the conversation we had this morning, and he said he should not, after your refusal, ask you in person; but he requested we would intercede for him."

"I am sorry, Monsieur Oscar, I am under the necessity of saying I cannot consent to your request, and I pray you to convey my refusal in as kind a manner as you can. Pray excuse me to your friend; you will confer on me an obligation for life."

"At least you will allow him to visit you occasionally in your apartment."

Malamatenia in silence inclined her head in token of assent.

"How long shall we have the pleasure of your company?"

"I do not know, Monsieur Oscar, how long it will suit the pleasure or convenience of Madame la Com-

tesse for me to remain. But I am anxious not to prolong my visit, that I may give as little trouble as possible."

"You seem to prefer your apartment at the English Embassy, and to consider it rather as your home," observed the Vicomte, somewhat reproachfully. "You wish, therefore, to leave us, although you are aware that your absence will occasion us considerable regret."

"I appear so little in society, Monsieur Oscar, that my absence is not remarked."

"It is true we see you but seldom; but the pleasurable hope that a day will come when you will be weary of this solitude, and that we shall then have more frequent opportunities of enjoying the pleasure of your company, console us for the disappointment we feel in not seeing you so often as we desire." And as he spoke, the young Frenchman regarded her with an earnest and penetrating look.

An emotion of alarmed innocence at this moment was vividly portrayed on the young lady's features.

"And as," continued he, "you have given your consent to receive the visits of my friend M. Marri, I hope I shall not be asking too much if I crave permission at the same time to accompany him."

To this request Malamatenia assented with the same coolness as before.

Here ended their conversation; the company broke up, and, shortly after, Malamatenia withdrew to her chamber.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE EXCURSION.

MALAMATENIA, on retiring to bed, was too much engrossed with the observations of M. Marri upon her drawing to fall asleep. She reflected upon the character he had given of her mother and sisters, and could not refrain from asking herself whether she would not have become the object of abhorrence to every individual in the company, were it known that she was united by the closest ties of relationship to such a family. She considered she was acting dishonourably in keeping on the mask of dissimulation, but to whom could she in confidence divulge her position? Such a course would, instead of exciting commiseration, render her an object of aversion. "O, what a dreadful alternative," exclaimed she, "to one that has the slightest

respect for virtue, to be called upon to hate those whom nature prompts us to love! It were easier to resolve on becoming such as they are. I must again retire to my solitude; I am not fit for society; for society, whenever I mingle with it, embitters my existence. In my chamber alone, I must conceal my sorrows,—there must I pray to *Him* who knows my innocence,—there, at a distance from the world, I shall have less cause to be reminded of the family to which I belong,—and there perhaps, in the course of time, my heart may find consolation.”

This determination she put rigidly into force on her return to the house of the English Ambassadress, which occurred a few days afterwards.

But there was one individual who could not close his eyes that night for thinking of her, although Malamentia, consumed by her own sorrows, had not once entertained a thought about him.

After the company had broken up, the Vicomte Oscar de —— accompanied M. Marri to his hotel. He listened with attention to the garrulity of the old gentleman, whose praises of her skill and admiration of her character made a deep impression upon him, and added fuel to the flame that had been kindled in his heart during the two brief conversations he had had with her that day; her nonchalance, and the simplicity

of her answers, the gracefulness of her behaviour, and her melancholy looks, rushed upon his fancy, and became, as it were, embodied in her image. "Why," said he to himself, "has she such an aversion for the society of the male sex? Is it possible she has loved and been betrayed; or has this beautiful passion been represented in colours so dark and sombre that she fears it, and endeavours to avoid it? At all events, I must try and learn the cause of the sorrow that preys upon her. I have her permission to visit her; I will first do so in the company of the old painter, and afterwards unattended." Such were the thoughts—such the dreams that filled the young Viscount's breast that night, and kept him awake.

Two months had now passed away, and during this time the Viscount and his friend, Monsieur Marri, had called several times to see Malamatenia. But they were unsuccessful in their object; Malamatenia affected indisposition, and declined seeing them.

At length they succeeded in obtaining an interview. Malamatenia received them with great politeness; she showed them a few of her sketches, and the books that diverted her solitary hours. The old gentleman was quite delighted, and the young Frenchman felt a singular sensation of restlessness, which was by no means unpleasing.

While they were conversing together, the lady of the English Ambassador entered the room, and proposed that they should accompany her and some English ladies, who had recently arrived at Constantinople, to the Bezesteins (*Bazaars*).

Malamatenia endeavoured to decline the invitation, fearing that at a place so distant and so populous, she would be recognized. But her opposition was vain; she was obliged to yield to their pressing entreaties, and furthermore, consented to take the arm of the Viscount, who determined to profit by the occasion to prefer his suit.

Autumn had passed away, and the cool breezes from the Bosphorus began to have a sensible influence on the climate of Constantinople, reminding its inhabitants that the season had arrived for preparing their winter habiliments. Malamatenia wore a black merino dress, which with much taste was fitted to her exquisite form. On her head, was a small hat, without ornament, of the same colour, from which depended a black veil, that concealed her features from view. In her hand she carried a small parasol and a light shawl, in case the cold should become inconvenient.

The company assembled early in the morning in the drawing-room of the country palace belonging to the English Ambassador. The party consisted of eleven

individuals, gentlemen and ladies ; and Malamatenia had to undergo the ordeal of being introduced to them one after the other.

On their arrival at the quay of the harbour, they found the Ambassador's boat waiting for them, and took their seats.

The conversation turned upon various topics ; among others, upon the enigmatical origin of the Bosphorus, and its natural beauty ; and an animated discussion arose whether the artificial beauties of the streams of Europe could bear comparison with those that rose successively to their view.

Malamatenia heard their discourse, but she was wrapped in her own reflections, and did not mingle in the conversation. She was pensive, and could not repress a feeling that the day would terminate inauspiciously. The Viscount sat opposite to her, and was equally silent. But as he from time to time eyed her very earnestly, his thoughts were engrossed upon a very different subject.

Malamatenia on these occasions would smile, but it was without affectation ; it was artless and natural. She was unconscious of the sentiments he entertained towards her ; but this smile, so bewitchingly innocent, increased his passion. It filled him, however, with doubt and anxiety, and encouraged him in the fond

belief that she was aware of his feelings towards her. With this erroneous idea floating in his imagination, he began seriously to consider in what way, now that he had so fair an opportunity, he had best declare his inclinations.

After rowing from place to place, the company at length landed on the Byzantine coast, and, separating into pairs, they took the road that led to the Bezesteins.

The Bezesteins or magazines of Constantinople are situated within the precincts of the ancient Byzantium. They constitute a singular, and at the same time a beautiful sight, and consist of a profusely decorated labyrinth of shops and stores, in which every sort of merchandise is to be found.

These lofty edifices, constructed of marble, stone, and brick, surmounted by large domes, from the windows of which the lower part is lighted, communicate for the most part with each other.

They resemble streets, and have large gates, which are opened in the morning and closed at night.

These Bezesteins have different names given to them, denoting the kind of commodities that are sold. For instance, there is the *Tchovaer-Bezestein*, wherein are sold gems and stones of precious value.

Further on is the *Cavaf-Bezestein*, in which mirrors and slippers are sold. Then there are other Bezesteins,

devoted to the sale of silk goods, swords, guns, and other arms, pipes of every description, drugs and perfumes, beads or chaplets, and other manufactures peculiar to Asia.

On this day the Bezesteins were particularly crowded with people. It was the first time Malamatenia had leaned upon the arm of a gentleman. Her walk was slow, for such was the pace of her companion; and in a short time they were left behind at a considerable distance by the rest of the company.

The conversation of the Viscount d'Oscar became more and more familiar, and his words warmer, or rather more unembarrassed. Her features also, melancholy as they usually were, assumed an appearance of cheerfulness, and she seemed to experience a pleasure to which she had long been a stranger.

Suddenly they stopped at a shop in which mirrors and looking-glasses were displayed for sale.

"I have a small commission to execute for a friend," observed the Viscount. "May I trespass upon your kindness for a few minutes? I will not detain you long."

"We have loitered so far behind our friends," said Malamatenia in reply, "that if we delay any longer, we may lose them altogether."

"Do not alarm yourself; I know the Bezesteins well, and we shall find our friends without any difficulty,"

replied the Viscount. So saying, he desired the shop-keeper to show him some slippers.

While he was occupied in selecting what he required, a horseman having a grand decoration on his breast, and a Greek fez on his head, rode up, attended by two footmen, who assisted him to dismount.

"It is the Hekym-bashee (head physician) of the Imperial palace," whispered one of the shop-attendants into his master's ear, who was at that moment engaged in displaying his goods to the Frenchman. Whereupon he left his customer, and hastened to wait upon the new comer.

"I require," said the stranger, speaking with all the gravity of a Mussulman, "I require a small looking-glass mounted in gold," at the same time casting his looks upon Malamatenia, who, as it has been observed, was dressed in mourning.

"What a good-looking Turk?" said the Viscount, addressing Malamatenia. "Mais, ma foi, c'est une tête sans cervelle," added he, supposing the stranger was unacquainted with French.

The physician, however, understood him; he smiled at hearing such a compliment, but his looks became more earnestly riveted upon Malamatenia.

Malamatenia threw an involuntary glance on the stranger, and felt a vague and undefinable sensation, for

she fancied that his features were those of an individual whom she had once known.

“Do you observe,” continued the Viscount, “how he stares at you, the impudent coxcomb? I verily do believe that were we living in times gone by, when these Turks could do as they pleased, that he would not hesitate to carry you off by force for his harem.”

At this remark Malamatenia lowered her eyes and turned her back upon the physician.

The Viscount completed his purchase, and again giving his arm to his companion, they left the shop.

This physician was no other than Constantine. Many years had glided by since he left Constantinople, under the circumstances we have described in a former chapter. At that time Malamatenia was very young and at school, so that he very seldom saw her; and at the time he called at the house in Tatavla, after his return from Africa, the reader is requested to bear in mind, that on that occasion Malamatenia had fainted away, and that the Doctor left the house without seeing her.

The sight of her features made a very deep impression upon his mind; but as both himself and Leonidas considered she had fallen a victim to the arts of the Vizir, he had no suspicion that she was a member of the family to which he belonged.

Meanwhile the Viscount and Malamatenia had lost

sight of their party, and they strolled from Bezestein to Bezestein in search of them ; but their efforts to find them were unsuccessful.

“ Well now, we have actually lost ourselves in this maze,” observed the Viscount ; “ but our situation is not so alarming as that of Theseus and Ariadne, so we will rest awhile, and take a little refreshment. We will afterwards resume our search, and if we are disappointed, we will hire a caïque and return direct to Buyukdera.”

“ But what will be said of our separating ourselves from the company, Monsieur Oscar ? they will consider we did so premeditatedly.”

“ Make yourself quite at ease on that point ; I shall exonerate you from all blame, by taking it on myself. Here is a furrier’s shop, let us enter and rest ourselves.”

The interior of the shops of these Bezesteins are not enclosed in front with glass windows like those in the cities of Europe ; they are entirely open, and in the middle is a kind of low counter or covered table, upon which sit, cross-legged, two or three artisans, and over whose heads are arranged on shelves the articles in which they deal. Strangers are always welcome to enter and take a seat upon this counter. The inmates receive you with much hospitality in their manner, particularly if they perceive you are a foreigner : they are ready to

oblige you as far as they can, and on your leaving, salute you in a way calculated to make a very favourable impression.

Malamatenia was so fatigued with the long walk they had taken that she offered no opposition : she suffered herself to be handed to the counter, which was covered with furs, and took a seat, glad of a little rest.

The Viscount bought some peaches of a Jew passing at the time, and having selected the finest offered it to his companion. "These others," said he, "we shall eat, for we stand in need of refreshments ; but this one I pray you to keep, in order to remind you of this day and of myself."

"There is no need, sir, of a peach for that purpose, since our loitering behind is sufficient to remind me of the day, and the pleasure I have felt in your company will not permit me to forget you."

"I perceive, Mademoiselle, that we somewhat agree in our feelings and dispositions."

"You are so very obliging that no one ought to have any reason to disagree with you," said Malamatenia, as she raised her veil in order to taste the peach. At this moment her features were more than ordinarily beautiful. Exercise had given a glow to her fair cheeks, and her large blue eyes, so full of sympathy,—those modest downcast-looking eyes, which indicated the chastity of

her mind,—were so sparkling that Oscar was transported, and in the ecstasy of the moment asked her whether she recollected the first verse of the ode that Sappho wrote previous to her throwing herself off the rock of Leucadia ; and he began repeating them.

“Heureux celui qui près de toi soupire,
 Qui sur lui seul attire ces beaux yeux,
 Ces doux accents et ce tendre sourire ;
 Il est égal aux dieux.”*

“Oh that I had the privilege of reciting these verses to you in the capacity of a friend! I would give you my life for such a mark of distinction.”

To this rhapsody Malamatenia made no reply ; she appeared absorbed in thought. Presently her reflections were interrupted by the Viscount, who begged he might have the privilege of calling himself her friend.

“You are so already,” replied she with artless simplicity.

“But I mean the first—your dearest friend ; not

* The original runs thus :—

Φαίνεται μοι κείνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν

Ἐμμεν’ ἀνὴρ, ὅστις ἐναντίον τοι

Ἰζάνει καὶ πλασίον ἀδὺ φω-

νούσας ὑπακούει.

Blest as th’ immortal gods is he
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee, all the while,
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

merely one of your friends. I consider you in that light, I look upon you as my dearest friend."

"You certainly will be no great gainer if you obtain your request."

"But accompany this privilege with your heart, and not simply accord it with your lips."

A brief but profound silence ensued.

The Viscount, taking up a peach, and having pared it and cut it into two, offered a part to Malamatenia.

"Do me the pleasure," said he, "to accept this, and condescend to favour me with your friendship."

Malamatenia took the portion of the peach that was offered, and with much simplicity said, "You have my friendship, Monsieur Oscar, and I will consider you my best friend."

"Pray oblige me with your hand," said he, extending his own, and he pressed it very tenderly. "Henceforth," added he, "I shall consider I am no longer a stranger to you."

The furriers, who did not understand their conversation, in consequence of its being carried on in the French language, could not help expressing their admiration of the beautiful creature that was before them; and witnessing the pressing of hands, they said, speaking to each other in Greek, as though it were upon the subject of their work,—

“That young man certainly must be her sweetheart or her betrothed. Observe how familiarly they take each other by the hand.”

“But the lady, who is in mourning,” remarked another, “does not appear to sympathize in his feelings. She is full of care, and her heart is overwhelmed with grief; see when she looks at him, her eyes are ready to overflow, as though she was inwardly affected with some painful emotion.”

The sound of this voice, which was not unknown to Malamatenia, occasioned her to start. At the same time these men by their conversation could have done no better service to Monsieur Oscar, since they gave the object of his love explicitly to understand their mutual position; and could the Viscount have understood the purport of their words which so plainly told his meaning, he would gladly have presented them with the whole of the contents of his purse.

“Let us delay no longer,” cried Malamatenia, “but continue our search after her ladyship, who, no doubt, is anxiously waiting for us.”

“How free and familiar these Franks are with their females,” exclaimed one of the furriers; “and yet with what propriety they behave! They can walk out together without giving rise to scandal, or creating suspicion;—whereas with us, only let one of our females go

out with a young fellow, and out comes your purse for the Patriarch to marry them."

"Michael," said another, "don't you think she's very much like the little girl whom we met with in the streets at Signor Bambanista's wedding? don't you recollect the row we had with the Jews on her account?"

"By the soul of my father," replied Michael, "you are right. I thought I had seen that face before, but couldn't for my life remember where. If she did not speak the *Franco lingua*, and was not so well dressed, I would lay any wager, she was the same girl."

Malamatenia now plainly recognized the voice. She lowered her veil and earnestly importuned the Viscount to leave the shop.

At this moment the company made their appearance and were coming in a direction towards them.

"O! there is her ladyship," exclaimed Malamatenia. "How they will scold us, for the trouble they have had in looking after us, and declare we missed them purposely!"

In fact, they had to endure a few jokes and the raillery of the company on their absence; and the Ambassadress playfully remarked, that it was her opinion that Malamatenia for the future would not be so attached to the solitude of her apartment.

"Have you dined?" inquired her ladyship.

“We have had a peach or two.”

“But we have had nothing, and require some refreshment. Let us dine here, and afterwards it is our intention to visit the Hospitals.”

Having made a repast from *pilaf* (boiled rice), *kibabi* (roast meat), and *mouhalibi* (custards), which was supplied by the itinerant vendors of those articles, the company rose to depart, having amply recompensed the proprietor of the shop and his men for the accommodation they had received.

Malamatenia, while pretending to wrap her shawl around her, silently slipped five florins into Michael's hand, and then passed her arm through that of the Viscount's, expressing her readiness to go.

But this action did not pass unobserved by the Viscount. He was astonished, and having observed that the Ambassadors had paid them very handsomely, he begged to know the motive that had prompted Malamatenia to such an act of liberality. His astonishment was not lessened, when under her veil he remarked that her eyes were suffused with tears.

“One of the Greeks, Monsieur Oscar, was complaining in his own language that he had a large family, and that he could not without the greatest difficulty maintain them. I understood what he said, and therefore acted as I did.”

“But I must share in the good work,” replied Oscar. “We will return back, and I will give him something, for I am convinced that he who is noticed by you must be a deserving object.”

“We shall again miss our friends,” remarked his companion, in evident uneasiness.

“No, we shall not lose them; they are going to visit the Hospitals, and we shall soon overtake them.” With these words, he turned back, and placed ten florins in the hands of the Greek.

Michael, who was hardly recovered from the astonishment he had experienced from the liberality of Malamatenia, could not withstand expressing his gratitude in the most lively manner on receiving this second gift. “God grant, Signor, that you may have that angel for a wife! you will be a happy pair, for you both are angels of good.”

“What did the man say?” asked the Viscount.

“I was not listening,” replied Malamatenia; but from that moment a profound melancholy came over her, which all the efforts of the Frenchman were unable to dispel.

The cheerfulness which had lighted up the feature of Malamatenia was so transient, that it might be compared to the evanescent beauty of a soap bubble, on whose globular surface glitter all the colours of the rainbow.

On rejoining their friends, and walking a considerable distance, a country vehicle was hired to convey them to the Hospital.

The Hospitals of the great cities in Turkey are not regular asylums for the sick, similar to those in Europe ; they are, however, very praiseworthy establishments, that have been founded by the philanthropy of various communities, affording an asylum to the poor and helpless.

Some order has, however, been observed in the internal economy of these institutions. One room is set apart for those who have met with accidents, been wounded or otherwise injured. Another for casual invalids ; another (*γηροκομείον*), which may be called the old people's ward, in which the aged poor, who have not the means of subsistence, are comfortably provided for, till death comes and relieves them from all the cares of life. Attached to the building, but having no communication, is an asylum for lunatics of both sexes.

Almost every nation has its town hospital, known by its name ; such as the Austrian Hospital, the French, the English, the Dutch, &c.

At the principal door of the Hospital stood a young priest ready to receive the party. He was diminutive in stature, and had his chin fledged with a small black beard. He evidently had received some education, for

he could speak a little French, an acquisition rarely possessed by any of the Greek clergy of the time in which the veritable scenes we have recorded took place.

This young ecclesiastic first conducted them to the church. This was a very plain building, lighted by windows from the dome, embellished with a few paintings, and furnished with seats.

He was very explanatory upon every particular connected with the building. He directed their attention to a small wooden image, clad in robes of gold enriched with gems.

“This image,” he told them in a soft effeminate voice, “was very ancient ; it existed in the reign of the Empress Eudocia :” and he asserted as a positive fact, that thousands of invalids had been indebted for their cure to its miraculous powers. “Scarcely an invalid or even a blind man had ever invoked it but the former had his health, and the latter his sight restored. Frequently a drought prevails for two or three months ; we have only,” said he, “to worship this image and pray for rain, and our prayers are sure to be heard ; for rain shortly afterwards falls in abundance. Hence gifts and offerings are made to it from all parts, and this is the reason of its being covered with such rich ornaments.”

The travellers with difficulty suppressed a smile

while they listened to this marvellous discourse, which was uttered with so much natural simplicity, that it was not easy to perceive whether it was the prompting of a superstitious belief, or a tale artfully framed for the purpose of deceiving the ignorant,—a species of pious fraud, to which these holy fathers are not altogether strangers.

The company having deposited each a piece of money in the plate of the marvel-working image, proceeded to the sick ward, and from thence to the one where lay those who had met with accidents. This they could not enter, owing to the foul odour that emanated from the festering sores of the patients; but at the further end of the room the Viscount perceived the stranger against whom he had taken such a prejudice in the morning at the Bezestein, and he pointed him out to Malamatenia, who experienced again an ineffable sensation on seeing him in that melancholy place.

The appearance of the old people was very singular. In number there might have been about fifty; they were all dressed in white, and wore white caps on their heads, typical of the happy state of rest to which they were fast approaching. All had spectacles; those that could read, were employed in perusing some religious book, while those that could not, formed a group round one who could.

The day was now drawing to a close, but the company decided on visiting the lunatic asylum before they left.

These asylums are the most philanthropic of any of the institutions in Turkey. People of deranged intellects are suffered to roam unrestrained about the streets, and frequently become raving mad, from the annoyance they have to endure from the crowd of unthinking men and boys who follow them about and subject them to every kind of rudeness and insult.

“In this place you will find some extraordinary characters,” said their ecclesiastical guide, “especially an old woman, who for a twelvemonth has been kept by herself in a separate cell. The fluency of her speech is beyond belief, and I doubt whether Demosthenes, with all his eloquence, ever spoke more emphatically than can this woman.”

So saying, he conducted them to a court-yard of a quadrangular form, round which were arranged different chambers.

“Number one is occupied by an extraordinary madman. He is a young man, aged thirty-five: he has not uttered a word for twelve years past. He is not mute, that is to say, incapable of speaking; but he persists in his singularity, nor will he make any sign in reply to any question put to him. In everything else he is perfectly docile and tractable. His malady, it is said,

was occasioned by his father's taking him from Paris before he had finished his studies : he prayed hard to be allowed to remain the full period, but his father was inexorable, and refused to allow anything for his maintenance unless he immediately returned home. He returned, but from that moment he never opened his lips. If he requires anything, he signifies his wish by writing on paper. His father pays all expenses, and would cheerfully give fifty thousand groshen to any one who could succeed in inducing him to break this imperturbable silence."

The priest having finished his account, they entered the room, which was very clean and guarded by a servant, who had been appointed to wait upon the lunatic.

The apartment contained a small elegant wooden bedstead hung with damask curtains ; every convenience for the toilet, a chest of drawers, and a small table, on which lay scattered some of the works of Boileau, Voltaire, Malherbe, and other French authors.

The countenance of the monomaniac was placid, his face round, and his complexion white or rather pale ; his eyes were black and large like those of an ox ; he wore a black bushy beard : his dress was clean and neat, and he was sitting on an arm-chair, apparently absorbed in the perusal of a book.

When the company entered, he did not alter his position in the least, nor did he even raise his eyes to give them a glance. So immoveable was he, that he seemed deaf and blind. He kept his eyes fixed upon his book, as though intently occupied on its contents. It however did not escape the notice of the company, that he did not turn over a single leaf.

“Comment vous portez-vous, mon ami?” exclaimed an English lady, applying her mouth close to his ear, thinking so close an approximation of her voice must rouse him. But his features betrayed not the slightest alteration.

“Monsieur est fou, ne l’importunez pas, Madame, parce que peut-être il vous étranglra,” said another lady, who flattered herself with the hopes of arresting the maniac’s attention, by giving this precautionary advice; but it made no impression.

“Monsieur vient il de Paris?” inquired a gentleman, but he received no reply.

“Monsieur est-il grec?” said a fourth, and with these words he snatched the book on which the madman seemed so deeply engaged, and threw it on the ground; but, to his mortification, he found that the monomaniac still retained his statue-like attitude.

“Your endeavours, gentlemen, to rouse him are useless,” said the priest. “There has not been a visitor

who has not tried the same means, but all their efforts were unavailing. The madman has adopted as his motto, the proverb, which says, 'He that can command his tongue saves his life.'"

"Let us leave him," said the company. "Nothing is the matter with him, he is as sensible as we are." "Farewell," says one, "till I see you again." "Adieu," cries another; and with these parting salutations they left the madman to himself.

No sooner had they got into the yard, than they heard the door slammed to with great violence. The madman had risen from his seat, and banged it after them in great wrath.

"He never acted in this way before," observed the priest. "This is an exception to his general conduct; and it is the first time I ever noticed he gave way to so much feeling."

At this moment the monomaniac opened the small window of his apartment, and throwing out a small piece of paper, closed it again immediately.

On this paper were written the following lines from Boileau :

"De Paris jusqu'à Rome,
Le plus sot animal à mon avis c'est l'homme."*

Laughing at the poor man's eccentricity, and at the

* "Go where I will, from Paris unto Rome,
'Tis my belief that man's the greatest fool on earth."

same time deploring his lamentable condition, they proceeded on their circuit round the court.

Each room was tenanted : some of the inmates fancied themselves kings ; some, that they were possessed of great wealth ; others, that they were Generals. All were labouring under the influence of some particular delusion. Here one was shouting with all his might, there another issuing his orders : the scene and hubbub were such, as to be altogether indescribable.

Those who were dangerous, were chained hand and foot, and frequently beaten.

In the middle of the court were two reservoirs or basins, and a few trees, which at this season were fast shedding their leaves.

Facing the entrance to the men's department was a large gate opening into another court-yard, round which are the apartments assigned to the women. The priest was on the point of opening it, when he directed their attention to an individual approaching towards them.

"Here comes his Excellency the Sultan's head physician. He is Inspector General of the Hospitals, and has come to visit an old woman, to whom he pays more than ordinary attention."

"Is he a Turk?" inquired one of the company.

"I think he is an European : he converses in French, Italian, Greek, and Turkish, as fluently as though each

language were his own vernacular tongue. He is a man of profound erudition,—he has not long held this important appointment. In truth, it is only recently that he arrived in Constantinople.”

“I have heard of him,” said the Ambassadors, “but I don’t know his name. Pray what is it?”

“Constantine Joseph.”

Meantime the Viscount Oscar had recognized in the stranger the individual he had seen in the morning at the Bezestein.

“Do you recollect,” said he, addressing Malamatenia in a whisper, “the impertinent remark I made upon his understanding? He must have felt the insult if he overheard it.”

“I don’t believe that he noticed it,” answered she, throwing a side-look at her brother-in-law from under her veil.

The gate was now opened, and the physician seeing the party give way for him to pass, and being possessed of more courtesy than a Turk, said in French, “Je vous demande pardon, Mesdames, mais après vous,” and politely drawing back, left the passage free for the company to enter first.

“The hospitals for Europeans,” remarked he, addressing the Ambassadors, “are the most charitable of all institutions. The sick do not indeed enjoy every

possible comfort in them, but, nevertheless, they are a great blessing."

"I agree with you," replied her Ladyship, "but I am surprised how the various communities, who meet with so many obstacles from the government in establishing them, manage to support them: they are an honour to humanity."

"Permit me, Madame, to be your guide through this department." So saying, the physician conducted them from room to room, which were arranged similar to those of the men, and in which the women were equally fantastic and noisy.

After having satisfied their curiosity, the company were preparing to leave this abode of misery when the doctor proposed that they should stop and see a patient who was kept apart from the rest. "This looking-glass," said he, "is for her." Accordingly they followed him through a door which led into a large and beautiful garden, filled with a variety of trees and flowers.

The oppression and heaviness they had hitherto felt were quickly relieved on inhaling the pure fresh air; but before they proceeded to the further end of the garden, they rested themselves on some small wooden seats placed underneath the trees.

Two gardeners, who also acted as keepers, came up to the physician the instant they saw him enter.

"How has the patient been?" demanded he, addressing one of them.

"Very restless, your Excellency. Last night, and the night before, she never closed her eyes, nor would she suffer us to get a wink of sleep. She begged us to let her escape; but finding her solicitations disregarded, she confined herself to her room, and wrote about fifteen letters, and desired me to deliver them to the individuals to whom they were addressed. To pacify her, I promised her I would, and then she became tranquil."

"And is she now asleep?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the man.

Suddenly a low voice was heard singing a hymn, and presently a tall woman, though somewhat stooping, made her appearance from an avenue. She was unveiled, and clad in a yellow dress, and her grey hairs hung in wild disorder over her shoulders. Her appearance was altogether wretched, and excited deep commiseration. Her face was thin, sallow, and furrowed with wrinkles. In her bosom was a miniature fastened to a riband round her neck. She gazed wildly for an instant upon the company, and then pursued her way to a fountain close by; and turning a tap, which supplied it with water, placed her head under the running stream, and washed herself with great energy.

"This is the way in which this poor unfortunate

creature chiefly passes her time," said the physician.

"Her brain is so feverish that if she did not repeatedly bathe her head, uncontrollable frenzy would follow."

Malamatenia and the Viscount being engaged in conversation, did not rise from their seats till just as the old woman had finished her bath. The sight she exhibited with her streaming hair hanging over her face was such as to excite risibility.

"Here is the looking-glass you said you wanted," said the doctor, speaking to the patient, at the same time handing it to her.

The old woman put up her hands to her face, and parting her hair threw it behind her ears. She then surveyed herself a considerable time in the glass, and at length burst out, exclaiming, "What! is it possible that I am Madam Logothetes? the features are the same,—the glass tells lies." With that she dashed it upon the ground and broke it into a thousand pieces.

No sooner had Malamatenia recognized the features of her mother than she started back, ejaculating, in Greek, "My God!" Her lips assumed the hue of death, and unable to support herself she was ready to fall.

"Why, what has alarmed you?" asked the Viscount, catching her in his arms, to save her from falling.

On hearing Malamatenia cry out, the company, alarmed, hastened to her assistance. At the same time,

the old woman, partially restored to reason, advanced with a dignified gait towards her daughter, and fixing an earnest gaze upon her features exclaimed,—

“’Tis my child. O my child! my child! thou art the cause of my madness.” But instantly checking herself, she burst into a wild fit of laughter, shrieking, “Fool that I am! my child no longer lives. I have no children. I had twelve,—but all—all are with my blessed husband in Paradise. Ah! wretched husband,” continued she, drawing his likeness from her bosom, “thou art dead,—dead,—poisoned by the Vizir, as a reward for the services thou didst render him!”

Again she laughed, loudly and wildly. She tore her clothes, and in her frenzy rushed upon the physician, whom she grossly abused and insulted. Meantime the Viscount conveyed his lovely burden to the physician’s apartment.

As soon as Malamatenia was restored and had sufficiently recovered her strength, the company took their departure. She remained silent the rest of the evening, reflecting on the scene she had just witnessed. She distinctly called to mind who was the doctor that bestowed so much attention on her parent, and she determined after a few days to revisit the hospital alone.

Let us describe the manner in which her mother had found shelter in that asylum.

The reader will recollect, that the old caïquejee, after having rowed Malamatenia across the waters of the Golden Horn in pursuit of Mazar Pasha's boat, undertook on his return to expostulate with the keeper of the coffee-house, and facilitate the escape of the old woman, (whom Malamatenia knew from his description to be her mother,) who had fled thither after the fire. His expostulations had such an effect upon the fellow, whose intention had been to murder her, to get possession of the jewels and valuables she had about her, that on hearing she was employed on the business of the Grand Vizir he was glad to let her go.

Sphyrla rewarded the old caïquejee liberally for the service he had rendered her, and concluding at once that the young girl whom he had taken in his boat was her own daughter, (though she was at a loss to conceive what could be her motive in following the other boat,) she engaged the old man to take her to the same place where he had landed his former fare.

On reaching Phanaar she traversed every part of that district in search of Malamatenia, but she could get no tidings of her. Previously to her escape from her own house she was well aware that her other daughters and her sons had been taken into custody and conveyed to the English Embassy. Next morning therefore she bent her way thither, and found that they, together with the

janissary who had the charge of them, had disappeared during the night. Fully convinced in her own mind that the Vizir was implicated in this affair, she repaired to his palace, and there learned, to her dismay, the death of her daughters and the "*Turkification*" of her two younger sons. Brutal as was her nature, the sudden loss of five children so affected her, that she fell ill in the house of a poor family in which she had hitherto found an asylum, and was thence conveyed to this hospital.

While she remained in the hospital she wrote several letters to her son Leonidas, who was then at Smyrna, in one of which she mentioned that the contemplated match between Neocles and his sister had been broken off; but she received no answer. At length the report that Neocles was actually married, and that Leonidas had been cruelly assassinated, so preyed upon her mind that her intellects became disordered; and as it was unknown to any one in the hospital who she was, she was removed to the mad-house, where she received the same kind of treatment to which others of her unfortunate class were subjected, until Constantine Joseph, having been appointed Physician to the Court, visited the hospitals in virtue of his office as Inspector-General, and recognized her as his mother-in-law.

He communicated his discovery to Leonidas; and having purchased a house in close proximity with the

hospital, furnished it with every comfort, hoping by care and kindness to restore her to reason. But she was incurable: she became every day worse and worse. Her reason and her health were irrecoverably gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

MALAMATENIA on returning home was laid on a bed of sickness, from which she did not rise for a fortnight. During this time, in addition to her bodily indisposition, her mental sufferings were so severe that at times she feared she was going to lose her reason. So long a time had elapsed since she had received any tidings whatever of her family that she had almost despaired of ever seeing any of them again. A ray of hope, however, would occasionally cheer her spirits, and she fondly trusted that a day would come when she would no longer be in this dreadful uncertainty. This day had at length arrived; but the meeting with her mother so unexpectedly, and under such distressing circumstances, gave her susceptible feelings so heavy a shock at the

time, that with all her fortitude she could not bear up against it.

On her recovery she took the resolution of visiting the hospital, and accordingly, accompanied by a servant, started off early one morning for the purpose of again seeing her unfortunate parent.

Her first inquiry on reaching the hospital was to ascertain whether the doctor was in attendance; and finding that he was, although it was not his usual day, (having been brought there on a case of emergency,) she desired to see the priest who had escorted the company on the late visit.

The reverend father having made his appearance, she requested him, in the Greek language, to conduct her to the physician.

"Why, my child," said he, without noticing her request, "I find you speak Greek. How was it you did not address me in that language on the last occasion? I should have been much pleased, for I should have been enabled to have explained much more lucidly matters to which I drew your attention."

"Yes, I speak Greek, father," replied she, "but I pray you to accede to my request without delay. His Excellency may possibly leave the hospital early, and I shall then lose the opportunity of seeing him."

The priest assented, and led her to the doctor's apart-

ment. His Excellency was sitting in an arm-chair, dressed in deep mourning, and his eyes suffused with tears.

On perceiving his visitor, the physician rose to meet her, wondering inwardly what could be the object of a young lady dressed in mourning visiting him alone in such a place as the hospital.

Malamatenia, lifting up her veil, first accosted him by inquiring whether he was not Dr. Caraboudharas. "I think," said she, "if I mistake not, you were married to one of the daughters of Logothetes P——."

Surprised at finding this was the same young female who had fainted away, and at hearing the pure accent with which she spoke her language,—and more so, at her knowing him by the name of Caraboudharas, which for so many years he had assumed to conceal his own name,—he hardly knew at first what to say.

"You are right in your conjecture, Mademoiselle. I was formerly known by that name, and married to the daughter of Logothetes P——; but they now call me Constantine Joseph."

"Then do you not recollect me?" said she, extending her hand to take his; "I am Malamatenia."

"I thought, when I met you at the Bezestein, that in your figure I recognized one who was no stranger," cried the physician, and he kissed her forehead. "Alas,"

continued he, speaking to himself, "at what a sorrowful time has she come!"

"My life has been wretched beyond description, Signor Constantine."

"I know it must be, dear sister; but where have you been? we feared you were dead."

"My poor afflicted mother I find is here, Signor: but where are my sisters, and my brothers?"

The physician felt embarrassed at this question. He concealed his face, but he told the truth when he declared he did not know.

"Alas!" exclaimed she; "then you do not know where my sisters are? Tell me, is Leonidas still at Smyrna?"

"Leonidas was in Constantinople two months ago; but having vainly used every effort to trace you, he in despair left for Italy, in hopes that change of air and the journey might lighten his grief. I expect his return in a month."

"I thank thee, O God," cried she, "that in thy mercy thou hast preserved my brother. In him hast thou bestowed on me a protector to support me in the world."

"Yes, my sister, he will be your protector; he is generous, brave, and good; he has faced death, and undergone much to uphold the name of his family, and get back the property of which they were deprived."

"And now, Constantine, lead me to my mother: I wish to see her; I will fall at her feet, I will embrace her. She must recognize me; for she knew me on the last occasion, although it was growing dusk."

The doctor threw himself back upon his chair, unable to conceal his agitation.

"What ails you? is anything the matter?" cried Malamatenia, alarmed at his manner, from which she could not infer anything she wanted to know.

"No," said he, with a deep sigh, "nothing; only let us postpone the interview with your mother to another day. Come, sit down, and relate to me what has happened to you, and where you went the evening the fire broke out."

"I cannot postpone this visit, I have come purposely; the distance is three leagues. I live at Buyukdera. I must—I must see my poor mother before I leave."

"Impossible," replied the physician in a low and melancholy tone, and he covered his eyes with the palm of his hand.

"Impossible! O Panaghia (holy Virgin), what do you mean? why is it impossible?"

"I have not the power to permit it."

"Not the power to permit it!" said she, repeating his words. "Are you not the Sultan's head physician, and is not your authority here indisputable?"

"'Tis true ; but I repeat, it is impossible. Another day, and I will promise."

"I must see her to-day, my illness prevented me from coming before ; and now for you, my brother, to interpose an obstacle. Ah ! I perceive you dread the consequences of the interview, but I am prepared ; I have fortitude sufficient, I think, to undergo it."

"But your grief will be aggravated, should your mother fail to recognize you."

"It matters not, let me see her."

"Listen, Malamatenia : your mother is in a very precarious state ; the slightest impression or emotion may hurry her into the grave."

"O !" cried she, while the tears ran in torrents from her eyes ; "you tell me so, to deter me from seeing her. Now, by all that is holy, I implore you to tell me the actual state in which she is."

"'Tis serious, I assure you ; in a state bordering on death."

"Bordering on death ! is she then in such imminent danger ?"

"She is, and in all probability this day will be her last."

"Alas ! alas ! unhappy girl that I am. O God, what a cup of bitterness do I drink !" And with these words she threw herself in a paroxysm of grief upon the sofa.

The doctor endeavoured to console her, and tenderly besought her to moderate her sorrow, and pray to the Supreme Disposer of events to give rest to her mother's soul. But his efforts to comfort her were disregarded.

At length, after a profound silence, she advanced to Constantine.

"I implore you for the last time," said she,— "to lead me to my mother. Whatever may be her state, I must see her, even if she does not see me."

"Then," said he, rousing all his fortitude to announce the mournful intelligence, "your mother no longer exists; she breathed her last the day before yesterday."

"Doctor, you are diverting yourself with playing on my feelings; you do not speak the truth."

"It is the truth. Look, here is your father's likeness, which, during life, she constantly wore in her bosom."

Hardly able to believe the melancholy news, Malamentia took the likeness as it were mechanically into her hands, and gazing on it as though on vacancy, exclaimed, "My mother, then, no longer lives! God has at length terminated her woes; our duty now is to pray for the repose of her soul." And persuaded that her mother was dead, she leaned against the wall and sobbed violently.

After a long pause, she desired to know whether the

body had been buried, and was informed by the doctor, that her remains had that day, two hours ago, been deposited in their last resting-place. "It was this mournful duty," added he, "that brought me here to-day."

"Unhappy me! Oh that I had received her parting breath,—had given her one last embrace! Where is she buried?"

"In the garden."

"Lead me to her grave. Oh that God would call me thither! I should then be at rest."

The physician, unable to withstand her importunities, took her hand and conducted her to a large weeping willow, under which was a newly raised mound of earth, surmounted at one end with a wooden cross.

"That is my mother's grave," exclaimed she, "there lies Madame Logothetes; what sad reverses happen in this strange world!" And having regarded the melancholy looking branches of the tree, her features underwent an extraordinary change, and she requested the doctor to leave her for a few moments.

The doctor bowed, and at once withdrew into a retired part of the garden, from which, unperceived, he could observe her movements.

As soon as he was out of sight, Malamatenia fell upon her knees at the head of the grave, with her face towards the cross, and in a voice almost stifled with grief, exclaimed,

“O mother! mother! I am left an orphan in the world. I shall never see you more,—never again hear your voice. Farewell, may God pardon your sins! this shall be my prayer every day of my life; and may he pardon those who brought you to this condition.”

Here her voice became hoarse, and she was so overcome with grief, that she bowed her fair forehead to the earth.

The doctor, perceiving her agitation, went up to her and endeavoured by all the means in his power to administer consolation: he exhorted her not to give way to despondency and unavailing lamentation.

On her recovery, she detailed briefly to him the history of her adventures since the fire, and that of her mother, of which he was ignorant. The doctor recommended her not to divulge anything to her benefactress, nor to leave that lady's roof until she heard from her brother Leonidas, to whom he promised to write, to hasten his return.

Having agreed as to the manner in which they should hold correspondence with each other, Malamatenia bade her brother-in-law adieu, and hastened home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DISASTROUS BANQUET.

LET us now follow Leonidas and his fortunes since the night he was mesmerized by the Austrian Consul.

Being perfectly restored to convalescence, he soon perceived on reflection, that his sojourn in Smyrna was no longer safe, particularly as the heirs of Kiatipoglos had been conveyed to Constantinople by order of the Grand Vizir. He therefore secretly repaired to the capital, and presenting himself to the Grand Mufti, recounted to him the particulars of what had happened, and discovered to him the place where the treasure lay concealed.

On the recovery of the Padishah from his long illness, Leonidas was summoned before the Secret Divan to give evidence against the Grand Vizir, and he had

the satisfaction of witnessing the overthrow of that tyrant.

On this occasion he met with Constantine, who, actuated by a similar spirit of revenge against his old enemy, was present at the trial.

His next concern was to bring his brothers back within the pale of Christianity, and to discover the retreat of his mother and his sister Malamatenia. But although he was indefatigable in pursuing these objects, yet he found every day a few moments to think upon Adèle.

When he was informed of the deplorable state in which the physician had found his mother, he bought the house for her retreat, and he and his brother-in-law employed every means that could conduce to her recovery.

But it was impossible to recover his brothers. Mahometan fanaticism for making proselytes is carried to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that they will pardon the greatest villain under sentence of death on condition of his embracing Islamism. This being the case, it is hardly to be expected that they will, if they can prevent it, suffer a convert to return to his primitive faith.

The boys were so coaxed and flattered, that when, according to the decree of the firman, they were asked whether they chose to return to the Christian religion,

they refused, and returned again to Mecca, in spite of all the efforts of Leonidas to induce them to alter their determination.

Respecting the fate of Malamatenia he could learn no tidings, although he was indefatigable in his inquiries.

He had written several times to the Austrian Consul, but to none had he been vouchsafed an answer. He however heard that he had left Smyrna, become hypochondriac, and was engaged in speculations on the nature and composition of the soul.

How happy would Leonidas have been in his present position, could he have enjoyed tranquillity of mind! He was rich, beloved by his acquaintance, and had, in addition, considerable influence at the Ottoman Court.

Perceiving the situation of his mother, and that his efforts were ineffectual to discover what had become of his sister, he determined on again visiting Italy. Here he stayed some time; and from Naples, the scene of his chivalrous exploit, wrote to Constantine, informing him of his intention to return to Constantinople. Accordingly he repaired to Genoa, in order to avail himself of the first ship.

He had visited this city several times, but its beauties were such that he determined to prolong his stay a short while longer in order once more to enjoy them.

Genoa, the birth-place of Columbus, was the

seat of the Doges, and the capital of that republic. No city in Europe can boast of so many palaces. Leonidas occupied himself every day in viewing these buildings, but the palace which most struck his attention was that of Serra, or, as it is commonly called, the Palace of the Sun. This magnificent structure was built about the year 1552, by the architect Alessi, and embellished by Tagliafichi. The entrance is by an octangular vestibule, surrounded with Doric columns. The dining-room is remarkable for its elegant simplicity. It is surmounted by a spherical dome, on which is a representation of the hymeneals of Juno and Jupiter, by the celebrated Calcotti.

Leonidas had seen the different apartments on a former visit. On this occasion he went straight to the saloon,—that rich and magnificent apartment which perhaps has not its equal in any other palace of Europe. This saloon, on which was expended a sum amounting to more than a million of francs, is embellished on its two principal sides with immense mirrors, that reflect to infinity the objects before them with so marvellous an effect as almost to persuade the beholder that it was the effect of enchantment.

When Leonidas entered, the room was filled with company, passing and repassing. He sat himself down on an easy arm-chair with his face towards one of the

looking-glasses, to enjoy the passing scene, and fancied himself in the midst of an immense multitude assembled for the celebration of a festival.

In this abstraction his eyes rested on a young female at a distance, walking arm-in-arm with a tall young man. He started from his seat,—there could be no doubt,—it was Adèle herself, and, forgetting that what he saw was merely a reflection, he rushed unthinkingly towards the glass, in order to overtake them, when he was arrested by one of the attendants, who prevented him from running against it and breaking it. He was in the act of turning round to resume his seat, when suddenly he found himself vis-à-vis to that lady.

“Good God!” cried he, like one awaking from a dream, “is it possible that I see Madame la Baronne?”

“Monsieur Leonidas!” exclaimed Adèle, with no less astonishment depicted on her countenance; “who could have anticipated such an unexpected meeting? Hills never meet, but man may meet man. How long have you been in Genoa, Monsieur Leonidas?”

“Rather more than a fortnight, and to-day I intend leaving.”

“To-day! will you not come and see us before you take your departure? The Baron will be overjoyed to see once more a friend whom he has so repeatedly expressed a desire to behold.”

“ Really, Madame, our unexpected meeting has made me quite oblivious. I beg pardon for not having inquired after the Baron’s welfare. I long to see him. Pray how is he ? ”

“ Not at all well, either in health or spirits, Monsieur Leonidas. He has suffered much from illness, particularly during our residence in this solitary retreat among the Apennines. We have been secluded here now a twelvemonth ; and this is the first time during all this period of my visiting this city. I have a great deal to say to you, so let us lose no time in proceeding to our house.” With these words she let go the arm of her companion, and familiarly placed her own within that of Leonidas. This was done so unaffectedly that Leonidas could not help throwing a glance upon her companion, who appeared surprised on seeing this act of familiarity.

“ Pardon me, Emilius,” said she, addressing that gentleman, on perceiving the abrupt manner in which she had quitted him, “ in not having introduced you to our most intimate friend. Monsieur Leonidas, Monsieur Emilius, my husband’s brother, who has been so kind as to come from Vienna to enliven our solitude with his society.”

The two gentlemen bowed politely to each other, and the suspicions of Leonidas were instantly removed.

On quitting the Palace of the Sun, Adèle detailed at length the melancholy state into which her husband had fallen,—he was a complete misanthrope; his appearance had undergone a deplorable change; his temper was irritable, and his opinions were singular and most extraordinary.

On reaching the Baron's residence, which was about a mile and a half from the city, Adèle hastened to communicate to her husband the arrival of Leonidas. Having no suspicion that the Baron had tried his Mesmeric skill upon Leonidas at the time he lay ill, she thought the news would not only give him pleasure, but that the society of his friend would restore him to his former serenity.

With these thoughts dwelling on her mind, she entered the Baron's chamber, which was separated from her own by a long room, without tapping first at his door; but what was her amazement on perceiving the shutters were closed, and the Baron seated before a human skeleton, the several parts of which he was comparing with some anatomical engravings!

Upon the table were several written documents, and in the half-opened drawer appeared a pair of pistols, which however Adèle did not observe.

The moment the Baron recognized the intruder he discontinued his study, and shutting the drawer de-

manded in an angry tone why she had entered his room without first knocking at the door. "You know, Adèle," said he, "it is my wish that no one should interrupt me. I thought you had gone to spend two or three days at Genoa; how is it you have returned so soon?"

The unusual tone and manner in which he addressed his wife startled her so much that it was some time before she could find utterance to give him an answer.

"We met, my dear, by chance, in one of the palaces, Leonidas, your good friend. I have brought him home with me, believing you would be overjoyed at seeing him."

"Leonidas!" exclaimed he in astonishment. "Leonidas here!"

"Yes, and he is in the reception-room."

"Bring him in,—bring him in," cried he, rising from his seat, as though possessed of some novel idea, and bursting into a loud fit of laughter, which was considered by Adèle as an auspicious omen, not having seen him smile for a length of time.

"Ecoutez, ma petite Adèle," cried he as she was leaving the room, "it is my wish that you should prepare a sumptuous dinner. We ought to enjoy ourselves this day with Leonidas."

"How happy I am to see you so cheerful, my dear!" said Adèle, taking his hand and pressing it tenderly.

“The kind manner in which you now speak reminds me of those happy days we spent in Smyrna.”

“Happy days, indeed!” murmured he; “For the future you shall always be happy, *ma petite Adèle*;—you shall no longer be doomed to this gloomy life; happy days are yet in store for you, and I will be their author,” added he, kissing her on the forehead.

“My happiness depends upon yours, dear; when you are happy, I cannot be otherwise.”

“And I,” said the Consul, with an ominous smile, “for the future I will be happy.”

Leonidas, on seeing the Consul, was astonished at the alteration in his appearance, which differed little from the skeleton before him, so emaciated had he become.

“Be seated, Leonidas,—be seated, my good friend,” said the Consul, receiving him very cordially. “What an unexpected pleasure it is to see you again.”

“I assure you, *Monsieur le Baron*, I as little expected it. But what means this skeleton and these books; are you studying the science of anatomy?”

“I am endeavouring to find out whether there is any truth in phrenology, and what constitutes the nature of the soul. What is your opinion? tell me, I beseech you: probably you have a soul that can dive deeper into these mysteries than my own.”

“Abandon such abstruse speculations, Monsieur le Baron,—speculations which have puzzled so many heads, and been productive of no utility. Is it possible that you can be the same man who so studiously refrained from disquisitions of this nature whenever I proposed them?—what an extraordinary change.”

“Unquestionably I must have lost my wits when I expected to hear truth from others instead of investigating it myself.”

The conversation then fell upon different topics, until it was interrupted by Adèle, who made her reappearance, and was asked by the Consul at what time dinner would be ready.

“At seven,” replied she, “but it may be called with more propriety a supper rather than a dinner. The truth is, there is nothing in the house, the servants supposing I should not return so soon.”

“So much the better, the appetite will be keener,” observed he. “Ma petite Adèle, take Leonidas and show him the grounds.”

“And why do you not accompany us, and take the fresh air?” said Adèle,—you have not quitted your room for some days.”

“I have a something in hand which I must finish this evening, but I will join you at dinner time.”

“Can you not put it off to another day?”

“I cannot; it is necessary, *ma petite Adèle*,—absolutely necessary, that I do it at once.” And as he spoke he laughed, and, patting her fair cheeks with his dry and fleshless hands, added, “There, now go and show Leonidas the grounds.”

The Baron’s estate was extensive and diversified with hill and dale and running streams, over which were thrown small bridges. It was abundantly stocked with trees of every kind, both with those of the forest and those of the garden; so that interspersed among orange-trees, citrons, pomegranates, and olives, were to be seen the mournful-looking cypress and the firs of Caucasus and Lebanon.

As Adèle and Leonidas, arm-in-arm, proceeded over hill and dale and brook, the former pointed out to her companion everything that was deserving notice; and as she drew a comparison between the artificial beauty of European scenery and the uncultivated charms of Bournaba and Coucloudja, they could not help thinking of Smyrna, and recalling to mind those happy times which terminated on that terrific evening when an attempt was made on the life of Leonidas.

“Ah!” exclaimed Adèle, “that was a sad and fatal night; and never since have I had any peace of mind:—believe me, Leonidas, that until this day not a smile has crossed my lips.”

“Such also has been my case,” observed Leonidas, in reply. “My journey to Europe was to dissipate my sorrows; but nothing could divert my melancholy: and were it not for this happy meeting, my intention was to leave for Constantinople this very day.”

“And yet, Monsieur, a day will come when we shall again lose your society, and become as solitary as before.”

“I will remain as long as I am not a burden to you. But tell me, what is Monsieur le Baron’s motive for residing continually in this retired spot?—it must be painful to you to be so confined.”

“I should not feel it if the state of my husband’s health was better: I could then pass the evening in his society, and he would entertain me with his conversation: but I have been deprived of this consolation, and until the arrival of his brother on this visit I was quite alone; and even now it is not much better, for Emilius is quite the reverse of his brother; he is so stupid that I must speak to him first to make him open his mouth, and then he has nothing to say.”

“Then your affection for your husband has not at all been diminished by the alteration in his manner.”

“Certainly not; why should it, Monsieur Leonidas? On the contrary: pray have you ever had reason to change your opinion as to my character?”

These last words were uttered somewhat reproachfully.

Their walk was prolonged till it was dusk, and on their return to the house they found the table laid, and Emilius with a book in his hand lounging before a large blazing fire. They drew their chairs towards it, and sat down for some time in profound silence, when precisely as the clock struck seven the Consul made his appearance neatly clad in summer costume. His features were pale, although a constrained smile was on his lips.

"What!" cried he, "is it possible you are so cold that you sit huddled together so close to the fire?"

"What an extraordinary whim, my dear," exclaimed Adèle, "for you to dress yourself as though it were in the height of summer, when the hills of Genoa are fast covering with snow." With these words she rose from her chair, and offered it to the Baron.

"This is a memorable day, *ma petite Adèle*, and we ought to make much of it, since it has brought us Leonidas back. Yes, gentlemen, I intend you shall recollect it." Then addressing Leonidas in the most friendly manner, he inquired what he thought of his estate. "Have you been all over it?" demanded he.

"I have, *Monsieur le Consul*, and I admire it much; it is absolutely romantic."

“Yes, very romantic certainly,” observed the Baron. “How should you like to live here during your life?”

“If alone, not at all; because you know that Paradise itself is not sufficient to gratify a man if he is to live as a hermit. But if I could enjoy your excellent society, I answer in the affirmative,—I should like it much.”

“Bravo, bravo!” ejaculated the Consul; “we coincide exactly in opinion, for who,” continued he, “could for a single moment be weary in the company of my petite Adèle?”

Leonidas threw a glance at the Baroness, and observed her features overspread with blushes and confusion: the tone and manner in which her husband had conversed that day had afforded her so much pleasure that she did not give herself time to weigh his words.

“Pray, Leonidas, tell me whether, in your recent travels, you have ever met with the Countess Petrovik?”

“No, Monsieur le Consul, I have not; she was in Florence when I passed through that city, but I avoided seeing her.”

“And Alexander, what has become of him?”

“On his leaving Smyrna he repaired to London, and he now holds an appointment in some mercantile establishment.”

“Smyrna is a most extraordinary city, and the scenes sometimes exhibited there surpass all that fiction has ever written or imagination conceived.”

Dinner now interrupted the discourse, and they sat down to table: the utmost hilarity prevailed, and the Consul from time to time rallied Leonidas in a jocular train on events that happened to him in Smyrna.

“Don’t you intend to get married, Leonidas?” said he.

“Married! what I?”

“Yes, you; and why not?”

“In all probability I shall never have the felicity of enjoying that happy state.”

“For what reason?”

“Because hitherto I have never yet found a lady to inspire me with such a thought.”

“Indeed: did you never love?”

“I might have loved,” replied Leonidas, casting his eyes upon his plate, and pretending to be engaged in the process of cutting a piece of meat, “but obstacles interposed, and banished all thoughts of marriage.”

“What obstacles? The lady you loved perhaps did not love you in return.”

“She could not love me even if she would.”

“Then she must have been married.”

“Probably.”

“ Ah ! she had a husband living ; an awkward obstacle I admit. But suppose he was dead, and the lady a widow,—would you then marry her ? ”

“ How can I answer for the future ? Let me suggest the propriety, Monsieur, of dropping this subject : I will merely observe that circumstances frequently frustrate the execution of preconceived resolutions.”

“ C’est juste ; but tell me have you ceased to remember her who formerly took away your heart ? ”

“ If I loved her with a true love she must ever live in my remembrance : it is only false love that soon forgets.”

“ Yes, yes ; and I perceive you would marry her if the impediment were removed. But I am now going to put to you another question, and I beg you will answer it seriously. I had a dispute with *ma petite Adèle* a few weeks ago ; I asked her whether in the event of my death she would marry a young man for whom she had formerly entertained an affection, and she said she could not : is she right in her decision ? ”

“ *Madame la Baronne* will pardon me for observing that there are numerous instances of women marrying a second time without any imputation on their character. Time mitigates the severity of affliction,—even of the sorrow a wife feels at the loss of an affectionate husband.”

“Exactly so,” observed the Baron, “but I make no personal allusions; my remark applies to the general usages of society, and ma petite Adèle cannot expect to be excepted from the general rule.”

“Discontinue this unpleasant conversation,” cried Adèle, imploringly. “Can you not find a more entertaining topic to talk about?”

“Je vous assure, ma petite Adèle, that it is a very interesting topic. You are scarcely twenty-three and I am sixty-five: the age of man is limited to seventy or eighty years, and should I survive to either of those decades you will still be in the prime of life. You are beautiful and discreet; you are also rich, because whatever I possess is yours. With such attractions what man would refuse your hand? I should say he would be too happy to obtain it. What think you, Leonidas?”

“It is very likely.”

“Don’t say likely, say positively yes or no.”

“I acknowledge that I am of the same opinion.”

“And what do you think Emilius?”

“The same as yourself,” replied he.

“Now, ma petite Adèle, the majority are on my side and you will of course accede.”

“I shall do no such thing,” said she somewhat pettishly.

“But you must, *ma petite Adèle*.”

“What matters it whether I agree or not? I intend to follow no such example. The Holy Virgin forbid that I ever should.”

“Now, gentlemen, I am satisfied,” said the Baron, “and beg you will join me in drinking to the health of *Adèle*’s second husband.”

“Such unseasonable and unpleasant conversation is intolerable,” exclaimed *Adèle*, rising from the table, “and as you think fit to persist in it, I shall quit the room.”

“*Asseyez vous, ma petite Adèle, asseyez vous*; you know I don’t like contradiction;” and the Baron spoke with some austerity in his tone.

Adèle resumed her seat, but her vexation was extreme, she thought her husband was deranged.

Meanwhile, the Consul coolly filled every glass, and then, bowing to the company, drank off his own, but no one followed his example.

“And now, *Adèle*, I wish to ask you whether in the event of my foreseeing my death, you would marry a man of my choice, who I think would contribute to your happiness, if such were my dying injunctions?”

Adèle began to cry, and *Leonidas* perceiving her agitation, gently remonstrated with the Baron, and en-

deavoured to persuade him to discontinue talking upon a subject so inappropriate at dinner.

“Inappropriate!” repeated the Baron: “answer me frankly, Leonidas?—if your most intimate friend on his death bed conjured you to marry his daughter, what would you do?”

“That is quite another affair; I should of course comply with his wishes as a matter of duty.”

“And if you loved her, what then?”

“I should do so without hesitation.”

“This is precisely the point to which I wanted to draw you,” observed the Consul, at the same time taking a piece of paper from his pocket book, he wrote something on it with his lead-pencil, and laid it upon the table; he then hurriedly drew a pistol from his bosom, placed it to his mouth, and fired it before any one had time to prevent him.

Adèle fell senseless on the floor, while the two gentlemen and the servants looked at each other aghast with horror.

As soon as they had recovered from the shock occasioned by the dreadful spectacle, the body of the unfortunate Baron was conveyed to his chamber, and laid upon the bed, but life was extinct; the fatal instrument had too effectively done its work.

On the piece of paper the deceased had written,—

“Upon the table in my room is a letter.”

This letter was a massive packet of papers, directed to Leonidas.

On opening it, Leonidas found the two letters, the contents of which in his Mesmeric sleep, he had unconsciously read, and a manuscript containing in detail the whole of the conversation that had passed between him and the Consul, while he was in that state, and the means he had employed to Mesmerise him. Besides, these were several documents relative to the Baron's property, the whole of which he had willed to his wife, and lastly, a letter which ran as follows :

“MY VERY DEAR LEONIDAS,

“When you read this, I shall be no more ; may you preserve the memory of a man who has always regarded you as his son, and loved you with a father's love. From the accompanying documents, you will learn that you are indebted to me for the preservation of your life by Mesmerising you at the time you lay ill at Smyrna, past all hopes of recovery. Therein you will read an account of the conversation I held with you while in that state, and learn the contents of the two inclosed letters, which, from a sense of honour, I have never opened, and the seals of which remain unbroken. You will be convinced from the perusal of these docu-

ments, that Mesmerism is not a mere chimerical science, for from it I discovered the feelings which you and my wife reciprocally entertained towards each other. You are both virtuous, and you struggled to subdue a passion which was consuming you both. I repeat, that I was the means of saving your life. And if you believe that I was, all that I ask in return is, that you marry Adèle. Poor, Adèle! she is young, affectionate, and discreet; she has sacrificed her days for my sake, and has contributed all in her power to promote the comfort of a man who considered himself rather as her father than her husband. This is my only wish, and if I have any claim on your gratitude, I trust it will be realized. If, Leonidas, you believe that the soul continues to exist when the body has returned to its mother earth, be assured that mine will never be at rest if previous to the consummation of that wish, you either leave this neighbourhood, or quit her side. I have long been tired of the world,—society has become intolerable to me, and I cannot keep myself from thinking that I am equally so to it. I had therefore this day determined, in the absence of my wife, to rid myself of this burdensome existence, but Providence in its goodness thought fit to send you at this trying crisis as a comforter and protector to my poor Adèle. Farewell, my friend, remember me kindly to her, and endeavour to console her

in her sorrow, for unfeigned and of long duration I know will be her grief. Perform my last wishes, and do not lament that I had recourse to these means of emancipating myself from a life that was unsupportable."

The perusal of this letter so affected Leonidas, as to draw tears from his eyes, for the death of a man who had sacrificed his own life to secure the happiness of his friend. He then hastened to administer all the consolation in his power to the Baroness, who could not recover from the shock this tragical scene had occasioned. She was thrown upon a bed of sickness, and for a period of two months her life was despaired of.

During this interval, Leonidas received a letter from the physician, in which the latter communicated to him the death of his mother, the circumstances which led to it, and the recovery of his sister Malamatenia, concluding by exhorting him to hasten his return to Constantinople with all possible speed.

It was impossible, at a conjuncture like this, for Leonidas to leave a woman who had been confided to his care under so solemn an engagement,—a woman whom he now openly and undisguisedly loved. Besides, Malamatenia was settled in a safe asylum, and the knowledge of this was sufficient to relieve him from all uneasiness on her account.

In his answer to his brother-in-law's communication, he detailed the circumstances connected with the tragical end of the Consul, and the peculiar position into which he was thereby thrown: he requested the doctor not to mention to Malamatenia the true cause of his delay in returning, but to attribute it to a matter of great importance in which he was engaged.

After an interval of fifteen months, during which, Adèle continued in mourning for her late husband, she and Leonidas were united. Shortly afterwards they repaired to Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

ON her return home from the hospital, Malamatenia in the solitude of her chamber, gave vent to her sorrow. Her only consolation was the anticipation of her brother's return to Constantinople, when it would be in her power to make a suitable acknowledgement for the kindness she had received from her protectors, and afterwards go and reside with Leonidas.

The melancholy fate of her sisters, and the pilgrimage of her younger brothers to Mecca, had been communicated to her by the doctor, and every morning on rising from her bed, she dedicated half an hour in prayer for the repose of their souls, according to the vow she had made over her mother's grave. Twice a week she went out to meet Constantine Joseph, who was the medium

of communication between her and her brother, whose arrival she anxiously looked for every time she received a letter.

The Viscount d'Oscar, emboldened by the delicious reminiscence of the pleasure he had enjoyed in Malamatenia's company the day they visited the Bezesteins, flattered himself that he might now be permitted to see her more frequently ; but her indisposition and recent withdrawal from all society, afforded him no opportunity, and the disappointment served only to increase his passion. Malamatenia had never felt the power of love, and it is probable, it would have been long ere she had perceived the true nature of the Viscount's sentiments towards her, had it not been for the conversation she had overheard at the Bezestein. The figure of the Viscount, his mental qualifications, and his family connexions, were sufficient to inspire any female with the passion of love, but Malamatenia, before she suffered her friendship, or rather sympathy for him, to grow into a feeling of a more tender kind, had reflected on the equivocal situation in which she stood, and, conceiving the impossibility of such a union taking place, she avoided every occasion of meeting him privately.

At one of the *soirées* held at his sister's house he happened to overhear the English Ambassadors remark, in the course of conversation, that Malamatenia was in

the habit of taking a walk twice a week in the neighbourhood of Buyukdera, and that this change in her solitary habits would, she hoped, in a short time be so complete, that her young friend would mingle more freely with society.

The Viscount determined on availing himself of this information, and accordingly the very next day hired an apartment in that locality, and set a man upon the watch to give him immediate notice the moment Malamatenia was seen to leave the house. His plan was successful: she appeared, and he followed her, unperceived, a considerable distance. He was about hastening his steps to overtake her, when suddenly he saw an individual on horseback, accompanied by a servant, ride up to her, and dismounting shake her by the hand with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, and then enter into familiar conversation. At length he saw him take a letter from his pocket and hand it to her. This individual he quickly recognized as the physician who had behaved with so much courtesy at the hospital. Having again squeezed her hand the doctor remounted his horse and quietly pursued his way, turning his head from time to time to look at her as he departed.

The Viscount was ready to burst with indignation. "Is it possible," murmured he, "that so much hypocrisy could lie concealed under such an appearance of

modesty and innocence. What silly fools men are to believe in the virtue of women. This is the same fellow who so impudently stared at her in the face at the Bezestein, and offered his officious services when she swooned away. How could she become acquainted with him when she always kept herself so secluded? Oh! I see it all; it is as clear as noon day," continued he. "He is her former lover: the man who deceived her, and on whose account she suffered so much. They are now reconciled, and meet clandestinely. What a blow for the unfortunate Ambadress when she discovers she has all this time been fostering a viper."

Such was his indignation, that he inwardly accused her of being an artful jade, and a disgrace to her sex; and instead of going up to see whether he was justified or not in his suspicions, he returned home maddened with the promptings of jealousy and revenge.

He witnessed a similar assignation a second time, and saw him hand another letter. He became furious; and the moment the doctor was out of sight he hastened to overtake Malamatenia, with the intention of forcing the letter from her, in order to show it to her Ladyship to convince her of the guilt of her protégée.

Malamatenia was walking with a slow and dignified step—such as a queen might envy—when the Viscount abruptly presented himself. On seeing him she slightly

curtseyed, blushing at so sudden a rencontre. An involuntary feeling of respect came over the Viscount,—he forgot what he intended to do ; but such was his confusion he neglected to take off his hat, or offer his hand, but, stammering, accosted her with—“What beautiful weather! Have you come out to enjoy a walk?”

“I have come out on business of a private nature.”

“Business of a private nature!” exclaimed he, in astonishment at her unembarrassed manner. “And have you ventured out alone? What may be the nature of this business?”

Surprised at this unusual mode of addressing her, so different from that respectful tone he had always employed, she looked at him, and was shocked when she observed the ghastly paleness of his features.

“What do you mean by asking me such a question? Are you ill, Monsieur d’Oscar?”

“Do you remark, then, any alteration in my appearance?” said he.

“Yes, I perceive you are very pale.”

“I have been suffering some time.”

“Indeed! I was not aware you had been ill; this is the first time I have heard of it. I am exceedingly grieved to find you have been indisposed.

“I believe,” replied he, sarcastically, “that your grief, great as it may be, will not disturb your repose at night.”

“I am sorry, Monsieur d'Oscar, that you imagine I should say one thing and mean another.”

The Viscount looked full in her face, and playing with his cane, observed, with an air of perfect *non-chalance*,—

“Now-a-days compliments are all the fashion; but, in good truth, they are little needed,—none but fools put any faith in them, especially if they proceed from women.”

“Malamatenia made no reply, his tone and manner were so unaccountable.

After walking some distance in silence, during which the Viscount had dismissed all thoughts of obtaining the letter, he recommenced.

“Do you remember the day on which we visited the Bezesteins?”

“Remember it!” replied she, with a bitter smile, arising from an impression very different from that which had prompted the question: “yes, I shall remember it to my dying day!”

“What cause have you to remember it so well?—perhaps the image of the handsome physician is ever present to your thoughts. By-the-bye, I just now met him on horseback.”

“I saw him also: he is just gone,” replied she. “But did you accost him?”

“No, I avoided him. I have ever entertained a violent antipathy against that man: perhaps you have observed it.”

“Indeed! but why so,—he has never injured you?”

“I dislike him because, the first time I saw him, he eyed you with so much impertinence.”

“That is not the cause,—he was too polite and attentive on that day to all the ladies.”

“But more especially to yourself, when he had the happiness to recover you from your swoon. No doubt you have felt a sentiment of gratitude for his attention.”

“That is very true,” replied Malamatenia, after a pause; “and I went expressly afterwards to the hospital to thank him.”

“Do you speak seriously?” demanded the Viscount, astonished at the undisguised manner in which she made the announcement.

“Most seriously. Why should I not?”

“It is not likely you would venture to the hospital by yourself,—it is against the usages of society.”

“But I did go, and was accompanied by my servant.”

“And how did he receive you?”

“With the same courtesy and politeness that he showed us before. But why question me thus, Monsieur le Vicomte?”

“Mademoiselle, I beg pardon; I had hoped you would have remembered me, in whose arms you fainted,—me who bore you to that apartment. But, alas, I find I retain no place in your thoughts: you have forgotten me altogether.”

“Far from forgetting your kindness, Monsieur le Vicomte; I trust a day will shortly arrive when I shall have it in my power to thank you as I ought. But I do not deserve your reproach.”

“I do not reproach you, my dear Mademoiselle, I merely complain. Pardon my suspicions, but I thought you were not acting with sincerity towards me.”

“I am not conscious, Monsieur, of having in any way acted with duplicity.”

“You once called me your best friend: on that title, and the conversation we had on that occasion, I rest all my hopes. But I declare, that ere a month has passed, I must know who you are.” With these words he distractedly seized her hand, and putting it to his lips, kissed it with fervour, and hurried away.

This action, combined with his language and his conduct throughout, so startled Malamatenia, that had she not known the feelings under which he laboured, she would have supposed he had lost his reason.

The kiss he had imprinted on her hand thrilled

through her frame long after she had reached her home. Sometimes she was tempted to look upon it as an unpardonable liberty: then she would pity him, and begin to feel towards him an involuntary weakness.

However that may be, with regard to Malamatenia, we cannot pass over in silence that the Viscount had at length succeeded in making some impression on her heart. But she was prompted to suppress it by the consideration that in her equivocal position he never would marry her until the mystery with which she was surrounded was cleared up.

On his return home, and the transports of his passion being somewhat moderated, the Viscount was angry with himself that he had not secured the letter, which would have informed him of the nature of the connexion which subsisted between her and the doctor. The indifference she showed in speaking of his fancied rival had not been lost upon him; and convinced him that it either proceeded from hypocrisy, or was the natural result of innocence. He decided upon watching them once more. And as his pride would not permit him to seek a direct vindication from herself, the whole of his wrath and indignation were turned upon the physician.

On this occasion, he armed himself with his pistols, and rode to the accustomed spot. Again he witnessed

a similar scene, and his rage knew no bounds, when he perceived Malamatenia draw a letter from her bosom, and give it to the doctor, who having received it again, pressed her hand, mounted his horse, and departed.

The Viscount followed at a distance, muttering, "If I had not the courage to take it from that hypocrite, I'll be bold enough to force it from her lover." Having arrived at the turn of the road, out of sight of Malamatenia, the Viscount set spurs to his horse, and coming up to the doctor, rushed against him with so much violence, that the steed of the latter began to prance and caper.

The physician, who recollected having seen the Viscount at the hospital, thought that the collision was accidental, and in his usual courteous manner, apologised for it, as though it were his fault.

"Stop, sir," cried the Viscount in an authoritative tone, "and tell me whether you are a gentleman."

Surprised at the abrupt manner in which these words were delivered, the doctor looked earnestly at the speaker, and demanded to know what he meant by addressing him in that manner.

"I'll tell you that presently," exclaimed the Viscount. "But I wish to know first, whether you are a gentleman?"

"I am not in the habit of trumpeting my own praise;

if you wish to learn my character, you must apply to some one who knows me." With these words, the doctor contemptuously turned his horse aside, in order to get rid of his troublesome assailant.

"Sir, if you are a gentleman, I demand that you show me the letter which which was given you just now by Malamatenia."

"Allow me to tell you, sir," said the doctor, with all the coolness imaginable, "that the course you have adopted is not at all calculated to satisfy your curiosity, so I will thank you to let me pass."

"By God! you don't stir a step," cried the Viscount, "until you give up that letter," and at the same time, he placed the muzzle of his pistol close to the doctor's face.

Constantine had been too much accustomed to the sight of pistols, to be alarmed at this proceeding of an individual, whom he began to look upon as a maniac. He merely made a sign to his servant, who rode up and arrested the Viscount's arm.

"I told you, sir, that yours is not the proper course to satisfy your curiosity. I will now add, that your threat to assassinate me is no credit to your courage."

"My intention is to chastise you, sir," cried the Viscount, still more exasperated at the unflinching composure of the doctor, "and to be avenged on that

hypocrite, who has disgraced the asylum that has been given her, and under the garb of innocence carried on a clandestine correspondence with a stranger.

The doctor, more alarmed for the reputation of Malatenia than for his own personal safety, perceived at once, that an explanation was indispensable.

“Put up your pistols, sir,” said he, “and I will show you the letter, and prove the utter groundlessness of your suspicions; your threats of personal violence never would have obtained your object; but as the character of a virtuous female is at stake, there is the letter.”

The letter was enclosed in an envelope, sealed with black wax. The Viscount took it, and read the address, “To M. Leonidas P——, at Genoa.”

“This is trifling, sir,” said he, “you are attempting to deceive me, but it is useless; this is not the letter she gave you. A letter directed to one of your acquaintance, or, for what I know, to your father or mother, will not blind me. Your *Excellency* had better search your pocket again.”

The doctor's ire began to rise at this ironical sneer, but on reflection he suppressed it. “Sir,” said he, “I have no other about me, and if you doubt my word, you are at liberty to search me.”

The Viscount was astounded at the doctor's mildness,

and did not know whether to attribute it to the impulse of fear, or a desire of turning him into ridicule. "Sir," said he, "I need not take that trouble, I have a readier method of arriving at the truth." Thereupon he unhesitatingly broke the seal, and glancing his eye to the bottom of the letter, read her signature. "Ay! ay! this is her signature sure enough, but let us see to whom it is addressed," and, casting his eyes to the top, he read to his amazement, "My very dear brother Leonidas."

"Do you know, sir, that to break open a foreign letter, is an offence, the punishment for which, in some districts was formerly death, but now the culprit is condemned to lose his hand?"

The Viscount, ashamed of his conduct, and the precipitation of which he had been guilty, returned the letter to the physician without appearing to notice the remark of the latter.

"Sir, I acknowledge my error. I have done wrong, and feel bound to give you any satisfaction you may require. Here is my card: oblige me with yours."

They both exchanged cards, and the Viscount inquired at what time it would be convenient to the physician to receive him at his house.

"From ten to twelve," said the doctor, "I shall be at home, and shall expect to see you."

They then separated, and the Viscount, abandoning himself to his reflections, suffered his horse to go his own pace. But he had proceeded only a short distance when he perceived Malamatenia. She was in the same spot when he saluted her hand a month ago. He reined in his horse, and accosting her solicited the favour of a private interview at her apartment next day.

“You can come,” said she, blushing; “but you know that her Ladyship would be displeased were she to learn that I received a gentleman alone.”

“Necessity requires, Mademoiselle, that our interview should not be in the presence of a third party. I have wronged you, and must implore your forgiveness.”

“I am not aware of it,” said she; “but whatever it may be I forgive it, in order to spare you the trouble of the visit.”

“Do not, I beseech you, Mademoiselle, refuse my request, for, independently of the pleasure I shall experience in your kindness, I have a secret to communicate to you,—a secret which concerns you personally.

“A secret, Monsieur! Surely you are joking?”

“No, Mademoiselle, I am not, it has reference to your brother Leonidas, who is now at Genoa.”

“My brother Leonidas!” cried she, repeating the words, for in her confusion she could make no reply, believing that no one knew who she was.

“Yes, Mademoiselle.”

“Very well, I shall expect you at two in the afternoon.”

“But you will not change your mind, will you,” said he, “and affect indisposition?”

“No! no!”

“Au revoir, till to-morrow;” and setting spurs to his horse the Viscount was soon out of sight.

Next day, at the appointed hour, the Viscount called on the doctor, who received him with the cordiality of an old acquaintance.

“My first duty, sir,” said the Viscount, opening the conversation, “is to make you all the amends in my power for my unjustifiable conduct of yesterday; and I sincerely beg your pardon; but in making this concession, think not I am actuated by fear, because I am ready to give you any other satisfaction if you require it. I can only say, Sir, that my love for Malamatenia drove me almost distracted. I was blinded by jealousy, for which there was no just foundation; and this, I trust, you will consider a sufficient apology.”

“Your conduct, Monsieur le Vicomte, is both noble and generous; it obliterates the past. I have only to request that you rank me among the number of your friends.”

“I shall be proud of your friendship,” replied the

Viscount; "but before we pledge ourselves to that engagement I wish, with your permission, to ask you a few questions."

"I will answer them most willingly, if I can."

"How long have you been acquainted with Mademoiselle Malamatenia?"

"From her childhood."

"You are acquainted, then, with the family she belongs to? You know her connexions?"

"She is my relative. I was married to her sister."

"And are you so closely connected as that?" exclaimed he, with animation. "Where are her parents?"

"They are dead, and she is an orphan. She has a brother, but he has been absent from Constantinople many years. But his return is now shortly expected. The letter you opened was to that brother, as you perceived."

The Viscount reddened at this remark, but resumed his interrogations. "What was her father's station in society?"

"Her father," replied the Doctor, "was the Logothetes P——, who was exculpated by the fall of the late Vizir Dalbatan from the stigma of being a coiner of false money, under which he laboured at the time of his death, through the machinations of that powerful man. Her brother Leonidas stands high in the favour of the

Court, and is one of the richest men in Constantinople. On the evening previous to the fire at Tatavla her mother died; and during that terrible calamity, which deprived her of a home, we lost her, nor could we obtain any tidings of her till accidentally I recognized her at the Hospital. I wrote immediately to her brother, who, overjoyed at the recovery of a sister whom he thought dead, would have returned immediately had not business of great moment interposed and occasioned some delay. Meantime I am the medium of their mutual correspondence."

"I am much obliged to you for this information, doctor, it has relieved me of much anxiety. But what can be the cause of her melancholy? There must be some powerful motive for secluding herself so rigidly as she does in her apartment?"

"She was bereft of her parents, her relations, everything she possessed, and left desolate, an unprotected orphan, in the wide world. A stigma was also on her father's name until recently, when it was removed, and his integrity and honour were clearly established. Think you, Monsieur Viscount, these are not sufficient to account for her melancholy?"

"True, very true," murmured the Viscount; "her innocence is impressed on her countenance: and I must have been an idiot in harbouring such unjust suspicions."

“Doctor,” continued he, “I again thank you for your information, which I shall communicate to her ladyship, the English Ambassadress, who, without knowing her family or connexions, has afforded her an asylum for two years. I was always persuaded, from Malatania’s lady-like manners and accomplishments that she came of a good family; but the mystery in which she was surrounded gave rise to suspicion, even among those who had neither curiosity nor interest in her welfare.”

“Monsieur Viscount, I have confided to you, without her knowledge, her history, in order to efface every unfavourable impression respecting our meeting, and I request, as a favour, you will not withdraw your protection from her till her brother’s return; this is shortly expected, and then he will take her to his own house, to live with him.”

“Her Ladyship is so attached, my dear sir, to your sister, that it will cost her many a pang to part with her.”

Their conversation continued for some time longer, but as it turned upon various topics, uninteresting to the reader, it is needless to record it. Suffice it to say that the two gentlemen were highly pleased with each other, and after mutual promises of friendship, the Viscount left the doctor’s house in high spirits, and

repaired to the English Ambassador's residence, in order to keep his appointment with Malamatenia.

Meanwhile Malamatenia, on her reaching home, awaited the visit of the Viscount in great anxiety and alarm. He had learned who was her brother; and she now dreaded lest her parents were known, and all the circumstances connected with the death of Lady Gordon. These dreadful apprehensions prevented her from closing her eyes the whole of that night.

The Viscount was punctual to his appointment, as may be readily supposed. Malamatenia rose to receive him, and having offered him a chair, stood close to the door, which she had purposely left open, in order to give no occasion for suspicion to the servants.

The Viscount commenced by asking Malamatenia whether she could mention the time when her brother Leonidas would positively return from Italy.

Paralysed by the suddenness of this question, and the fear that every thing had been brought to light, Malamatenia could make no reply.

The Viscount perceived her hesitation.

"Have you not a brother named Leonidas P——, now at Genoa?" said he. "Are you not the daughter of the Logothetes P——? Really, Mademoiselle, I must know who you are."

"And pray, sir," inquired Malamatenia, having

recovered her composure, "who gave you this information?"

"I left not a stone unturned to acquire it. I moved heaven and earth, and was successful."

"What interest had you in discovering this information? The result is, sir, that your unreasonable curiosity has destroyed my tranquillity. I must quit the asylum of my kind protectors, and leave this house this very day."

"If you reckon on the friendship you promised me, you have no cause to be uneasy through me. Your secret is known only to myself. But this I will say, when your friends learn the name of your parents, they will esteem you more than ever. The name of your father and that of your brother are well known in Constantinople. The deposition of the Vizir has established their innocence, and the reputation of your family for honour and integrity stands higher than ever. Then why should you wish the name of your family to be kept secret from those who love and respect you?"

"In what way did you learn my brother's name?" demanded she.

"From a letter of yours, directed to him."

"And who gave it you?"

"Your brother-in-law Constantine, the physician."

"My God! what treachery!"

“There is no treachery at all, my dear Mademoiselle. I saw you hand him a letter yesterday, and I suspected you of carrying on a clandestine correspondence. Jealousy got the better of my judgment, and in my distraction I forced him to give it up. This he did, because he saw your fair fame was about to suffer, and consequently the explanation he gave removed from my mind all misgivings as to your innocence.”

“Did you read it?” inquired she, freed from all uneasiness when she found he had acquired all his information from the physician.

“I broke the seal, but I did not read it,—I saw only the signature and the address.”

“Never will I forgive or forget so unwarrantable an action, Monsieur Oscar. And then your suspicions,—they were unjust, cruel, and unmanly.” And as she uttered these words her eyes became suffused with tears.

A pause ensued, which was at length interrupted by the Viscount.

“My dear Malamatenia, I acknowledge that I have acted wrong; but tell me how may I repair the error of which I have been guilty.”

Malamatenia sobbed bitterly; she could not control her emotion on discovering that the Viscount had suspected she could be guilty of carrying on a clandestine correspondence; she burst into tears, and gave way to

her feelings. The Viscount perceiving her distress, of which he was the author, threw himself at her feet, and in the most earnest tones implored her forgiveness. He repeatedly kissed her small delicate hand, without any resistance on her part, for she was too much absorbed in grief to withdraw it.

“Listen to me, my dear Malamatenia. My offence has brought its own punishment. I need no other than the upbraidings of my own heart. I shall never forgive myself the wrong I have done you. But if I offer you my hand, my heart,—if I vow to devote my life to your happiness,—will you reject me? One word, one single word, will decide whether I am to be the happiest or the most miserable of mankind.”

Malamatenia remained silent; in truth, she knew not how to reply to this honourable offer, which proved the sincerity of his love.

“Then, alas! I am to understand you reject me altogether,” cried the Viscount, in an agony of despair.

“Pardon my silence, sir,” said she, offering her hand. “I appreciate your honourableness, but in the position in which I am placed your offer, sir, to me ought to be made to her Ladyship. What opinion will she form of me were she to discover that I encouraged a secret correspondence with you?”

“You are right; she certainly ought to be apprised

of it; but I wished first to obtain your consent, and now that I have that happiness I'll see her at once." So saying he got up to take his hat.

"Stop, I pray you, Monsieur d'Oscar, stop!" exclaimed she. "I have a brother, who stands in the place of a father to me,—before I give my consent I must ask his permission."

"You are interposing fresh obstacles."

"Place yourself in my situation, and say frankly if I could do otherwise."

"Your brother will raise no objection to our union. I will write to him this very evening."

"Very well, Monsieur. On receiving his answer you have my consent, and you can afterwards propose it to her Ladyship."

Two months after this conversation their betrothal was formally solemnized at the English embassy; and when Leonidas, with his wife, returned to Constantinople, the marriage ceremony took place.

Malamatenia's troubles were now brought to a close. Happy in the love of her husband, she gradually forgot her past sorrows. The vicissitudes she had undergone, and the strange eventful scenes she had witnessed, convinced her that the destiny of every individual is written in heaven.

In our present work we can say nothing of the adven-

tures of her two brothers, Tortolinos and Psophios, or of Captain Caracouni, or of Governor Daï Spagos. These four characters will reappear in the Second Series of the 'SCENES IN CONSTANTINOPLE,' in which the reforms recently introduced into the Turkish empire, and their result, will form a prominent feature.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHRISTIAN REVENGE.

THE reader who has accompanied us thus far, will find we are now in the Icarian Sea at Chios,—the Pityoussa of Strabo,—the Macria of Pliny,—the Island of the Blessed according to the ancient Greeks,—the *Λιπαρωτάτη* of Homer,*—the Sakujadhassi † of the Turks,—the Garden of the Ottoman empire, or, according to the Moderns the Gem of the Ægean Sea.

This many named island, the sister of the Sun's

* *Λιπαρώτατος*, fertile in an eminent degree.

Καὶ Χίος ἡ νήσων λιπαρωτάτη εἶν, ἀλλὶ κείται.—Homer.

And Chios, richest of the sea-girt isles.

† Sakujadhassi or Mastic Island. Mastic is a gum produced from a small tree; it grows only in one particular part of the island;—it is considered an excellent stomachic, and is much used by the ladies of the seraglio.

Bride,* is celebrated not only for its natural advantages, but also for its political reverses and the great characters it has produced, and therefore merits a brief description at our hands.

This country which gave birth to Aristo,† Theocritus, Theopompus, Allatius, Leon, the Justinians, and other eminent men, presents at the present day a deplorable spectacle. Its glories are passed away, and all that remains are the ruins of its walls, its buildings, and its monuments; and these are so fresh in their appearance, that the spectator on surveying them would suppose that it was but yesterday when the Turks had done their work of spoliation.

Chios was the only place in which, under the Turkish yoke, the Greek was undisturbed, and allowed in peace to cultivate the muse, and gratify his taste in the prosecution of any art.

This island‡ enjoyed its own form of government;

* The island of Rhodes was named the Sun's Bride.

† Aristo, a stoic philosopher and disciple of Zeno. At first he was so forward and talkative, that Zeno told him that his father must have been drunk when he begot him. He afterwards became so eloquent and persuasive, that he was called 'the Syren.'

‡ Olivier, in his 'Travels through the Ottoman Empire,' says, "On crossing a small arm of the sea, I found myself transported into another region and another climate. I had hitherto seen the

it possessed schools, libraries, hospitals for invalids and lepers, several very wealthy monasteries, and numerous public establishments containing countless wealth, acquired by the successful commercial speculations of its inhabitants, the exportation of its productions,* or from foreigners attracted to its shores.

But in 1822, the Sublime Porte issued its mandate for a general massacre of all its inhabitants above twelve years of age, and none to be spared under forty-two.

No sooner was it known, than the Ottomans in thousands rushed upon this unhappy country from all parts of the Turkish empire.

What language can adequately pourtray the horrors of the scene that followed. Six men-of-war and twenty-

Greek under the yoke of the most frightful despotism; he was cowardly, ignorant, superstitious, and poor; but here (in Scio), he enjoys comparative liberty of thought and action,—he is honest, civil, hardy, industrious, ingenious, and rich."

* The productions of Scio, in quality, surpass all those of the same kind that grow in the East. Its oranges, lemons, figs, almonds, olives, honey, and mastic are in the highest repute, and are carried to all the cities of Turkey and Greece. The inhabitants are exceedingly industrious,—they not only manufacture sweetmeats of every description, but the women are continually seen spinning silk or cotton, of which they make purses, foot-cloths, caps, and coverlets, which they sell to travellers. It is a rare thing to see a child above ten years of age, unemployed.

four frigates battered the town, and in a short time reduced it to a heap of ruins. They butchered without mercy the patients in the hospitals and every one they met with in the streets, sparing neither age nor sex. They ascended the very mountains, in pursuit of those who had retired to them for safety. They profaned the temples, forced open the monasteries, and violated the nuns: despoiled the monuments, and dug up the graves in search after treasures they thought were concealed in them, and afterwards threw the putrified bodies of the dead among those of their expiring victims. And as if this was not sufficient, innumerable vessels surrounded the island, intercepting the fugitives who had escaped the general massacre, and putting them to death.*

Passing over a more particular detail of this horrible event, which belongs rather to the province of history, we shall merely add, that out of one hundred thousand inhabitants, forty thousand were sold in the markets of Egypt and Turkey, for the harems of the rich: the rest were slaughtered, with the exception of five thousand, who were fortunate enough to make their escape. These, deprived of home and country, dispersed them-

* To this very day is to be seen, in the Monastery of St. Mina an immense pit, into which were heaped the bodies of those who were slain at this bloody period.

selves over foreign countries ; and by perseverance, integrity, and business-like habits, have rendered themselves the richest and most respected portion of the Hellenic tribe.*

As the voyager approaches the island, he is sensible at the distance of a league of a most delightful fragrance, which is emitted from the aromatic trees with which it abounds. It presents also a remarkable appearance. Towards the right, rise high precipitous rocks, towering like mountains, sombre, and destitute of verdure, while towards the left the country is flat, extended, and beautiful as a paradise. This plain is divided into two districts, named Cambos and Tallaro, and covered with fruit-trees of the most fragrant kinds. Scattered at unequal distances are to be seen castles,—many in ruins,—built in the time when the island was in the possession of the Genoese and Venetians. Some of these are now inhabited, but formerly they served as fortresses for their feudal lords.

Towards the left is a fortress, commanding the city ; and close by a small harbour, the entrance to which was once protected from the winds by a wall, which is now no longer visible, except as a series of broken ridges,

* Among these stand pre-eminent the numerous individuals who have established themselves in the capital of England, and other cities of Great Britain.

scarcely projecting from the surface of the water, and resembling at a distance the corks of a fishing-net.

On this island, to which he had been transported almost four years ago, lived Dalbatan Pasha.

It was one fine summer morning, when a small *Trehandiri** could be descried crossing the channel of Gesmen, and directing its course, like a proud swan, with its sails extended, towards the small harbour above mentioned. On reaching the shore, two individuals stepped out, each carrying a valise, and proceeded at a rapid pace, as though they were unwilling to be interrupted, to a dilapidated part of the city named Aplo-taria.

These two individuals were Leonidas, and his brother-in-law, Constantine, the physician.

“What dreadful havoc has been committed here, Leonidas,” cried the Doctor, gazing on the ruins; “the very ground on which we tread is saturated with blood. This is the work of our tyrants.”

“’Tis horrible to reflect on. But let us get away,—these tottering walls seem ready to fall upon our heads. Let us make haste and reach the quarry.”

“How dreadfully hot it is,” cried the doctor; “the

* A peculiar kind of small vessel with a large sail.

exhalations from these ruins and the heat of the sun have given me the headache."

"The heat is excessive," replied his friend. "I should say it cannot be greater in the torrid zone. Only imagine, Constantine, a poor devil obliged to hew and dig out marble under this broiling sun."

"True: and also imagine the mode I was advised to adopt to become a great and powerful man."

This brief conversation did not at all point out the object our travellers had in coming to Chios. They pursued the remainder of their journey in silence; and having passed through Libadia, a most delightful hamlet, situated on an eminence, and commanding a view of the sea, they began ascending the hill that led to the quarry.

Having reached the top, they sat down to rest themselves on a block of porphyry, for they were exhausted with the fatigue and heat.

Before their view lay the coast of Ionia, the small town of Gesmen, the ruins of ancient Erythria, celebrated as the birth-place of the Sybil, the islands of Oinou-sas, and a vast expanse of blue and placid sea, on the waters of which, in the distance, lay apparently stationary in the dead calm, the snow white sails of various vessels. Behind was the hamlet of Libadia, with its trees, its cultivated fields, and houses. Towards the left, stood

the ruins of the Temple of Cybele, a curious monument of antiquity, now called the School of Homer,* built upon a rock close to the fountain of Pasa. On the right lay the dilapidated and roofless buildings of the city, through the windows of which the sun was darting its noon-day rays, affording a spectacle as picturesque as it was enchanting.

While they were surveying and admiring this beautiful scene, their attention was suddenly roused by a deep moan, which, issuing from the bottom of the quarry, and re-echoing, as it were, against its sides, resembled the roaring of some wild beast.

Both simultaneously rose up, apparently actuated by similar feelings of curiosity, and hastened to the edge of the quarry, round which several sentinels were keeping guard.

At the bottom of the quarry, which for ages had

* The Island of Chios boasts of having been the birth place of Homer, but it is assigned, with far more probability, to Smyrna. There is no doubt, that this prince of poets passed a considerable time in Chios.

Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλιέσση.—Homer.

The School of Homer stands on the north eastern side of the island: this school consists only of a few steps hewn in a rock, on the summit of which stands a sort of pedestal. But almost every stone bears the name of Homer, whose place of birth and tomb are seriously pointed out to the traveller.

supplied the inhabitants with marble for the buildings of the city, and was now an immense excavation, they beheld a man engaged in hewing stone, but such was his debility, he could scarcely lift the pickaxe he held in his hand. It was evident his powers were fast failing him.

It was the convict Dalbatan, but so altered in person and appearance, that it was almost impossible to recognize in that emaciated and abject figure, the once corpulent and arrogant Grand Vizir.

He was so thin and attenuated, that his bones protruded from under his fleshless skin, like those of a living skeleton. Those eyes, once so wanton and lascivious in their looks, were now downcast and fixed like those of a dead man. His grisly beard was neglected, and, strange to say, as grey as that of an old man of ninety: upon his bald head, he wore a small Greek fez, scarcely sufficient to cover it, while through the rags that barely covered half his body, his skin, blackened by continual exposure to a burning sun, appeared coarse and indurated, like the hide of some animal. At this moment the convict uttered a deep groan, and then fell upon the ground, like one completely exhausted, muttering a few words, which the two friends who were looking at him with commingled feelings of horror and commiseration, could not catch.

“Up with you, you lazy vagabond,” cried the guards ; “it is not noon yet,” so saying, they picked up some stones, and pelted the poor wretch, till, one striking him heavily on the thigh, he was forced to rise and resume his labour.

And now one of the guards, who from his dress appeared to have the rest under his command, came up to the strangers and ordered them off the spot, for his orders, he said, were to permit no one to come near, or loiter about the quarry.

The doctor, in pretended broken Romaic,* informed him that they were travellers, and desired to have a view of the excavations.

“Where is the Governor’s permission ?”

“We have not his permission, but we have our passport.”

“What is your passport ?”

“An English one,” replied the doctor, showing it to the guard, at the same time, slipping a sovereign into his hand.

“Ah! you are a milordi then,” cried he ; and his eyes glistened at the sight of this English coin ; “very good, very good ; you can stop and look at the quarry for a short time, but you must go away directly afterwards,

* In no part of the Turkish dominions, is the Greek dialect spoken so generally by the Ottomans as by those of Chios.

for if the Governor knows that I suffered you to stop, he would have me hanged for disobedience of orders."

"O yes, we will leave immediately afterwards; you'll have no cause for alarm."

"Perhaps, milordi, you are well acquainted with antiquities; I have a few: I have been offered five thousand groshen for them; but I refused to part with them. Would you like to see them?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with a significant glance at his companion.

The guard produced two gold coins, which he had preserved carefully wrapped up in paper.

Leonidas examined them, and found that they were the coins of the island. One was an antique, having on one side a sphinx, with the words ACCAPIA TPIA, and on the obverse. CIII APXH KAIIPCIMOY, with a lagune, two stars, and the name XIΩN.

The other belonged to the mediæval age. On one side was the inscription, CONRADVS . REX . ROM  On the obverse, the crest of Justinian: a fortress with three towers, surmounted by an eagle with a crown over its head, and underneath, VINCENT IVSTINIAN; and the whole was surrounded by the inscription CIVITAS CHIO 1562.*

* The coins of the island are as follows: Obolus, semi-obolus, dihalcon, tetrahalcon, assarion, semi-assarion, double assarion, treble assarino.



Leonidas having looked at them with apparent indifference, said a few words in French to Constantine, who acted as interpreter.

“His Lordship says, they are by no means ancient; that they are of no value intrinsically. Either the person who offered you five thousand groshen was a fool, or you have said so to enhance their value. His Lordship, who is a good judge of antiquities, would not give you one pound for the two.”

“Not a pound for the two!” exclaimed the Turk, astonished; “the gold itself is worth more than three pounds.”

“My friend, you were never more mistaken in your life,” replied the doctor, continuing to interpret the remarks of Leonidas. “His Lordship says, they are only iron, coated with gold, and if he were inclined to purchase them, it would be with no other view than that of adding them to his collection.”

“And what is the utmost he will give?”

“One pound English,” said the doctor, “and not a penny more.”

“He shall have them for three pounds,” said the guard, believing from the doctor’s statement, and his positive tone, that the coins were worth no more than was offered. “I have had them a long time, and am tired of keeping them.”

After the two friends had exchanged a few words, the doctor told the guard that they were willing to give him what he demanded, on condition that he would inform them of the name of the convict, and the crime for which he was punished.

“With all my heart,” replied the Turk, handing over the coins, and receiving the three pounds, well pleased at having, as he supposed, made so good a bargain. “But wait while I give directions to my men; we will then retire to a little distance and sit down.”

“The man about whom you are so curious,” commenced the guard, “is a Turk. He was brought here about four years ago from Constantinople, where, it is said, he was a very great man. Some say he was a Pasha, some a Vizir, and some an Emir; but the truth is, no one knows who he was or what was his crime. But it must have been something very bad, for his punishment is very severe. The Governor and Commander of the fortress have strict orders to see that his sentence is carried out to the letter. He has to work in the quarries, digging out marble from sun-rise to sun-set, without any intermission, except an hour at noon for his dinner. If he does a good day’s work, he receives a groshen; and this is all he is allowed to purchase food: if he does a bad day’s work, he receives only half a groshen, and fares accordingly: and if he is lazy and don’t work at all, he has to fast for it. No one is permitted to speak to him at any time, either by night or day, or to give him anything whatever. A negro one day threw him down some figs, and was immediately hung up, as a warning to others. He is frequently out of his mind, and then he raves, and repeats a thousand names. He talks about the Sultan and the Sultana and about Pashas. He is sometimes delirious, and sees visions. He falls upon the ground, rolls and tumbles about, while foam issues from his mouth, like one labouring under epilepsy. In

these fits, he is in a state exciting the pity of every one. He cries out that he is the Grand Vizir, and says he wants to see a somebody whom he calls Mazar Pasha, and Ali. Then all at once his delirium ceases, and is followed by dejection ; he begins to shed tears and utter deep groans, but does not open his mouth to speak for a considerable time."

"Then none of you know positively who he is, or why he has been sent hither?"

"No ; nor is it likely we can. In the first place, we dare not hold any conversation with him ; then, every man is a spy over another, and would be rewarded with an aghalick on making it known that any one had done so ; and lastly, a fresh guard is appointed every day to watch him."

"Does he work from morning to night, without intermission?" demanded the doctor.

"Yes ; but he is soon tired, and would lie down and rest himself, but our orders are to pelt him with stones till he resumes his work."

"Has he never attempted to make his escape?"

"I can't say, since I am not here every day, as I told you before. I take my turn to guard only once every six weeks. But I should think not, for he knows he would be shot immediately on the spot. But this is his last day, for to-morrow he'll be hanged. The Governor

of the fortress received the order for his death from the Sultan yesterday. Every month a report is forwarded to the court, and instructions are received every month as to the manner in which the convict is to be treated; but the last is, that he is to be hanged out of the way."

"Does the convict know that he is to suffer to-morrow?" demanded the doctor.

"Yes, we told him so this morning. But I don't think he'll need the gallows,—he is already almost dead from fear."

The two friends then consulted together for a short time in French, the doctor pretending to interpret to 'my Lord' the information he had obtained.

When they had finished, the doctor resumed.

"His Lordship is very anxious to learn the history of this man, in order to insert it in the account of his travels; and if you'll furnish him with an opportunity of speaking to the convict, he will give you any sum you please to name. If the time for his execution was not so near we could write to Constantinople and get permission from our Ambassador."

"By the name of Allah and the Prophet, I dare not. It is more than my neck is worth to do so. I should be hanged at once: no, no, I cannot."

"No one need know anything about it; and you'll be secure from risk."

“How can you say so, when so many eyes are on the watch?”

“Don’t make yourself uneasy, my good fellow. Sit down, and I’ll tell you how.”

The Turk resumed his seat.

“You must know, my friend,” commenced the doctor, that these English noblemen are very singular characters, and that when they take anything into their heads they’ll leave not a stone unturned, nor spare any expense to obtain what they want. Now if his Lordship can have only a few minutes’ conversation with your prisoner, here is a trifle for you for the present, and he will in addition give you three times as much.” So saying, he placed £10 in the Turk’s hand.

At the sight of so much gold the Turk’s firmness was almost staggered; but, notwithstanding the temptation, he said that, however willing he might be to accede to their wishes, he could not do so, on account of his comrades, who would report his violation of orders to the Governor.

“I have a plan that will silence them. Chios is celebrated for its wine, and we have in our bags a good store of provisions; an excellent dried tongue, and a famous piece of roast meat. We’ll take our dinner under the shade, and when your comrades have eaten their bellies full they’ll lie down and go to sleep. It is

now noon, and time for the convict to have his rest. Give this sovereign to one of your men, and tell him to run down into the town and buy us some of the best wine he can get."

The guard at first hesitated: "Signor," said he at length, "with such a sum you can buy wine enough to intoxicate the whole island. A sovereign is worth a hundred and twenty groshens, and for one groshen you may have an oka * of wine."

"Very well, then bid him bring six okas and some new bread; the change you may divide among yourselves."

Thereupon, after a little consideration, the Turk despatched one of his men to Libadia, to procure what he was ordered.

"Strange men are these milordis," exclaimed the guard addressing the doctor. "Only imagine, for the sake of learning the history of a convict, your friend is willing to pay such a sum."

The doctor said a few words to Leonidas, and then handed the guard another £10, which the latter pocketed with great satisfaction, observing that it was not so much for the sake of the money he ran the risk, but from a desire to learn the man's history, which he hoped they would recount to him afterwards.

* About three pints.

The doctor then spread out the provisions, and when the man returned with the wine, our friends sat down to dinner, and invited the Ottomans to join them.

The sentinels exchanged a few words with each other, and one of them looking down the pit, told Dalbatan that it was noon, and he might leave off work.

Two of the guards then seated themselves close to the brink of the quarry so as to command a full view of the prisoner below, and at the same time enjoy the good things before them.

Leonidas having plentifully supplied each individual, filled a leather cup with wine, and offering it to the doctor, quoted a line from Virgil.

*‘Vina novum fundam Calathis Ariusia nectar.’**

“Wont you take a drop, my brave fellows?” said the doctor, speaking to the guards.

“Oh, no, no! we never drink wine,” replied they, each looking at his neighbour, “it is forbidden by the Koran.”

“I’ll take the responsibility of the sin upon myself,” said the doctor, “come, Captain, for so I must call you,

* “The generous vintage of the Chian vine,
I’ll pour to thee and make the nectar thine.”

Ariusium was a promontory and district of Chios. The whole of the country in that neighbourhood is covered with vines, and forms one continued vineyard.

come, set an example to these good fellows; the meat does not digest at all pleasantly without this splendid drink." With these words the doctor handed him the cup, into which he had previously dropped a small quantity of narcotic powder.

The guard took the cup, and eyeing his companions, perceived from their looks that it met with their approval. "Well," said he, "a man may now drink wine, for it is no longer looked upon as a sin in Constantinople; so here goes."

The rest followed his example, and each took a hearty draught.

Fearful cries were now heard issuing from the depth of the pit, and one of the men jocularly observed,—
"I should say the prisoner is going to rob the gallows, he'll kill himself with bawling."

The friends exchanged a look, and the doctor refilled the cup and offered it to the guard, but he refused it, saying, "Give it to my comrades, I have had enough."

"No, Cariophyli," cried one of the guards, "in for a penny in for a pound; we have fasted long enough, and must drink the whole of that red sherbet before we have done; so therefore take the cup, man, and we'll do the same afterwards."

This was sufficient; the Turk unhesitatingly drank it

off, and liked it so much, that he repeated the process again and again.

The guards soon overstepped the bounds of moderation; their tongues began to run, and shortly afterwards, overcome with the quantity they had drunk, sunk into a profound sleep.

Such is the character of the Turk, he either abstains altogether from drink, or carries it to excess.

Meanwhile, Mouhamed was moaning most piteously. The commiseration of the two friends was powerfully excited, perceiving the Turks fast asleep, they quietly descended the quarry, and found the prisoner extended at full length upon the hot stones, completely exposed to the perpendicular rays of a broiling sun.

The appearance of the convict on a nearer view, was far more distressing to behold than from the ledge of the precipice; in fact, he was so altered, it would have been impossible to have recognised him had it not been for his voice, which although hoarse, retained its original gruffness.

Near him lay a small wicker basket, containing a piece of bread and cheese, and close by an earthenware pitcher of water. Such was the coarse and simple fare of one who had formerly revelled in luxury; but it remained untouched. The burning heat of the summer; the piercing cold of winter; incessant labour; the re-

miniscences of his pristine greatness; the coarse jokes of his unfeeling and illiterate keepers, a hundred of whom, with a nod, he could at one time have had beheaded; his solitude, unrelieved by a single human being to comfort him or listen to his complaints, had during the last year completely prostrated him and brought him to the brink of the grave. The punishment to which he had been sentenced appeared at one time lenient. He had been convicted on the clearest evidence of such crimes, that the least he expected was a slow, lingering death. His surprise was, therefore, indescribable when he found that not only his life was spared, but that he was allowed a daily sum for his support. He fondly imagined that some day or other he would effect his escape, and that he would have it in his power to crush his enemies under foot. When he left the Divan, and saw the head of Mazar Pasha blackening on the summit of the Sublime Porte, he could scarcely control his joy,—he saluted it, and resignedly departed to the place of his banishment: but no sooner was he arrived than he saw the annihilation of all his hopes. He then for the first time became sensible of the severity of his punishment, and saw no prospect of escaping from it.

To give up the reins of power, without regret, is no very easy sacrifice for any man to undergo, but it presses

with greater weight upon him who, by nature cruel, tyrannical, and fond of glory, is precipitated from his greatness, and doomed to punishment, derision, and contempt.

Dalbatan's agony at first was awful: he could not, although an eye witness, credit the instability of fortune. He ever considered that the ascent to greatness was an arduous task, but when once attained he thought it almost impossible to be hurled from it. He had been so long accustomed to command, that at times he forgot his present situation, and would vent his fury in abusing those who were appointed to see his punishment carried out. This, as a natural result, irritated his gaolers; and consequently he was treated with greater harshness and severity.

But like a savage bear who is compelled at length to dance at the command of his master, so Dalbatan the tyrant gradually became as humble and abject as he was formerly haughty and overbearing. His natural disposition now showed itself,—he was the same groveling wretch as he was before he was raised to the rank of a Pasha; and he admitted to himself he was justly punished as the worst of criminals.

Had he sprung from a good family and respected the honour of their name, the first idea that would in all probability have struck him would have been by suicide

to rid himself of an ignominious life; but his craven spirit prevailed, and he was ready to undergo any punishment, any indignity, rather than forfeit life.

It is true that dreams of his former glory at times flashed vividly on his mind, and when he compared it with his present condition he was driven to the very verge of despair, and almost tempted to use his axe upon himself; but cowardice paralysed his arm, visionary hopes flattered his imagination, and like another Pygmalion he trembled at the idea of death.

Time, which subdues all things, at length caused him to forget the past,—he reflected only on the present; and when he found how hard it was to bear his own punishment without murmuring, he called to mind the tortures he had inflicted on others, and the numerous executions that had taken place by his orders in his own presence. Each act of cruelty rose vividly to his remembrance, and each of his victims haunted his imagination. He became fully conscious of his past atrocities, and was ready to sink with shame and remorse.

He who has been guilty of injustice towards others feels most acutely the remembrance of his ill deeds when he is reduced to adversity, and altogether removed from the pale of society. A man raised to the pinnacle of power discerns the truth with difficulty, for the sycophants about him will not permit it to reach him;

but sometimes he finds it out accidentally. What better punishment can there be than that which will bring the sinfulness of a man's infamous actions home to his conscience,—teach him to know himself, convince him that he can find no place wherein to hide his disgrace, lead him to invoke with fervour and sincerity the mercy of heaven, and give him time to repent and die penitent in the arms of religion. Such a punishment is consistent with humanity, and is far better than leading a criminal direct to the gallows and launching him into the presence of the tremendous Judge, with all his sins upon him unrepented and unatoned. Does the infliction of capital punishment reform society?—does it give any satisfaction?—does it reconcile it? A public execution excites horror in the breast of every spectator; and though the victim be the worst of criminals the crowd sympathise with him in the agonies of death,—even the most brutalized being among them. All commiserate him and execrate the finisher of the law. Nor does it even operate as a warning. The premeditating villian is not deterred from the perpetration of crime; it may make a momentary impression, but it is soon effaced; death has no terrors for him; Satan himself could not stop him in his guilty career.

The appearance of the miserable wretch filled the two friends with an indescribable feeling of pity and

horror. He was talking to himself, and they stopped a few paces off, to hear, unobserved, his incoherent ejaculations.

“Oh, God!” exclaimed he, “if suicide is a crime!—If I should fail in my attempt, what a dreadful fate is before me! On the gallows must I expiate my crimes, and quit this living hell! I have been a monster,—yes, a monster in human form,—and never knew it. There is not a crime I have not committed. But will not my repentance partly atone for my past guilt? Away, away, and haunt me not!” continued he, raising his head. “See! again he comes to torment me!—Logothetes! wrapped in his shroud! How ghastly pale he looks! the poison has done its deadly work. Ah! what crowd is that behind? Who are they?—Kiatipoglos, Osman Bambanista, Hadjee Joseph, Abdoulah!—I never could have murdered you all! impossible! Alas, alas! Mercy, mercy! They shriek for revenge! What deeper revenge can ye have, ye shades of the dead? Again they shriek, ‘Revenge! revenge!’ They demand my blood. Wait till to-morrow, and ye shall have it. ‘No!’ they cry, ‘your blood! we’ll have it now!’ Ah, where is my axe! To-morrow I must die,—then why not now! Courage, Dalbatan, and strike like a man. Oh, God! pardon this, my last sin! I must appease the manes of my murdered victims!” With these words, he rose up

in his frenzy to grasp his axe, when his eyes encountered the figures of Leonidas and the doctor.

So unexpected an apparition fixed him on the spot. He stood immoveable as a statue, impressed with a superstitious belief that they were actual spectres. "And are ye also come for my life?" cried he. "Do you intend to be my executioners? It is an unworthy act. Spare, oh, spare a wretch! Yes, yes," continued he, addressing the doctor, "I see, the Prophet has sent you,—you, the necromancer, who ran away with my wife; who deprived me of my beads; and cleft the dungeon, filling it with smoke and fire. I fall at your feet; I worship you. But mercy, mercy, I implore you! I have sinned, and dearly have I expiated my guilt. Look at my gray hairs,—prematurely gray,—they will show you plainly enough that the poison with which my soul is daily drenched is the blood I have spilled. Look at my lean and withered body; it is the skeleton of Dalbatan Mouhamed, and no longer the Grand Vizir. Are ye phantoms, come to torment me in my last hour, or are ye the living sons of your murdered fathers, come to avenge their deaths? I am as one that is dead. I live as live the dead in their graves. Behold my grave,—this pit is my living tomb!"

"Rise, Dalbatan Mouhamed; we have not come to kill. Unfortunately, destiny has interwoven the thread

of our lives with your own. We are merely come to visit you before you die."

"Forgive, my sons, forgive the cruel injuries I have inflicted on you. You have been fearfully avenged; and to-morrow I shall not exist. I tremble at the thought. Oh, had I been put to death immediately after my trial, I should have met my fate with fortitude: but my soul is now as vile as the rags about me. When a man finds that he is hated of heaven and the scorn of his fellow-creatures, he loses all self-respect, he becomes contemptible in his own eyes, and cowardice takes possession of his whole soul."

The eyes of the two friends were filled with moisture. It was observed by Dalbatan.

"You pity me," continued he. "You have feeling,—I had none. The cries of my victims filled my heart with joy, and I thought I was a being different from my fellow-men;—that in my elevated position all mankind were at my feet. Yes, my eyes sparkled with the satisfaction the hunter feels when he picks up the bird he has shot, and the fear and terror I excited in those around me I considered my pride and glory; but that is all past; and now I must suffer death, an ignominious death. Come all ye who have tasted it, and tell me whether it is as terrible as it seems."

The doctor remarked that death was not terrible to those who meet it with a pure and unsullied conscience.

“Speak not of conscience,” exclaimed Dalbatan ; “mine is foul, corrupted to the last degree, and admits of no cure. But who hath given you orders to put me to death? Whence come ye: has the Prophet sent you? I never could understand who and what you were; I am at death’s door; enlighten me on the mysteries I have witnessed, and which can never be effaced from my memory.”

“Supernatural powers,” replied the doctor, “are not exerted in the affairs of mankind, either to assist or avenge their sufferings. You mistook me for something more than human; I am a man, possessing the same feelings and passions as my fellow creatures. Call to mind the terror I was in, and its workings on my features, when I found myself in your power.”

The doctor then proceeded briefly to relate the means he had employed to make his escape, and all the circumstances connected with the elopement of Mouhammed’s wife, and the abstraction of the two strings of beads.

Dalbatan listened attentively to the doctor’s narration, and by the time it was finished, had recovered his self-possession and was perfectly calm. A strange unearthly smile played upon his features; “Let no man,” said he, “boast either of his knowledge or of his merits. Be assured, that there is a Being above, who watches all

our actions, and that he will recompense or punish every one according to his deserts. That Being watched over you, and made you the instrument of my downfall; and I sincerely pray to that Being, that he will have mercy on my soul."

"I do not boast either of my knowledge or of any merit I may possess. But I believe, that in paving the way to your downfall, I was serving society and yourself, I prevented additional murders from being committed; and stopped the progress of the insurrection you had meditated against the Sultan, on account of the reforms he had introduced into the empire. I have given you an opportunity of reflecting upon the iniquity of your past life; and if you have suffered, it has at least brought you to repentance. May the Lord forgive your sins, and may you be spared from the vengeance of eternal wrath."

Without seeming to pay much attention to the doctor's last remarks, Dalbatan asked whether they had come from Constantinople.

The answer was in the affirmative.

"Then tell me, for God's sake, what has become of the Sultana Amina. Her fate lies heavy on my soul. Is her son still alive?"

"The Sultanness was the general topic of conversation at the time of your condemnation when it became known that you and she had contrived the death of

Anika and her child," replied Leonidas. "The whole of your slaves, as well as Ali and Mazar Pasha, were closely examined, but nothing could be collected from their evidence, to show that she ever had any improper intimacy with you. Her unfeigned love for the Padi-shah, the grief she felt during his long continued illness, and the care and tenderness she bestowed upon him during that period, were not lost upon the Sultan, who, endowed with liberal sentiments, does not consider women created only for the gratification of the lust of men ; but believes them endowed with souls, the same as man. He pardoned her, and he not only spared her life, but suffered her to retain her rank and honours. But as at her instigation Anika and her son had been sacrificed, and as she had violated the regulations of her religion, his feelings became very cool towards her, and he sees her but seldom."

"Then Amina lives: Allah be praised!" exclaimed he, in a transport of delight. "What infamous assurance, that I, a wretch now clad in rags, should dare even to look upon her, the paragon of her sex. And what has become of her son, the heir to the throne?"

"Her son was placed under the care and superintendence of Daniel Coccalos, and other learned Europeans, that he might acquire an education calculated to render him a good monarch."

“Excellent father!” exclaimed Dalbatan, “he possesses a thoughtful and energetic mind. He prudently foresaw that it would be for his son’s advantage, to be brought up in the principles of the Christian religion, rather than those of the Mahometan. We call you infidels, because you do not believe in our Prophet; but I believe that epithet would be more correctly applicable to us, who think that we only are men, and that the rest of mankind are our beasts. Excellent Monarch! he foresaw, that on the principles of the Sovereign, depends those of his ministers, his courtiers, and his people. Like a good shepherd, he is studying the happiness of his flock.”

“Your opinions, Dalbatan, widely differ from those you entertained that night when you discoursed on astrology, and told me that ——”

“Cease, in God’s name, I pray you to reproach me with my past errors. I did not expect this from you. It is barbarous to embitter the last moments of a dying man; speak to me rather in the words of consolation,—prepare me for that solemn tribunal to which I am hastening,—encourage and support my sinking soul, and enable me to mount the scaffold with the firmness of a man. O that I might have the privilege of going to some mosque this evening, there to pass the night in prayer, to supplicate the Supreme to have mercy on my

sinful soul, and pour unreservedly the tears of repentance. Can you not speak for me to the Governor? you must have some influence with him: you could not have been here without permission. Where are the men who keep guard? I see not one; Ah! how intensely hot it is. My brain is on fire; I think I shall go distracted. Water! a little water, I pray you, for the love of God; a little water, I am dying of thirst."

"Fear causes you to speak incoherently, Dalbatan," said Leonidas, "and we suspect that your repentance proceeds from the same feeling, and that if you were to recover your liberty, you would return to your former licentious course of life.

" 'The wolf unchanged though old and feeble grown,
Delights in blood, and by his skin is known.' "

"The saying is false; nor is it at all times applicable," replied Dalbatan. "For instance," continued he, "passions are born, grow old, and die in man; but the man survives. So also, man is born, grows old, and dies on the earth; but the earth remains, and will remain, till the last day arrives, when it will be annihilated. Look at the experience you yourselves have had; you are both in the prime of manhood. Are your feelings precisely the same as they were a few years ago?—certainly not. Believe me, a day will come when you will envy no man, either his pleasures, his glory, or

his happiness. All your thoughts will be bent only on the manner in which you can live in peace and comfort, especially should you be unfortunately placed in a condition like my own. Can it be supposed that I who have passed through all the vicissitudes of life, should harbour a desire to return again to the turmoil and bustle of the world? God forbid! If I have a desire to live, it would be, that far removed from society, I might pass the rest of my days in repentance."

Leonidas having said a few words in French to the doctor, replied:

"May God forgive us if we have done wrong; but our motives are good. Learn, Dalbatan, that your life is spared, and that you are restored to liberty." The tone and manner in which this announcement was made, were accompanied with so much emotion, that Dalbatan, thinking they were deceiving him, cried out,—

"Jest not with a man whose last hour is fast approaching. You are men, and may, for ought you know, be situated as I am."

"I tell you seriously," repeated Leonidas, "your life is spared; you are no longer a prisoner, you have a free and unconditional pardon. Here is the Sultan's

firman to the Governor, and the Mufti's letter. Take them and read them yourself."

Dalbatan took the documents into his hand, and having perused them, exclaimed with all the energy of one springing again into life, "Am I awake, or is it merely a dream? To whom do I owe my salvation, my life, my liberty? Speak, tell me his name, that I may fall down and worship him."

"Hearken, Dalbatan Mouhamed; the last report of the Governor was, that you were reduced to the last state of feebleness, and the Sultan deemed it an act of mercy in giving an order for your immediate execution. No sooner had the doctor and myself learned that your death was resolved upon, than we repaired to the Mufti, and with great difficulty succeeded in obtaining its reversal, but as it had been despatched two days previously, we feared we were too late. We, however, hired horses, and without any delay, except that occasioned by the changing of horses on the road, arrived this morning at Gesmen, from thence we hired a small boat, and happily found we were in time to save you from an ignominious death. Your guards are fast asleep. We bring you then life and liberty, and moreover, have secured you for life an annual income of twenty thousand groshen for your support. May God

forgive us, as I said at first, and as I say again, may God forgive us, should our humanity towards you hereafter prove injurious to any individual."

"And is it to you I am indebted for life?—to you whose character I defamed, and robbed you of your property?—you, whose parents I so cruelly murdered, and for whose blood I panted? Not satisfied with restoring me to life, you carry your generosity to such an extent, as to allow me a maintenance for life. Out upon me for a miscreant. I owe you eternal gratitude,—suffer me to kiss your feet." And shedding a torrent of tears, he fell at their feet.

"Rise, friend, rise. We did not procure your pardon that you might worship us; we have only performed a Christian duty, which our Saviour Christ enjoined upon us when upon the cross he cried, 'FATHER, FORGIVE THEM THEIR SINS.'"

"In what book do you find these words, — these beautiful precepts? Show me the source from whence you learn to practise virtue such as this? Tell me, that I may also avail myself of it and do the same."

"In our Gospel," replied the doctor.

"Where is this Gospel? Show it me, and let it for the future be my guide instead of the Koran. Baptize me into your faith, and teach me to become a Christian,

—a believer in that religion which abounds with such beautiful examples. Then may I hope that God will in his mercy pardon my sins.”

Such were the words uttered by Dalbatan Mouhamed as he left the quarry in the company of his benefactors.

THE END.

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CHAPTER II

THE HISTORY OF THE

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Xenos, Stephanos Th.,

The Devil in Turkey; or Scenes in Constantinople

Bd.: 3

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